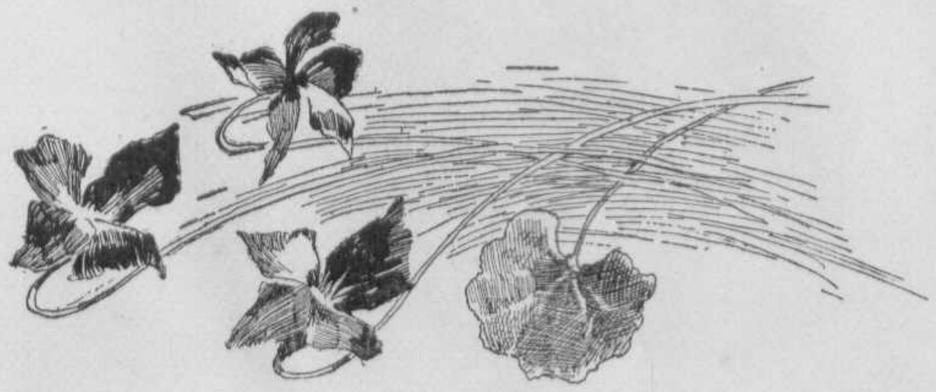
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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME DD



BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U. SEAL COURSE FOR 1889–90.

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Birds and Bees. John Burroughs. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
The Boys' Froissart. Sidney Lanier. Cloth.	2.00	1.50	1.55
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A-Hunting of the Deer and Other Stories. Warner. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
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To obtain net prices in the second and third columns the entire set of eight volumes must be ordered at one time. Single volumes sent only at the retail price in first column. If sent C. O. D. the expressage will be added, also expense of return of money.

We are happy to announce this month the list of Seal books for this year in both Junior and Senior Courses, and hope that many of the C. Y. F. R. U.'s will be able to add these readings to those of the regular course.

Owing to the removal of the offices of the C. L. S. C. and C. Y. F. R. U. from Plainfield, N. J., to Buffalo, N. Y., the programmes for the April readings were omitted. Possibly the omission has enabled some of our belated readers to make up lost work so that the Juniors will begin Swiss Family Robinson and the Seniors the Stories of the Great Scientists with new interest; both are charming books and will be enjoyed by all.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR MAY.

First Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Monitor of Grammar School II."

Books (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters I.–IV. (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters I. and II.

Second Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Stenographers and Type-writers," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters V.–X. (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters III. and IV.

Third Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Japanese Kites."

Books (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters X.–XIX. (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters V. and VI.

Fourth Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Cow-Bells of Grand Pré."

Books (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters XX.–XXV. (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, VII. and VIII.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[NOTE. — These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by brief anecdotes of brave deeds.

II. Short paper on "May Customs."

III. Papers on "Ancient Methods of Measuring Time" and "Pisa," or Facts in Natural Science from the *Swiss Family Robinson* — two or more facts given by each member.

IV. Recitation: "Philip my King" (Bryant's Collection of Poetry and Song).

V. Quiz on Galileo and Kepler or on readings in *Swiss Family Robinson.*

VI. Music.

VII. Game: Shouting proverbs.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by naming important inventions and their inventors.

II. Question Match on the life of Franklin or Reports on the *Swiss Family Robinson* — each member taking a chapter.

III. Music.

IV. Short oral accounts of famous scientific discoveries (those included in the required readings or others may be taken) or Pronunciation Match on words from *Swiss Family Robinson.*

V. Recitation: Selected.

VI. Guessing Exercise: each member is given paper and pencil and allowed five minutes in which to write a description of some character without giving the name. The papers are then collected and numbered and the members again furnished with blank paper. The descriptions are now read aloud by one of the company and the number of each given, the other players writing on their blank slips the numbers as called and the name answering to the description. The slips are then compared to see how nearly all are correct.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by describing briefly peculiar Japanese customs.

II. Quiz on Linnæus, Herschel or *Swiss Family Robinson.*

III. Music.

IV. Spelling Match.

V. Recitation: "The Comet." Oliver Wendell Holmes (found in the Bryant collection of Poetry and Song).

VI. Oral reports on the "Homes of the Scientists," each member describing the home of some famous scientist, or Definition Match on words in *Swiss Family Robinson.* The definitions being called off and the names given in response.

VII. Comparison of kites made in accordance with plan given in *Journal* and adjournment to fly them!

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quotations appropriate to Decoration Day.

II. Map drill on places mentioned in "Cow-Bells of Grand Pré."

III. Quiz on Count Rumford and Cuvier or *Swiss Family Robinson.*

IV. Music: National song.

V. Reading: Gettysburg Speech by Abraham Lincoln (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, fifteen cents), or "Through Gettysburg to a Grander Union," Geo. Wm. Curtis, in "Patriotic Reader" (published by Lippincott).

VI. Recitations: "The American Eagle," Charles W. Thomson. "The American Flag," Joseph Rodman Drake. "The Blue and the Gray," Francis Miles Finch. (All of the above can be found in the "Patriotic Reader," the last named also in Swinton's Fifth Reader and Drake's poem in almost any general collection.)

C. Y. F. R. U. REQUIRED READINGS — BOOKS.

Junior Course.	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00
Senior Course.		
* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	.30	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.



A LESSON IN ELOCUTION.



THE LIGHT ON BLACK LEDGE.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

ON the Nova Scotia side of the historic Bay of Fundy, at a place now called Margaretville, a ledge of ragged rocks, projecting like a great spur from the mountain side, stretches, black and jagged and cruel, three hundred yards or more into the waters of the blue Bay. Far up and down the coast is a wide expanse of crag-lined beach, left bare by an ebb tide of sixty feet. On one side spreads the wide water of the great Bay, on the other the densely wooded mountain with its evergreen foliage.

In the month of May, 1780, the fishermen from the valley, who had for many years used this wild spot for a fishing station, found on the high bluff not far from the steep cliff overhanging the beach a small cabin-like house, built from the planks and timbers of wrecked vessels that had met their fate upon the jagged Ledge.

There was no other dwelling of man within many miles on this wild craggy coast, and no road leading to the settlements down the mountain or in the valley beyond.

The house was occupied and, as far as squatter's claim could make it, owned by a large strong-looking man who said his name was Peter Barnes. Not another word relating to himself would he vouchsafe in reply to the eager questioning of the suspicious fishermen. That he did not get there from landward was very certain, and that he did not come there to fish was equally certain. An old ship's boat and a pair of well-worn ash oars were some evidence that the sea had given him up at this place, but whence and how, there was no sign.

His clothes were such as the settlements could not have supplied. Some rude farming tools and part of a fishing outfit he had, but they too were foreign. From sea and land with these implements he gathered the necessities of life, and continued the only resident of the place until one spring the fishermen found with him a woman, about his own age, who seemed contented with the wild lonely life, and proved as silent to all inquisitiveness as the man whose rude home she shared.

The twenty-fourth of December, 1793, found the strange couple still living in the little plank house. But this year neither sea nor land had yielded Peter the usual returns for his labor. Early frosts had killed his small crop of vegetables, and all the season the fish had failed to make their annual run along that coast.

Already there had been several weeks of hard winter weather; each day the snow had fallen deeper and the cold become more intense, and the white plain spread frozen and unbroken from the shore to the wooded mountain.

There were scanty provisions in the little plank house on the bluff. A wild storm had been blowing since early morning; the fierce wind from the Bay drifted the fast-falling snow against the hut, and the blazing drift-logs in the rough stone fireplace hardly kept the one small room comfortably warm.

At the end of the bluff there was a narrow zigzag path leading to the beach. Down this pathway late in the afternoon the man picked his dangerous way over the snow-covered rocks to the shore below the cliff. It was low water, and he crept far out on Black Ledge, and searched the soaking sand and the dripping seaweed for mussels, to satisfy his hunger. But the rocks and the sand said "no!" and he climbed back up the bluff, and facing the snow-laden wind, looked out over the white-capped waves. Through the drifting mist his practiced

eye caught sight of a sail. Placing himself in a favorable position for observation, he stood long and sullenly, his gaze upon the wind-swept Bay.

At last, as if with quick purpose impressed, he turned and seemed to examine with interest the long ledge of black rocks and the fury of the storm among them. Then with searching gaze he turned to a clump of tall storm-thickened firs near the seaward end of the bluff, and going near them looked again out upon the Bay, and down upon the rough rocks, then back upon his house now almost buried in the snow.

The cold wind pierced him, and the blinding snow fell thickly about him, but there in the bleakest place upon the coast he stood, unmindful of snow or cold. It was almost dark when he entered his house, pale and sullen.

"Nothing again to-day!" said the woman.

"There's a vessel out on the Bay, and out of her reckoning," he replied.

"Little good that will do us," said she.

"Perhaps she might call in," urged the man significantly.

"Why would a vessel stop here?" asked the woman.

"It might be because she couldn't get by," said the man sullenly, as he hauled out of a chest two old ship's lanterns and commenced cleaning them.

"When I tell you, will be time enough for you to know why," he muttered, in answer to her look of astonishment, and in tones she well knew were meant to cut off all further inquiry.

Used to his strange conduct, but unaccustomed not to be participator, the woman wondered at his action, but asked no questions, and in silence the man continued his work. When it was fairly dark he lighted both the lanterns, and wrapping them in an old coat went out into the storm again, and direct to the clump of firs.

One of the lanterns showed a red light. This one he took from the wrapping, and climbing with it near to the top of the tallest tree, he fastened it securely on the outer end of a branch facing the Bay. The wind had packed the snow into the stiff foliage until the tree looked like a white tower, and the red light gleamed from it like a beacon.

Descending, he took the other lantern to a low wall of rock near the end of the bluff and placed it in a crevice, so that its light would show in the direction he had last seen the vessel.

Thirty miles up the Bay, on the same coast, was a harbor where small vessels could get shelter in a storm. This port was marked by a red beacon-light in a white tower at the entrance of the harbor, and near it was a small house in which the light-keeper lived.

Did the red lantern in that tall snow-covered tree appear to the benighted seamen on the deck of that fated vessel like this beacon-light? Did the white lantern against the rock look like the light from the keeper's window? Did the man now picking his cautious way through the pure white snow to his warm dwelling intend they should so appear? Was there no thought in his heart of the guiding star that shed its first rays on earth that Christmas eve so long ago, and thinking of it did his purpose waver, or his footsteps falter? O, the pity of it! Red and lambent and bright the lights gleamed from the bluff; and the surf below broke with terrible roar upon the cruel rocks of Black Ledge.

Reaching his house the man went to its only window to close the board shutter; but the wind had piled the snow thick against it and no ray of light could gleam out as a guide to shelter and warmth.

Satisfied of this, he went inside. The woman asked him no questions. "It is a wild night," she shuddered, as the wind rushed through the open doorway.

Peter Barnes made no reply, but fastened the strong plank door, raked the coals and piled on more logs, and then threw himself on his cot and was soon asleep, or seemed so to be to the woman who did not sleep.

The man's strange conduct had filled her with alarm, and the fierce storm added to her fears and increased her suspicions. She watched the blazing fire, and listened to the howling winds and the loud roar of the waves; and not many hours passed before a crash and cries that were not of the storm broke upon her ears.

She roused the sleeping man and unbarred the plank door. As she peered out into the fierce blinding storm the red light flamed suddenly up, and then went out. As instant as it faded she divined its reason, and needed not the

further evidence of the man who roughly pushed her aside and closed the door again, but not without first glancing over at the tall fir-trees, and listening to the cries that rose above the uproar on the shore below.

To none of her entreaties would he yield, and not until morning would he rise again from his cot, or suffer her to unbar the door. But when the sun was high, he roused himself, and bidding her put on some thick clothing and follow him, he started through the drifted snow down the narrow pathway to the foot of the bluff.



DOWN THE BLUFF.

What they found there need scarcely be told. The wreck was complete. Upon the Ledge was the hull of a vessel, fast breaking up, her masts and rigging among the ragged rocks, and much of the cargo on the beach. Cased in ice, and above high-water mark, were the bodies of five men; all had reached the land in safety, and perished for want of the shelter the plank house could have afforded.

The vessel's cargo consisted largely of produce and provisions, and to secure what had come ashore before the next flood tide occupied the two weary hours. Provisions were no longer scanty in the little plank house.

The next day the bodies were stripped by thawing the clothes with hot water. They were then laid within a gulch near the outer end of the Ledge, at low-water mark, and covered thick with beach-stones and sand, the slow-moving waves of the spent storm murmuring a fitting requiem.

The fate of the missing vessel was not known till spring, when a party of fishermen found on the beach near the Ledge a portion of wreck containing the name *Saucy Nancy*.

Peter Barnes was questioned, and he stated that the vessel was driven on the Ledge in the night in a great storm, that he had tried in vain to save the crew, that the vessel had broken up during the storm and that most of her cargo was sunk at the end of the Ledge.

Official inquiry established only the fact of the shipwreck and the death of the whole crew; and Justice could do no more than fasten suspicion upon Peter Barnes.

As the years passed, settlers from the valley and fishermen from up the coast moved to the

place, and a village grew up under the shadow of the wooded mountain. The place was known as Peter's Point, in recognition of its first inhabitant who still lived in the plank house.

That he profited by the terrible shipwreck the people knew, but none of the villagers entered the plank house, and neither Peter nor the woman crossed the threshold of another's door.

It was now 1813, and the day before Christmas again. For some time there had been a road over the mountain to the valley, and Peter had been for several years availing himself of this road to get supplies from the stores at the settlements, with money he certainly did not get from anything he sold or did, but always had when he wanted to buy.

The road was for the most part through an unbroken wilderness, a distance of about sixteen miles going and coming. These journeys were always commenced at a time of day that made it necessary he should return after dark. An old leather bag that looked as if made out of a knapsack served to hold his supplies, which consisted always of rum, tea and tobacco.

On this day, Peter had been to the stores in the valley, as usual, on foot and alone. Late in the afternoon he set out for home, and by dark began to climb the mountain.

It had just begun to snow in the valley, but for several hours the storm had been fierce on the mountain and over the Bay, and when he reached the top he met a gale of wind and deep snow as trackless as a desert. But Peter was a strong man, and he pushed on, facing the fierce wind, making slow but steady progress, and by midnight began to descend to the village.

Not a light showed in any of the houses. The snow grew deeper as he neared the Bay; the storm of "'93" was repeating itself, and the wind blew furiously. Anxiously he watched for the light from his window. But he did not know that, as on that other Christmas eve, there was a great bank of snow against the window, and that, too, all unknown to the woman inside the cabin.

Neither did he know that an hour before one of the fishermen had gone on an errand of mercy to the house of a poor widow a few hundred yards up the shore, and, for a guide on his return, had placed a lantern in a recess of the cliff at the end of the bluff.

Suddenly in a lull of the storm the light from this lantern gleamed out. It was not in the direction of the hut, but the air was thick with snow and he knew there was not another house on the bluff; so he gathered his exhausted strength and pushed on toward it. The wind had blown the snow so compactly that it projected over the cliff and hid the ragged rim. The whiteness beyond seemed as solid as that beneath his feet, and spread wide and far away, as thick in the air as on the ground. On he went — on — nearer — and over! With the roar of the breakers mingled a wild cry of horror and despair, and a dull heavy thud; and on the black rocks below the bluff, the icing spray of the dashing waves fell upon the body of the man who twenty years before had lured his victims by a light set in the same rocky crevice.

On the soaking sand just above the jagged Ledge the villagers found him Christmas morning, cased in ice, as he had found the bodies of his victims on that other Christmas day.

Retribution!

The woman lived but a few weeks, refusing all companionship, and remaining in the little house. When death seemed near she told to the kind-hearted women who attended her the story of the shipwreck. Then fixing her gaze upon the blazing logs in the stone fireplace, she commenced to tell of herself, beginning with girlhood which was bright and promising; but the eyes had a far-away look, a smile came over the cold face and the lips ceased to move. The listeners bent with eager ears, but the tale was not to be told; with that girlhood vision the spirit fled.

It is Peter's Point no longer. Years ago the name of the village was changed and called Margaretville, in honor of the wife of Judge Haliburton, who had a summer residence there. The Black Ledge has been converted into a breakwater, and a long wharf extends to its end, where there is a light-house. Of the plank hut there is left only the site. Two of the fir-trees are still standing on the bluff, but the name of Peter Barnes is fading out of the memory of men.

Grace Dean McLeod.

SALESWOMEN AND CASH GIRLS.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

WOMEN who were girls half a century ago, and who, looking back over the years, see what the time has brought both in the way of advantage and opportunity, may well call this, as one of them did to me not long since, "The golden age for women."

My own dear mother had a natural love for the practice of medicine and surgery. She never thought of such a thing as studying and practicing them, but how earnestly she wished she had been a boy so that she might have had her beloved profession. Yet she never dared to breathe that wish aloud, for it would have been considered "unlady-like," and she would have been regarded as little less than a lunatic had she spoken the wish of her heart into the most sympathetic ear. So, as she did not care to attract undue attention, she kept quiet. And when the time at last came when a woman did study medicine, and take the degree of M. D., and had the liberty to hang out a sign announcing her occupation, my mother had taken upon herself duties which she could not lay aside for a student's life. But no one was more glad than she when this did come about. Other women could have what she was denied, and that made a happiness for her.

"When I was a girl," said our noble Lucy Stone to me the other day, "I seemed to be shut out of everything that I wanted to do. I might teach school, that is if I would keep as good order and teach as well as a man for a good deal less money; I might go out dressmaking, or tailoring, or trim bonnets, or I might work in a factory, or go out to domestic service. Thus the 'mights' ended and the 'might nots' began. A few years ago, when my daughter left Boston University, with her degree of B. A., she might do what she chose. All the professions were open to her, she could enter into any line of business."

Mrs. Stone did not say, although she might have done so with absolute truth, that it was because she, and others like her, had been persistent and courageous and true, that the way had been made possible, not only for her own daughter, but for thousands of other daughters. Bless her for the brave work she has done!

To-day the young woman pauses to consider which of the many open roads she shall take. It has ceased to be a matter of obligation to her, it is largely a question of choice.

These papers will not touch upon the professions which are open to women; they are for the girls who have no special desire to study medicine or law or theology; they are for the every-day, wide awake, alert girls who have business capacity, and prefer an active life to the sedentary one of the student. Neither will they touch upon any of the phases of artistic life. They are to be as practical as possible, and I want to say here that they are none of them theoretical. They will not tell merely what girls may do, but what they have done.

One of the first openings that came to women, outside of the circumscribed list that was given by Mrs. Stone, was that of tending in stores. This opening was made at the time of the Civil War, when so many men went into the army, leaving occupations of every kind, that women must needs do the work. Those of you who have made a study of history understand that when an advance step is made it is never retraced. There is no such thing as going back. So when in the story of the world's progress, you read of the advancement made by women, you take the fact gladly, because it is something done for all time. The women who have lived and worked any part of the time for the past twenty-five years, have felt that they were living and working in one of the most important epoch's of the civilized world's history. A young girl came to me the other day, alive and alert, as the girl of to-day is, and said, "I am so glad that it has been given me to live just now. I come to all the good things of life as a heritage, and yet not so late but that I catch the echoes of the struggle for its possession, and kiss the

hands of the women who have gained it for me." That was just after she had witnessed the closing tableau of the Historical Pageant, which showed the women of achievement, in art, profession, or trade, who stood, nearly a hundred of them, grouped about Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary Livermore and Mrs. Lucy Stone. I don't wonder that this girl, full of ideals of true living, thrilled, as she said, "to her finger-tips," when the group sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the immense audience rose to its feet to do homage to the author, who was the central figure of the whole.

Being a girl of average ability, and firm principle, it is a good time in which to live. The chances for success are good, and opportunity is better than it ever has been.

Take mercantile life, for instance. I have often heard young girls say that it was all nonsense to expect any preferment there; that only the men got advanced, and that only men became the head of the house. Now there is no reason why a woman should not conduct a mercantile business if she wishes, and if she has the capital. Presumably one reason that women do not is because when they have money they prefer to invest it in some manner which shall bring them a steady income, without exertion of their own. They let the money do the earning, and they take the result. Another reason is, that when girls take a position, they do not, as boys do, take it with the idea of making it a life work. It is with them a temporary matter, a something to bridge over a time of waiting between leaving school and settling down into homes of their own. With a boy it is serious business; with a girl it is a make-shift.

But when a girl really makes up her mind to succeed, she usually does what she sets out to. There is here in Boston a woman, not yet in middle life, who is the proprietor and manager of four large and fashionable millinery establishments. It is not more than ten years since she began business in quite a small way at the South End. She attracted customers and kept them; her business increased until she ventured to take another store farther down, still keeping the original one for those women who had got into the habit of going there. Still the business grew; a third store, in one of the "millinery streets" down town, was taken, and finally a large establishment on Washington street was opened. Then she added fashionable dress-making to her business, employing the most famous "ladies' tailor" whom she could find. In person she manages the detail of the business at all four of her stores, and she spends a part of each day in every one of them. She has no fixed hours; her employees do not know at what time she is coming, so they are always ready for her. She does all her own buying, and there is not one loose end in all this community of business of which she is the real head. Now that woman had no exceptional opportunities; she simply went to work in earnest, and "minded her business" literally. The result is a splendid name, a fine business, and a fortune. The story is not by any means a solitary instance; there are others like it, but I have cited her as an example because I have watched her upward progress, and have known her struggles ever since she had her one shop at the South End.

The success of any one in any line of work depends upon the spirit in which she takes it up. The following story which came under my notice recently, and which is true, will illustrate my meaning better than any explanation. A young girl had tried for a long time to get a position in one of the leading dry goods stores in Boston. Finally her persistency was rewarded by the promise of a trial. She was put at the handkerchief counter during a "bargain-sale." The first morning she was there a gentleman came by, and stopped at the handkerchief counter, looking carelessly at the goods and the prices which were marked on each box. She did not wait for him to ask for anything special, but she immediately drew his attention to some handkerchiefs which were really a fine "bargain." He did not seem inclined to buy, but she was so interested to make the sale, and talked so intelligently about them, that the customer took half a dozen of the handkerchiefs. When Saturday night came and she was paid her salary, she received a sum much in advance of that which had been promised her. She took it at once to the head of her department, thinking there must be a mistake, but she was assured that it was all right.

"Do you remember selling a half dozen hand-

kerchiefs to one gentleman, the first morning you were here?" he inquired.

"Why, yes, I remember," she replied, "but what has that to do with it?"

"Simply this — that was the head of the firm; and he was so pleased that he inquired about you, and said that any girl who could sell his own goods to a proprietor was worth a good salary and a steady place, so he ordered you put in the pay roll at the wages I have just given you, with the promise of a rise as soon as it is possible."

A thing like this isn't likely to happen every day perhaps; but of one thing you may rest quite assured, my dear girls, simple eye-service is noted more frequently than you imagine, while the honest, hearty rendering of duty will find the reward. Not long ago a prominent business man in Boston said to me, when we were talking over the reason why so few young men really succeed, some things that will bear repetition for the girls who think seriously of a business life. "The boys" — and he might have said the girls too — "in the store whose watches are always on time at the dinner or closing hour are the ones who will not advance in business; while those who are asking for more to do, instead of making apologies for work not finished, are those who find room at the top of the ladder, and who do not complain of the crowd at the foot." It is the Bible's own "in season and out of season" work that brings good results.

Perhaps another reason why women do not oftener attain a high position in mercantile life is because they do not "learn the business" as a boy does. When a girl seeks a position in a store she expects a living salary at once. The immediate need of money is the force which impels her to work; she must be her own bread-winner. A boy expects to give a certain time to learning the detail of business, and takes a place at first with very small remuneration, and works his way to the more profitable position.

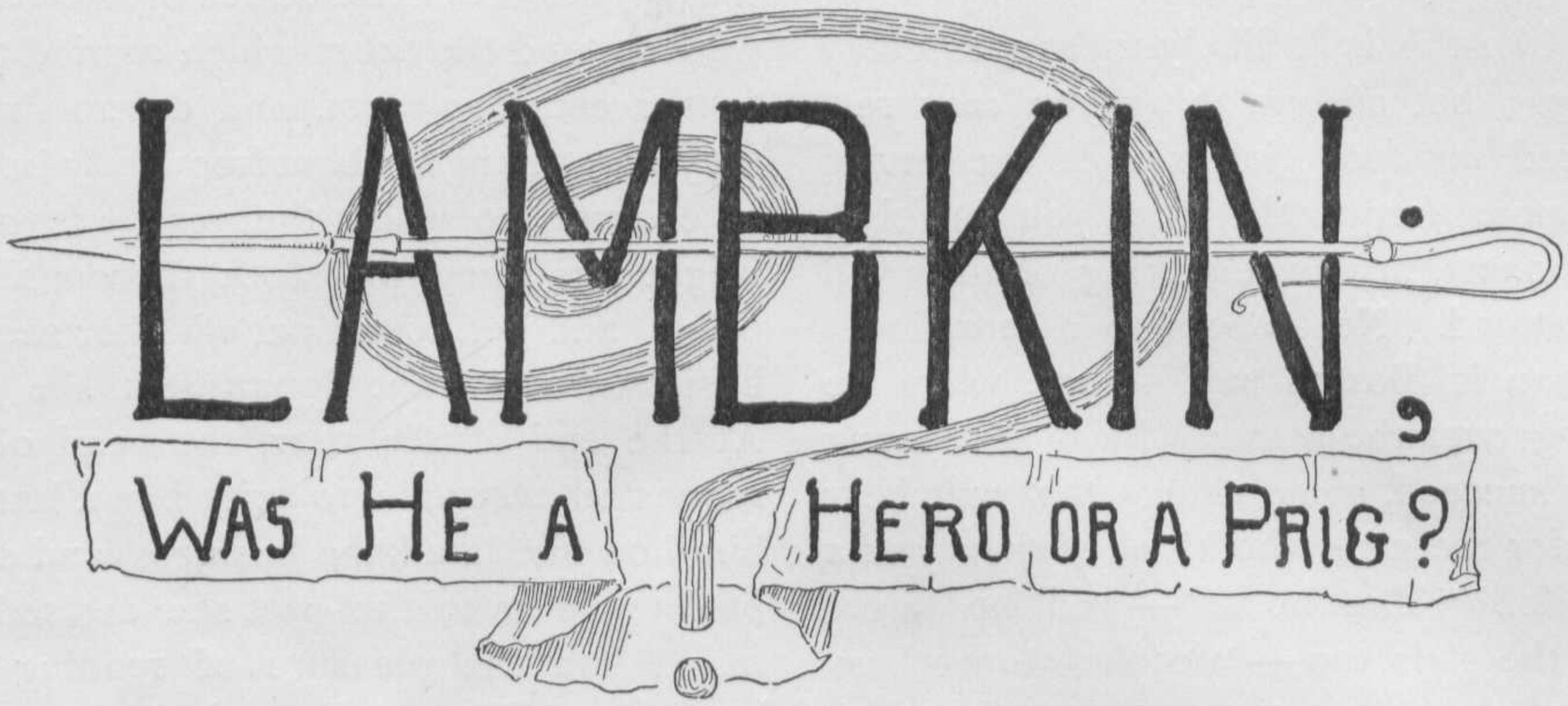
A gentleman in Boston, the head of one of the large firms, who has thought a good deal about this matter, determined to try this training process with girls. So he advertised for one hundred girls to begin a practical mercantile training. The girls were to be graduates of the public schools of the city or near suburbs; they were to live at home, or with friends or relatives who would look after them when they were out of the store. None would be received without the written consent of the parents or guardians. They were to be paid two dollars a week for a year, and at the end of that time were to be advanced as they deserved.

It was a very easy matter to find the one hundred girls; indeed double the number might have been readily engaged, so numerous were the applicants. The duties of the girls at first were to tend the tubes which carried the money to the counting-room, and do up the parcels; they were changed about frequently from counter to counter, so when the year was over every bright girl knew the stock thoroughly and the prices, and had found out whether she liked the business, and what department she preferred. At the end of the year, the head of the firm requested every girl to write him a letter, telling him how she liked the business, and expressing preference as to the part she desired to serve in. I had the pleasure of reading all these letters, and I was delighted at the intelligence and the character that the majority of them showed. As far as possible the girls were promoted in the line of their expressed preference, and a new lot, double the number, came in to fill the places at the tubes. One of the girls who came in as a tube girl is now the superintendent of the desk of one department, and has a salary of eighteen dollars a week; another is the head saleswoman at a counter, receiving fifteen dollars a week. Others receive from seven to twelve dollars, the average being ten dollars a week. The quicker they are, the more personal patronage they control, the more pay they have, because their services are of value. Mr. Jordan, for it is the senior partner of Jordan, Marsh & Co. who made the experiment, says he has never regretted it, for he feels that the girls do better work for the training they get. One of the best proofs of the efficacy of his plan is the fact that every other house is glad to get a girl who has graduated from the tubes at Jordan's; they know their business.

So you see there are chances for girls, if they will only take them, as well as for boys; but

they must be in earnest, must work as though it were a life work, even though they do lay it down after a while; must not despise the day of small things, and must not turn the sympathy of the public whom they serve to ridicule and contempt, by speaking of themselves, affectedly and incorrectly as "salesladies," but honestly, simply and correctly as "saleswomen," until such time as they shall become the proprietors, wholly or in part, of an establishment, when they will be "merchants." I shall have another word to say on this subject of "ladies" by and by.

Sallie Joy White.



[The Author being in doubt whether Lambkin was a Hero or a Prig, it has been decided to put it to vote. Every reader is invited to send in a postal-card vote by January 1, 1890—also his or her reason. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Hero" side. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Prig" side. Vote and reason limited to a postal and not more than one hundred words.]

I.

WHETHER Lambkin was a hero or whether he was a prig is a matter I have never been able to settle in my mind. Sometimes I think the one, and sometimes I think the other, as the mood strikes me. But I will tell his story and let you judge the matter for yourselves.

Nearly all of my school-life at Oakdale Academy has long ago become dim, obscure, dead; no longer a part of myself. But one terrible happening remains still with me, sharp-cut, and a clear outline of those connected most directly with it is still part and parcel of my present memory. One was Binney Sewell, the other a boy whom we called "Lambkin."

There are always three or four lads in every school who are more or less leaders among the rest. Usually they are better at games than the others and have the reputation of being "fighters." Such a boy was Binney Sewell and we smaller fry looked upon him as little less than a hero. Upon the whole he was a manly, honorable, handsome fellow and more worthy of the regard he received, perhaps, than many another who has held a like position.

Poor "Lambkin" was his antithesis, and for the two months or so that he was a scholar at the Academy he was, perhaps, more the butt for shafts of ridicule and rough jests than any boy who ever came among us.

Short as his stay was at the Academy, I doubt if any scholar who ever filled a part of the school-life made such an imprint upon it, and I should not be surprised if the name of Lambkin was still current with the youngsters who have to tell of those old days when we ancients inhabited their little world.

Boys are not accustomed to judge below the surface and Lambkin's personal appearance was greatly against him. He had a round, smooth, fat face, dough-like and peppered with freckles. His weak eyes were always red and inflamed, and a thatch of white hair was cut nearly straight across his forehead. Then his manner was not in his favor. It certainly was priggish, and, especially when a virtuous mood was upon him, he talked in a precise, mincing fashion such as a "Master Sanford" or a "Master Merton" might have used.

I have a sort of hazy clearness of recollection concerning his advent amongst us; it was somewhat after this fashion:

"Halloo, Sonny! what's your name?" It was Binney Sewell who spoke.

"My name is Richard Lamb," said he, in that funny, precise manner.

"What does your father do?"

The new boy hesitated for a moment: "He is dead," said he, "he was a minister of the gospel."

Binney was a little struck aback at the answer. "Oh!" said he, and then after a moment's pause he invited him to join in the game we were about to play. I remember Lambkin's reply distinctly, it was that that gave him his name and set his place amongst us.

"I do not care to play," said he, in his most prim, mincing manner. "My mother does not like me to play such rough games."

Poor little fellow! I see very well now that his speech was the result of home-training; but at that day I only joined in the shout of laughter that arose on all sides. Some of the boys, I remember, fairly rolled on the ground and kicked up their heels in the excess of their mirth. "Ba-a-a-Lambkin," bleated Binney Sewell, and the others took the cue and repeated in a chorus from broken bass to piping treble:

"Ba-a-a-Lambkin!"

So it was that he got his name.

He was different from any other boy that I remember; another would have adapted himself in time to his surroundings, but Lambkin never did. He did not shun the rest exactly, he would often stand with them looking on at a game of ball, marbles or hop-scotch, but he never offered to join the sport or made any advances toward a better acquaintance with a single one of us. We others grew used to him in time; only Binney Sewell's enmity never flagged. He never saw him out of school but he bleated "Ba-a-a-Lambkin." He rarely ever passed him in school but he gave him a nudge, or a push, and to all Lambkin neither resisted nor offered a word of protest. Perhaps it was this very nonresistance that made Binney hate his victim so bitterly, for one cannot wantonly injure another without growing to hate him.

Once in particular I remember a piece of cruelty on Binney's part that made an unusually vivid impression upon me.

A number of us were gathered in a corner of the playground where some were playing marbles and others leaning against the high board fence looking on — among them Lambkin. Quantities of blackbirds built in the tall pine-trees back of the house, and one of the clamorous colony was hunting for this or that in the grass at a little distance.

"I bet you I hit that blackbird!" said Binney, and he fitted a marble into his sling-shot. He let fly the missile, but it missed the mark by a few inches. Just beyond the bird was a stone pavement in front of the house-door. The marble struck upon the flat flags and ricochetted with a bound. There was a crash, a tinkle of broken glass, and one of the great plate glasses of the parlor window gaped blindly where the marble had put out its sight. There was a moment of breathless and horrified silence, and I think Binney was fairly frightened at what had happened.

"Look here, boys," said he, turning to us, "don't you tell the Doctor, will you?"

A chorus of Noes went up. I think every one answered but Lambkin.

"Don't you tell, either, Lambkin!" said he threateningly.

Silence.

"Do you hear me?" said Binney,

"Yes," said Lambkin after a moment or so; "I hear you."

"Very well, then, if you know what is good for you you won't tell the Doctor."

A peculiar sullen look came over Lambkin's face, and Binney eyed him for a little while in

silence. "Do you hear what I say?" said he at last, "you won't tell the Doctor, will you?"

"I cannot promise," said Lambkin in his most precise manner; "if Dr. Scott asks me, I cannot tell a lie."

"Oh! you can't, can you?" said Binney. "I'll see about that." And he strode forward and caught the other by the wrist. He gave the arm a cruel twist — all boys know what the torture is. "Will you tell the Doctor?" said he.

Lambkin bent his body to ease the strain. "I cannot tell a lie," said he.

Binney gave the arm another twist. "Will you tell the Doctor?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Lambkin through his shut teeth.

Another twist, and Lambkin was down on his knees. I think Binney hardly knew what he was doing; none of us said a word, and no doubt the silent disapprobation of all added fuel to his anger and made him more savage against his victim.

"Will you tell the Doctor?" said he, grinding his teeth together.

Lambkin looked up into his face. "You are a coward and a bully," he gasped.

Binney gave him a kick. "Say that again," he cried, "and I'll mash your face."

"You are a coward and a bully," said Lambkin, in the same gasping voice.

Binney raised his fist.

There was a day-scholar at the school whose name I do not remember, but he was a great good-natured country boy with hard brown hands, freckled face and big cow-hide boots. He was one of the older boys and quite as large as Binney Sewell. As Binney raised his fist, this boy stepped forward and caught him by the arm with both hands.

No doubt Binney was glad of open resistance, for he dropped his victim and turned upon the other like a flash. But the Fates decided against war, for just then Mr. Warner, the second teacher, appeared upon the steps and rang the bell and all hands stormed tumultuously into school.

In regard to the matter of the window-light, I recollect that Nemesis visited the school just after recess when, amidst an awful hush, Dr. Scott stood up and asked who it was had broken a pane of glass in the parlor window. There was a moment or two of pause, and then Binney rose in his place and confessed to the deed.

To the best of my recollection Dr. Scott give him a special demerit mark and made him write the circumstance to his father who paid for having a new pane of glass put in. I may be mistaken about that, but this I know very well, that Dr. Scott confiscated all of the sling-shots in the school, and though we afterwards made ourselves new ones *sub rosa* from rubber cords of a kind which ladies use in some mysterious part of their belongings, and which we bought at the milliner's in the village, they were henceforth always used surreptitiously and in fear and trembling, for the Doctor had threatened untold things should he see them again in operation either in or out of the play-grounds.

II.

Perhaps all these things that I have been telling might have passed away with those other fragments into the dim mists of a past time were it not for that terrible occurrence which, like a flash of light, illuminated everything that surrounded it and left their outlines clean-stamped upon the eyes of memory.

It happened on a Saturday toward the middle of June when about half a dozen of us set forth on one of those expeditions that are, perhaps, amongst all boyhood's memories more than commonly sweet in the mouth of these days. It was to a deep cut in the railroad where the bank-martins built by hundreds and by thousands. Most of our little party were virtuosos in bird-eggs, and Binney Sewell, whose collection, of course, immensely surpassed any one of ours, had an opportunity of making some good exchanges of sand-martins' eggs for other specimens not in his pasteboard cabinet.

It was the time of the second brood of the swallows, and long before we reached the spot we could see the birds swarming in criss-cross flight through the quivering heat over the smooth, purple-green clover crest of the hill, like bees about a hive. The railroad cut in which the martins had burrowed their holes, was through a bank

of red gravel and was nearly half a mile long. At the spot which the birds used it was thirty or forty feet deep. For more than half that distance it was an abrupt, sandy, gravelly precipice; below, the débris sloped in a steep incline to within a few feet of the railroad. Three of us held Binney by the legs while he hung half-way over this precipice and dug at the holes burrowed close together a few feet below the edge that he might reach to the nest within.

We boys had a comforting theory that if one egg only was taken from a nest the mother bird would return and hatch out the others. I hope that our theory was sound; at least we firmly believed in it and never under any consideration took more than one egg, which was something to our credit. So it was that Binney Sewell had dug out a great hole in the side of the sand-bank before he had secured the three or four eggs he desired. It was quite half an hour before the work was accomplished and then we all sat for awhile at the crest of the embankment to rest, chatting and shooting pebbles from our prohibited sling-shots at the swallows that circled around and above us. Presently a long shrill whistle sounded from the direction of the town a mile or so away and by and by the up-train rushed through the cut below us with a great roar and rattle and a belching of black smoke.

Some little distance beyond the deep cut, where the bank-martins had built, a trestle bridge about a hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet high midway its length, crossed a deep narrow valley and an alder-bordered stream that threaded the pasture-land below. Beyond the bridge the railroad ran into another deep cut upon the further side of the valley, from which it emerged with a sharp curve into the level pasture-fields of the uplands.

When the train had passed us we stood watching it as it thundered across the trestle bridge with a white shriek of the whistle and rushed into the cut. Presently it appeared again a furlong or so further running through the level fields beyond; disappeared behind the trees of Naylor's Woods; appeared again, moving more slowly, and finally stopped at Tangledale. It was the twelve o'clock train and we knew that the express passed it a little beyond the station.

"Let's wait till the lightning train goes by, boys," said Binney; and so we sat down and resumed our harmless sport with the sling-shots and the swallows.

"There's Lambkin down below," said Charlie Marshall, and in answer to his words we leaned forward and looked down. Lambkin had evidently been waiting for the up-train to pass before he entered the cut between the sand-banks. He seemed in a hurry, and we found out afterward that his mother was coming upon the noon train and that he had started to meet her, though for some reason or other he had been late in leaving the school.

I do not know why it was that the tormenting devil should have taken possession of Binney Sewell at this time, but so it did. "Watch me hit him with this pebble, boys," said he, and he fitted one into his sling-shot and discharged at Lambkin below. It struck the ground at a little distance from the boy, and the poor little fellow who had not seen us before turned and looked up. I think I can see his little dough face even now after all these years. He only gave one glance, then turned and hurried on. No one said a word in answer to Binney's speech and act, and I think that our silence stirred the lad's tormenting devil more than ever. "I bet you I'll hit him next time," said he, fitting another pebble into the leather pocket.

Then my cousin, Charlie Marshall, spoke in open protest. "Oh! let him alone, Binney," said he, and I am glad to say that his speech was echoed by nearly all of us. But it had no result upon Binney Sewell. He stood up for a better aim with one foot close to the edge of the sand-bank and drew back the sling-shot with a large pebble in the leathern pocket. But he never shot that pebble at Lambkin.

Just below where he stood were the nests which he had hollowed out, and the gravel-bank, weakened by the undermining, suddenly crumbled away beneath his feet. He flung out his arms as though to catch his balance, but it was of no avail; his footing was too insecure. Over he pitched headlong with a rush and a rattle and a clatter of falling gravel and a heavy thud upon the bank below, down which we heard him roll over and over to the railroad at the bottom. There were a few seconds of breath-

less silence, and then we one and all ran to the edge of the cliff and looked down. We could see Binney where he lay, quite still and silent, and the first thought to all of us was that he was dead. He had fallen partly across the track, and there was no means by which we could reach him without going a quarter of a mile or so around to the level bit of railroad beyond. Then one of the boys, with more presence of mind than the others of us, shouted to Lambkin, and we all took up the cry:

"Lambkin! Lambkin!"

There must have been something in our voices of more than usual moment for he turned around immediately. He had nearly reached the trestle bridge which, as I have said, was some distance away, but he followed our motions as we pointed downward where Binney lay, and I think he saw it all at a glance — the silent figure of the enemy who had wronged him so bitterly lying across the track, the crumbled bank and the burrow in the gravel slope where he had fallen.

At that moment there came a sudden sound as dreadful to our ears as the trump of doom: it was the whistle of the down express. It sounded far away, but it was coming thundering toward the cut where Binney lay across the track, at the rate of a mile a minute.

Lambkin heard the whistle as well as we, and he turned sharply in answer to the sound. He stood quite still for an instant, looking up the track and across the bridge, his back turned to us — and if I only could tell what passed through his mind in that moment I would be able to decide at once whether he was a hero or a prig.

Did he reason within himself that he would not have time to reach Binney and drag him off the track before the express would be upon them? Or was it only half instinctive to think of stopping the on-coming train? If I could know that for certain in my mind, I could then answer the question easily enough. For it was only for a moment that he stood thus, the next he ran rapidly toward the trestle bridge.

As he reached the bridge head, the on-coming whistle blew again, nearer and more clearly — and again for one instant Lambkin paused. Then he ran straight out upon the cross-ties.

As I look back into the memory of things, it seems to me that until Lambkin had gone twenty yards upon the bridge, there was no other thought than of Binney Sewell in my mind. Then, as in one blinding, terrible flash, I saw into what a death-trap he himself was running. From that instant to the minute that brought the end, I stood dumb, rooted as in a nightmare, with trembling fears thrilling more and more swiftly into a horrid certainty. Whether any of the boys around spoke or moved I shall never be able to tell, for my brain rang and I saw nothing but Lambkin's little figure running across the open bridge with head bent forward and downward. He had covered half the distance when, as I watched fascinated, I saw, but as though it were a dreadful unreality, the express shoot out from the woods beyond the little Tangledale station of which I have already spoken. On ran Lambkin without pause or hesitation and on came the express train, cruel, relentless as fate. Not more than a quarter of the bridge remained for Lambkin to cover, but the express was already racing through Naylor's Woods a half a mile away, roaring through the hollow depths. Then out it shot again into the sunlight with nothing but one level meadow and the curve of the further end of the cut between it and the head of the bridge. It seemed to me that Lambkin crawled rather than ran, and so great was the straining intensity that my brain seemed to swell and ring like a hollow ball as I stood gazing — gazing at the dreadful sight. Only a few yards remained when the engine plunged into the end of the cut, then suddenly the whistle sounded with a succession of quick sharp notes, and I saw poor little Lambkin stop for a moment and look up dazed and bewildered at his fate rushing down upon him. One of the boys near me gasped out as though Lambkin could hear him:

"O, God! Lambkin, run!" As though in answer, Lambkin once more started to run, but with his face lifted and not looking down as he had heretofore done.

Nothing was to be seen of the express but the smoke that skimmed along above the edges of the cut at the further side of the bridge like a black serpent. Again the whistle sounded its quick sharp notes of warning. Lambkin gave one

last run, and then I saw him spring forward with outstretched arms. At the same time the locomotive, black and grim, its brass work sparkling and flashing in the sunlight, leaped out from the cut as though to meet him, and in a moment it was all over. We could not see how it happened, but we all of us knew that Lambkin had been struck. The train did not stop until it was entirely across the bridge, then it moved slowly back again to where the accident had happened.

It was not until I saw it rumbling backward across the bridge, that I awoke as though from a dream and found the tears streaming down my face and my body shaken and convulsed with sobs. I remember seeing, as in a sort of daze, that Binney Sewell had so much come to himself as to crawl off of the track and up upon the sand bank at the side of the road; then I turned and ran after the others down the hill and across the little valley to the further side where the train was now standing. I do not know how my own face appeared, but I shall never forget how ghastly white the other boys were and how wet their cheeks were with tears.

The train had run back to the station long before we had come to the spot where it had been standing, and when we, running all the way, reached Tangledale, panting and sobbing with parched and dry throats, we found he had been taken on to the school in Dr. White's dearborn — for he was not dead.

One of the most vivid of my boyhood's recollections is of my last interview with Lambkin. He had always made more show of liking for me than for any other boy at the school, and a few days before vacation Lambkin's mother came into the playground one morning and asked me whether I would not like to come up and see Richard.

In my private gallery of past things I have a vivid mental picture of Lambkin in a bed in the matron's room; of a square of sunlight lying across the foot of the counterpane, of his face, white and thin, of bandages wreathed about his head and of his left arm in wooden splints. In the fullness of my sympathies I remember offering him a tame flying-squirrel that I had raised from toothless infancy.

However, Lambkin did not accept of my offering; he said with a voice still precise and mincing, though faint and weak with sickness, that he did not think it right to make pets of wild creatures.

Such is the story of Lambkin.

Not long ago, I feel almost sure, I saw him in a parlor car on my way to New York. He was dressed in the long black coat and the white tie of a minister, and there was a young, rather vinegarish-looking lady with him whom I fancied from his actions might be his wife. I had half a mind to speak to the gentleman, and, if it proved to be Lambkin, to ask him whether he ran out upon that trestle bridge knowing what he was doing and doing it deliberately, hoping to stop the express or to bring help from the station for Binney. But I let the opportunity go by, and so I have never been quite able to decide in my mind whether he was a hero or whether he was a prig.

Howard Pyle.

MILITARY SNOW FORTS FOR BOYS.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

IN the snow-ball fights that boys engage in — and often also, girls — I presume there is little thought of the wonderful resisting power that packed snow offers to a musket or cannon ball. Yet it possesses this power to a greater extent than any soft or yielding material that is known, and it is strange that the knowledge has not been made use of practically, in battles fought in the winter time.

Another interesting fact is that many great generals have had their first lessons of the Science of War through the agency of snow.

Thus it is related of Napoleon that at school at Brienne he built, with the aid of his companions, snow forts, and displayed his wonderful military genius even as a boy in their attack and capture. Washington also enjoyed snow-battles better than foot-ball or other games.

And, indeed, boys, there can be no game so exciting or interesting, out-of-doors, as a snow-battle properly conducted, and it is how to fight such a battle that I am going to tell you.

The first consideration is the ground on which we are to fight the battle; for that we may make it as like a real battle as possible we must have a fort, or breastworks, and all ground is not suitable. What kind of ground should we have? It is evident that to build a fort in the woods would be considerable trouble; the trees and bushes would be in the way, and while they might serve as a defense to us, they would also be a defense to the enemy who could crawl up close to the fort under their shelter. Trees would also impede the rapid building of the fort. So we will go out on an open field.

But if we build our fort in the middle of the field, it will be exposed to the view and attack of the enemy on all sides, and will therefore require much more time and labor to build properly, and also many more soldiers to defend it. If we put it at the foot of a hill, while our back would be protected by the hill, if the enemy once got possession of the top of it we could not hold our position in the fort, since we would be completely exposed to fire. The best kind of position would be on the top of a gentle eminence or slope, the back and sides protected in whole or part by buildings or walls.

Having now selected the position, the next consideration is the kind and the size of the fort we are to build. Forts are built so as to have two sides, three sides, four sides, or five sides. But the first two kinds are merely high walls built up on two or three sides, and it is evident that once an enemy crept up close under the wall he would be sheltered from our fire, unless we leaned so far over as to expose ourselves. The object of our fort is to defend ourselves in a chosen position, and therefore we must arrange it so that we can be protected on all sides. This can be done by means of the four-sided fort, as you will see.

Now, as in our snow-battle the boys in the fort are far less in number than those who form the attacking party, our fort must be not so large but what six or eight boys can hold and defend it, and yet large enough to hold fifty if necessary, and give each one of the fifty plenty of fighting space. Now a boy to throw snow balls effectively, should have a space of ground three feet by three feet, or nine square feet. There must also be room in the fort for piles of ammunition or snow balls. So to be sure of room enough to build the fort, and have all the space inside we wish, let us take a space sixty feet square, near the top of the hill or slope. In *Figure* 1, the square is denoted by the dotted lines A B C D. The back of the fort is at the top of the hill, and is protected, we will assume, by a house or high wall. *D C* therefore, will be the back, and *A D*, *A B* and *B C* the three sides to be protected.

To most boys, it would seem that the simplest way to build the fort would be to make walls of snow by piling snow balls one on top of another, along the lines of the square; but if that were done, the walls would have to be high enough to shelter those within, and then the enemy could by a rush get close under the walls outside, and would be protected also, and might dig through the fort or destroy it. So we must give the walls such a shape as to make it impossible for him to get shelter anywhere within throwing distance. We lay off the four lines each sixty feet long, forming the square in the figure, *A B C D*. At each corner we drive a peg in the ground, and fasten a line around them all, or trace a line in the snow. Then we must get the middle points (*G*, *Y*, *W* and *X*) of each side, and draw through these points lines perpendicular to the sides of the square, and meeting at the center of the square inside. Then from the middle points, along these perpendiculars, we measure off the distances *G H*, *Y H* and *X H*, each equal to one eighth of the side of the square, or seven and a half feet. Then from the points *H* we draw the lines *H A*, *H B*, *H C*, and *H D*, called lines of defense. Now from the corner *A*, along the line *A H*, we must lay off a distance *A E* equal to two sevenths of the side of the square. That will be about seventeen feet, and from the end of

this seventeen feet, at *E*, we draw a line perpendicular to the line of defense *B H*. Now we do the same on the line *B H*, and we then have, by joining the points *F* and *I* together, one front of the fort all laid off. By following the same method on the other two sides of the square to be protected we have the figure *D M Y N M A E F I J B K L O K C*. The side *D C* of the square we will leave for the present.

Now a glance at the figure will show that an enemy cannot get up close on any side without being under fire. Suppose he approaches direct on the line *F I*. As soon as he is close under that wall, he is exposed to the fire from the two walls *E F* and *I J*. If he is under *I J*, he is exposed to *E F*, and *vice versa*. If he is under or close to the wall *A E*, he is completely exposed to a fire from *J I*, and if he is close to the wall *J B*, where the men behind the wall could not see him, he is exposed to a fire from *E F*. He cannot get up close anywhere without exposing himself to some other face or wall of the fort.

Having now the outer lines all traced out in the snow the next thing to do is to divide up the crowd of boys into working parties in order to build the fort quickly and systematically. If we have boys enough, we will put one party of eight or ten boys under charge of a boy captain, and set them to work making large snow balls. We call this working party Number I. Working party Number II. consists of four or six boys under a captain, and their duty is to put the huge balls rolled up by Number I. party in position. Working party Number III. also of four or six boys, under a captain, have to clean the ground of snow, on which the walls are to stand, and after this is done, then they have to trim the walls, fill up the interstices, bring up snow for cementing the large balls, and be generally useful.

The Number I. party should make their first balls quite large, three to four feet in diameter if possible, and commence them some way from the fort, and roll them up. It will take about twenty balls, each three and a half feet in diameter, to form the bottom layer or course of one front of the fort. Now the walls to thoroughly protect all those inside should be about six feet high, and for that height they should be three and a half feet thick at the bottom and taper to about one foot at the top.

Figure 2 represents a section of the wall when finished, both inside and outside. From *E* to *F* is three and a half feet, and from *E* to *A* is six feet. *D O N B* is the outer face of the fort and it will be noticed slopes to the front. The line *D O* is part of the outline of the fort.

As party Number I. rolls the large balls up, party Number II. puts them in position, so that their outsides will not extend beyond the *A E F I J B, etc.* Party Number III. in the meantime has not only, with spade and shovels, cleared a space along the line three and a half feet wide, but three feet on the outside, and

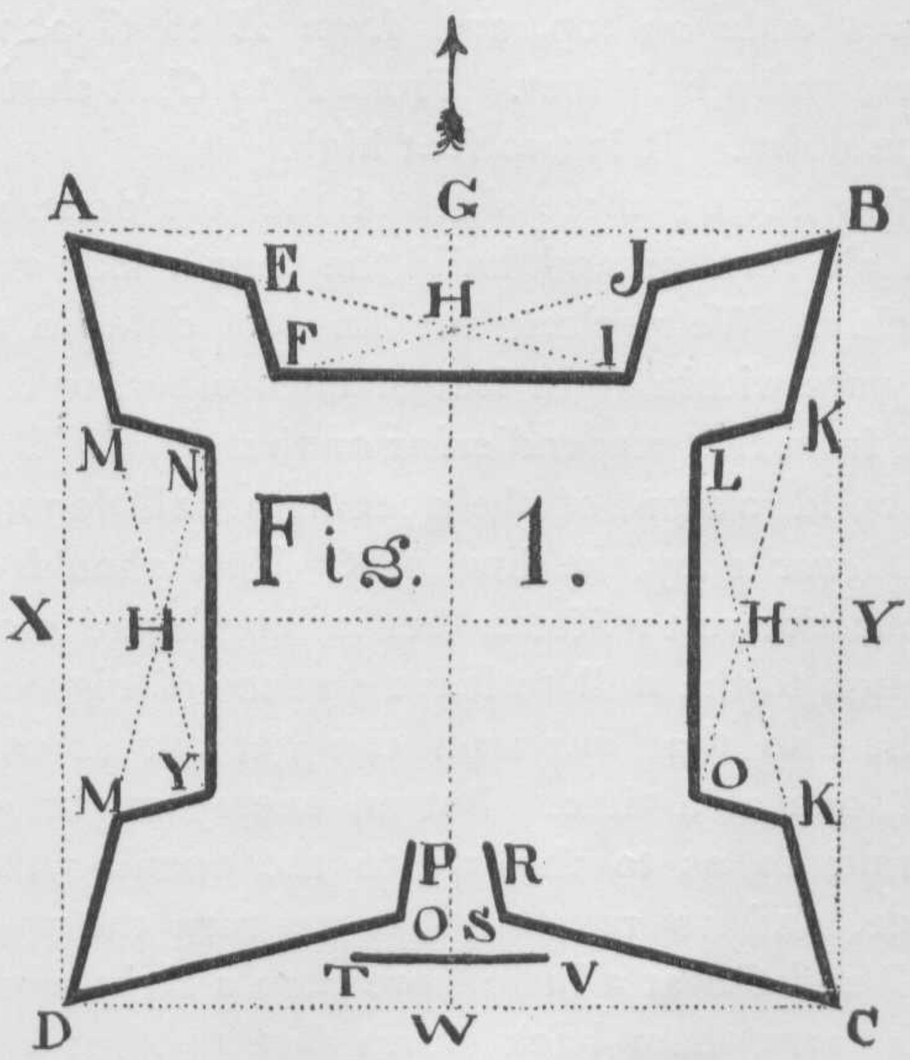


Fig. 1.

three or four feet on the inside, of the line. The snow is thrown to the inside of the fort and as party Number II. puts the balls in position, they take snow from the pile inside and pack between the balls, and under them, and about them to make all firm and hard. After rolling enough balls for the first layer, all around three sides of the fort, then they roll balls about two and a half feet in diameter. A layer of these is placed on the ground inside of the first layer so as to form the step, denoted in *Figure* 2 by the part *G E F C H I J*. It will take thirty balls of this size for the layer on the ground for one side, and after that is done, we must have thirty more to form the second layer of the

wall. Number II. lays the second layer, and fills in the interstices, making the wall solid. Number III. party with their spades then commence to trim the walls. They cut and pack, fill up all spaces, and throw the refuse snow to the center of the inclosure.

The step inside, in *Figure* 2, the part *I H C F*, is called the banquette, and the object of it is to give the boys inside something to stand on when they wish to throw or fire their snow balls. If they stood below on the ground they would not see what they were firing at, but the banquette gives them a height sufficient to command well in front. This banquette should be packed very hard, or on top of it should be laid boards or planks. It should be about eighteen inches wide on top, and from *E* to *G* about three and a half feet. From *F* to *G*, it should slope down. It is two feet high.

Now having three sides of the fort done, we can all turn in and build the fourth side very quickly. We prolong the lines of defense till they are within eight feet of each other, or four feet from the perpendicular on that side. Then we build in front of the opening a wall denoted in *Figure* 1 by the line *T V*. This should be about twelve to fifteen feet in length and close enough to the wall to leave a space of eighteen inches, so that our men can get out at each end, one at a time. But an enemy might get behind so as to throw into the opening thus made, and to prevent that we turn the walls *D O* and *C S* at a little more than a right angle, and carry them back seven feet to *P* and *R*. Now we have an opening through which we can get out, two men at once, and yet the inside is protected from the enemy's view and fire. We build this fourth side in layers as we did the others, and of the same thickness. Twenty boys ought to build such a fort as this in one day easily.

At nightfall, each boy should get a pail and dipper and filling the first with cold water, sprinkle it over the front face and the top of the fort. During the night the water will freeze, and the next day the fort will not only be firmly frozen together, but the front and top will be so icy and slippery as to prevent their being scaled by an enemy.

The military or technical names of the different parts of the fort are as follows: In *Figure* 1 the corners *N M A E F* and *I J B K L* are bastions; while *Y M D* and *O K C* are half-bastions. *A E* and *A M*, *B J*, *B K*, *C K*, *D M*, are the lines of defense, and the short lines *E F*, *J I*, *K L*, *O K*, *M N*, *M Y*, are the flanks, while the connecting lines *F I*, *L O* and *N Y* are bastion curtains.

In *Figure* 2 the slope or outside B D O N is the exterior slope, and the top *M N B A* is the

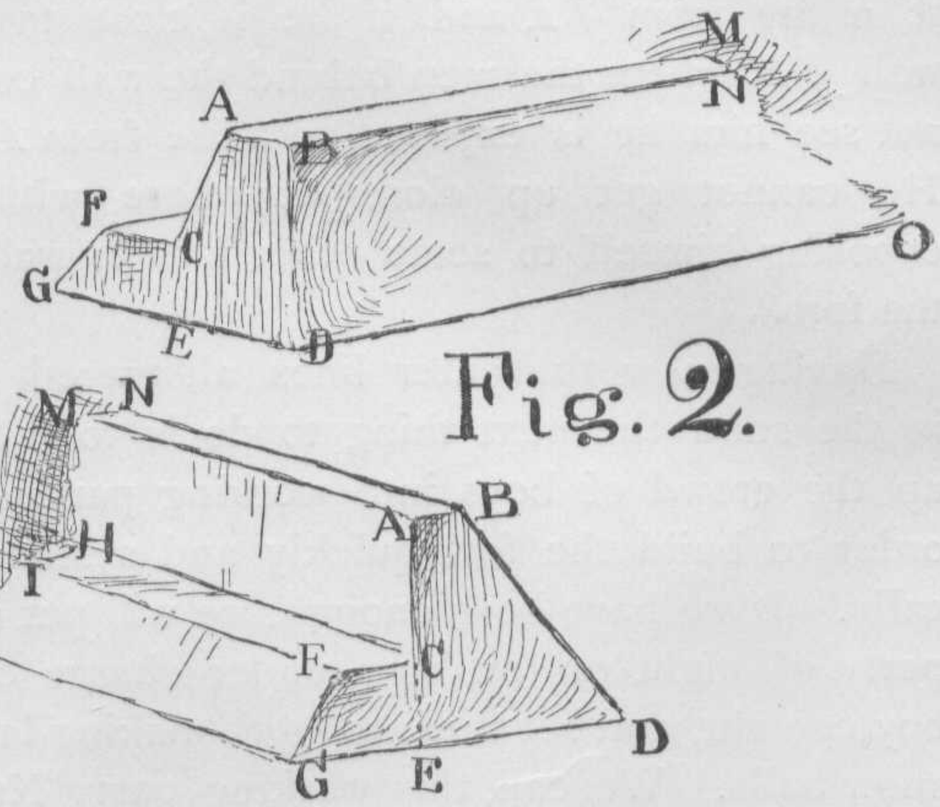


Fig. 2.

superior slope. The edge *N B* is the crest of the parapet, and the entire wall is called the parapet. The part *H I J G E C F* is the banquette, the outer part *I J G F* being the banquette slope, the top *C F I H* being the banquette tread. The interior of the fort is called the *tene-plein*.

After the fort is all built then we must go to work and make snow balls and pile them up inside, for ammunition. We are now ready for the fun, but the choosing of sides, and captains, then how the attack is made, and how the fort is defended, we must leave till another chapter.

Lieut. W. R. Hamilton.



POLLY'S VISIT TO THE BOOK-KITCHEN.

(*School and Playground Stories.*)

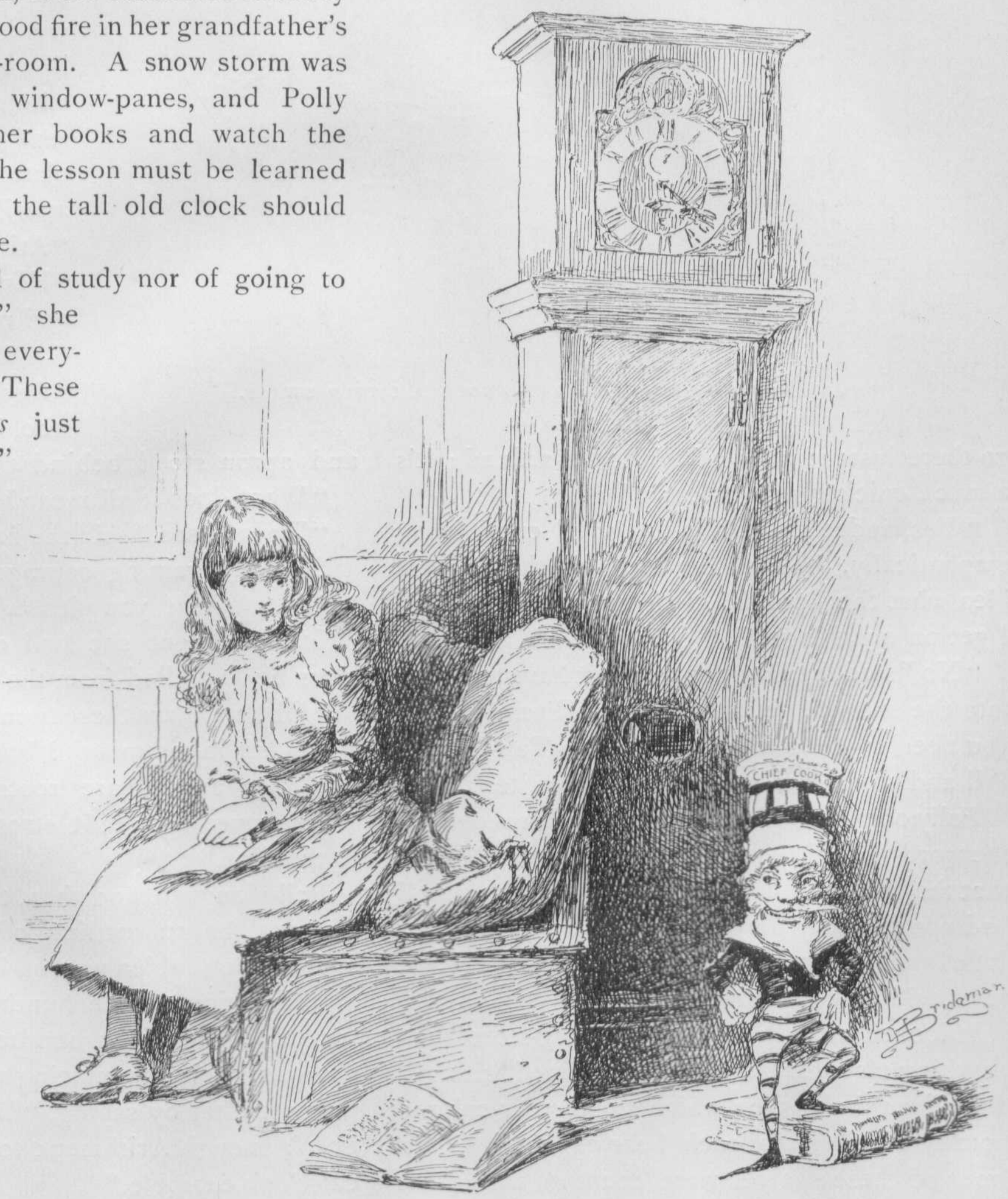
WAS hätte es sagen sollen müssen. O, dear! what an outlandish thing to learn!" sighed pretty Polly Pillicoddy, as she sat studying her German lesson, in the cushioned chimney corner by the great wood fire in her grandfather's old-fashioned sitting-room. A snow storm was beating against the window-panes, and Polly longed to shut up her books and watch the feathery flakes, but the lesson must be learned before the hands of the tall old clock should reach the hour of five.

Polly was not fond of study nor of going to school. "O, dear," she sighed, "why doesn't everybody talk English! These old *Ichs* and *Euchs* just stick in my throat!"

"I've got some stuff that will make 'em come out just as easy as can be!" said a little squeaky voice.

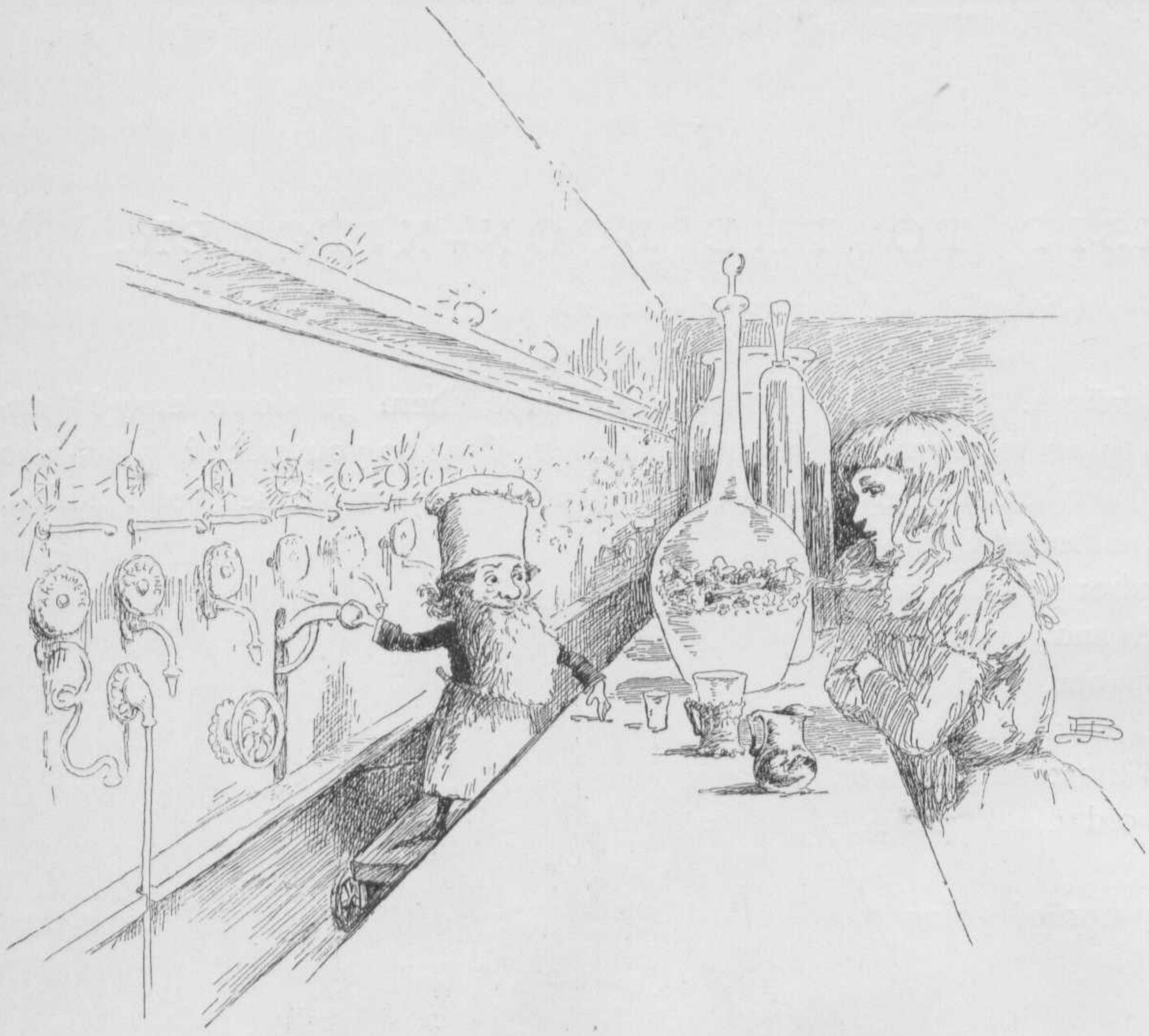
Polly looked round, and there, by the clock, she saw a little hump-backed Dwarf grinning from ear to ear. He looked so jolly and good-natured that Polly's first impulse to run away was very quickly overcome by her curiosity to know what he meant.

"Stuff to make them go down easy?" exclaimed she. "What do you mean? And who are you any way — if you please!" she added.



POLLY'S VISITOR.

"I'm chief cook of the Book-Kitchen," said the Dwarf. "Don't you want to come and see it? It's much nicer than going to school. We



"WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?" ASKED ANOTHER LITTLE DWARF.

go there instead of to school in Dwarfland; it's a much quicker way to learn."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to go!" cried Polly emphatically, though she had not the faintest idea what the Book-Kitchen might be. "Shall I get on my things?"

"No," said the Dwarf, "we don't have to go out into the snow to get to the Book-Kitchen. All you need to do is to take this little Ten-League Pill and shut your eyes while I count ten."

Polly obeyed, and when the Dwarf pronounced the word "ten!" she opened her eyes and found that the sitting-room, fireplace, old clock and all had mysteriously disappeared, and she and her little guide were standing in a strange large room with low ceilings.

It looked more like a pretty drug-store than anything else, for the walls were lined with gilt and silver shelves, on which stood gaily-colored bottles of all sizes, each bearing a label. In front of these shelves were counters with glass cases, which held oddly-shaped little boxes, silver, amethyst, pale-blue and amber colored. But Polly was most interested by what appeared to be a large crystal soda-water fountain which occupied one entire side of the room. Polly was very fond of soda-water, and she ran at once to this fascinating affair which seemed to be made of diamonds. She was surprised at the number of taps, for there were at least a hundred.

"What lots of different flavorings you have here!" she began to say, but the words died away on her lips and she turned pale with astonishment as she read in place of "Chocolate," "Vanilla," "Sarsaparilla," etc., the words "Arithmetic," "Spelling," "History," "Geography," and many others.

"What will you have?" asked another little Dwarf who, in spotless white cap and apron stood behind the counter.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Polly.

"Try and see," said the first Dwarf, chuckling.

So Polly, gaining courage, said more boldly, "Arithmetic, if you please."

In a moment she had drank the sparkling glass he had filled from the Arithmetic-tap.

"Oh! what are these funny little square things it has left in my mouth?" asked she.

"They are square roots," said the Dwarf. "You haven't taken it strong enough for them to dissolve."

Polly laughed, and then, to her intense astonishment, began rattling off the multiplication and division tables way up in the hundreds.

"Nine times three hundred and thirteen are two thousand eight hundred and seventeen," she was glibly announcing when the Dwarf interrupted her by saying, "We'll see if you have drunk enough Arithmetic to do the Mathemati cal Cook example."

"What is it?" asked Polly.

"If a good Mathematical Cook you would make,
A spoonful of extract Arithmetic take,
Two of Algebra, and of Geometry three,
And a pint of strong fresh Logarithmical Tea,
Trigonometry one cubic wine-glass then sup
And of calculus drink a good heaping cup.
Now, in order one twentieth portion to know,
In just what-sized dish will that much of it go?"

Such an example would ordinarily have "scared Polly blue," as she used to say, but to her amazement, she gave the answer before the last word was out of the Dwarf's mouth.

"Right," said he.

"Where is that stuff that makes German easy?" asked Polly.

The Dwarf handed her, from the glass case, a little amber-colored box which Polly opened and found to contain a stick of amber-colored chewing-gum.

"Try it," said he.

Polly put it in her mouth and began to chew.

"*Danke schön*," said she.

"What?" said the Dwarf.

"*Ich spreche Deutsch*," said she, and she opened her mouth so wide with astonishment that the gum tumbled out on the floor. "What in the world *is* that?" she asked in English.

"That is our German Chewing-Gum," he answered. "You will talk German as long as you have that in your mouth."

Polly popped it in again.

"*Ach! wie wunderschön!*" said she with the best of accents, "*so viel leichter und besser als das ewige Studium der hässlichen grammatik.*"

"*Ja wohl*," said the Dwarf.

Polly capered about the shop in high spirits, talking German as fast as a little Deutsch Fräulein, now singing snatches of "The Lorelei," now running over the principal parts of the irregular verbs.

"Have you any French gum?" she asked.

The Dwarf handed her a little French kid box in which Polly found some gum that made her talk French as glibly as she had German. After trying it to her satisfaction, she put the German gum also in her mouth at the same time to see what would happen with both together.

"*Comment befinden vous sich?*" said she to the Dwarf.

He took from a pig-shaped box some Hog Latin gum, and from another some Italian gum. "*Sta quitegerry bene to-daygerry*," said he politely; but as he offered Polly no Italian gum she could not understand him and the conversation struck her as becoming very uninteresting.

After she had tried other experiments, combining Choctaw and Japanese, Latin and Sanscrit gums, and had conversed fluently in them all, she remembered her father speaking of a new universal language called Volapük.



MAKING COMPOSITION TEA.

"Have you Volapük gum?" she asked.

"No," said the Dwarf somewhat shortly, "if we sold that all our other gums would be a

drug in the market. We don't approve of it at all. Come, you'll be a regular *Polly-glot*," he continued, "if you keep on chewing these gums." And he gave her a bit of Greek gum so that she could understaud his pun.

After Polly had chewed it and laughed, she presently began to read some of the labels of the bottles on the shelves. They were, she thought, very unlike any drug-store bottles she had ever seen: "Extract of History, Cube-Root Tea, Theological Cordials, Strong Solution of Ideas, Extract of Literature, Syrup of Grammar, Dried Latin Verb-Roots, Geography Pills," and many others. Polly did not understand more than half of these titles, and looked relieved when the Dwarf suggested going to the Book-Kitchen to see these wonders made.

From a rear door they entered a large and curious kitchen. Along one entire side were ranges on which stood huge kettles a-boiling. Two other sides of the room were filled with little doors, each bearing a name: Grammar, Chemistry, Latin, Spelling, etc., and on the fourth side were rows of tables where a dozen or more Dwarfs in white caps and aprons were filling more kettles with the contents of the mysterious closets which consisted largely of books.

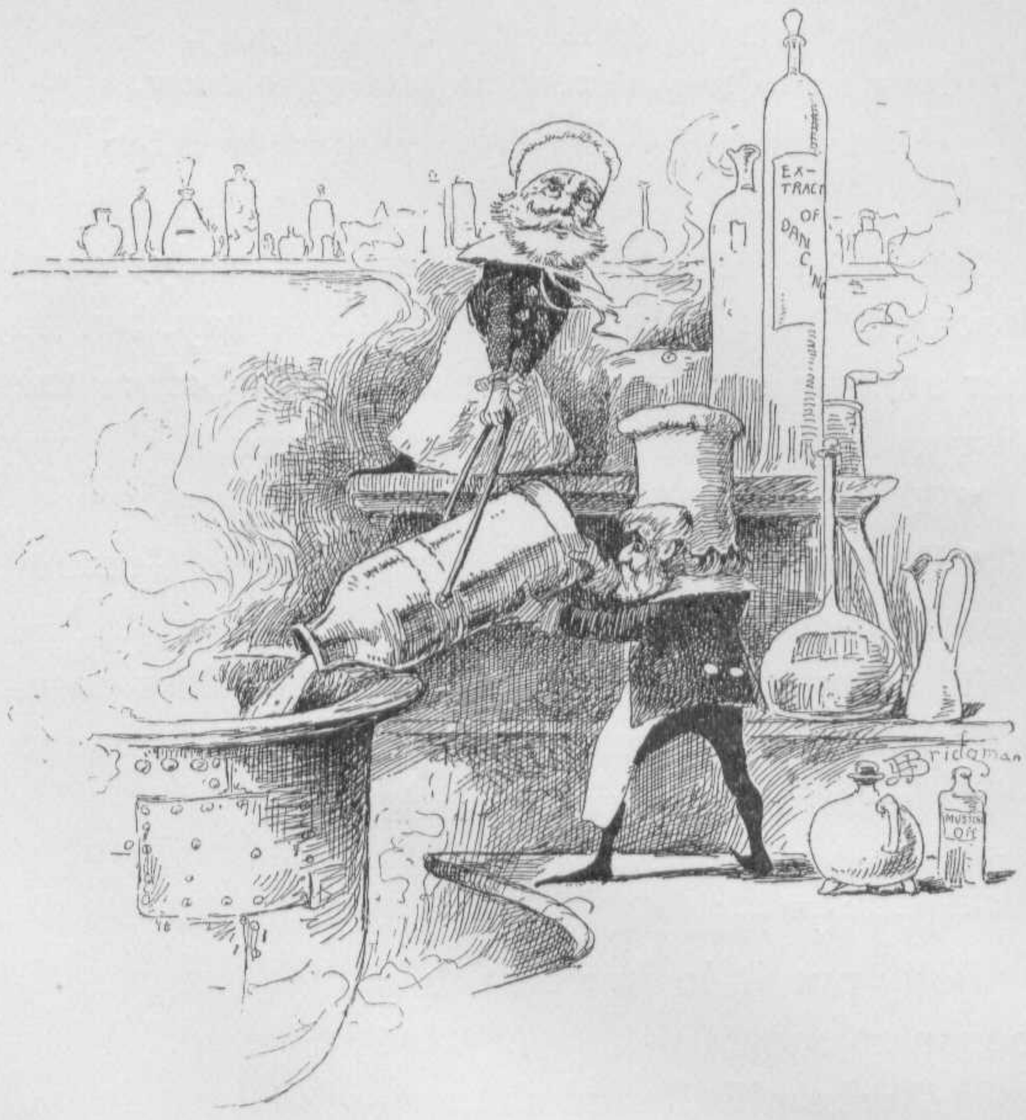
"Here they are making Composition Tea," said the Dwarf, leading Polly to a table where a huge caldron was being filled with thousands



THE CHIEF COOK TASTES THE COMPOSITION TEA.

of tiny manuscripts of compositions, with biographies, dictionaries, encyclopædias, histories, poems, and many other things.

"When this is all done," said the Dwarf, "one teaspoonful of the extract will enable you to write a beautiful composition."



MAKING ACCOMPLISHMENT VARNISH.

"Oh! mayn't I have a bottle of it?" cried Polly, for she disliked compositions as much as German.

Polly's guide was evidently one of the chief cooks and was tasting the contents of the caldron.

"Put in at least two gallons more Ideas," said he to the Composition cook. "It needs another good pinch of those compositions on the Seasons to give it the right flavor. It needs, too, another string of adjectives and at least a quart more commas and one of semicolons."

Polly was immensely entertained, but was soon taken away to the next table, where a dwarf was piling up little brown sticky cakes which came from another pot.

"Why, they look like dates!" said Polly.

"They are," said the Dwarf; "this is the History kettle, and the strongest historical extract always comes out in dates. Try one."

Polly took one which was stamped 1776, and immediately began to rattle off all the principal historical events which took place in that year all over the world.

"Is that the reason the year in which a thing happens is called a date?" she asked, never having thought of the connection before.

"Certainly," said the Dwarf. "All history boiled down comes out in the form of dates — at least the old-fashioned kind did, and we prefer that."

He next took Polly to a table where from the contents of another kettle a lot of Spelling-plasters were being made. Polly saw the kettle was full of boiled letters, capital and small.

"Clap this on your tongue and you can spell anything," said the Dwarf.

Polly did so and straightway proceeded to spell without a single mistake:

Schism	Phthisic
Bdellium	Pneumatic
Ptyalism	Scintillate
Synecdoche	Chalybeate
Ichthyology	Catechetical
Immalleability	Incomprehensibility.

"I've always wished I could make poetry," said Polly as they came to a big kettle marked Poetry and she saw some lozenges sticking on the edge of it.

"Is this done?" said the Dwarf to the Poetry Cook.

"No," said the other, "only half-done. The rhymes and metres are all in, but they are not thoroughly steeped in ideas yet. That will take some time longer, for the ideas have only just begun to simmer."

Polly took a lozenge and ate it; immediately she began to jingle away in a sing-song manner:

> "*Wanting is what?*
> *Oh! give me a lot*
> *From that lozenge pot,*
> *For, my darling Dwarf,*
> *I'm a little off*
> *With this gingerbread cough*
> *Which I took on the wharf*
> *Of our watering-trough.*"

Both dwarfs burst out laughing.

"It's very evident that the ideas have had no effect yet on that lozenge!" said one.

Polly looked a little mortified.

"Anyway it rhymed and metred," said she apologetically, "and I never could make a rhyme or a meter before. What's in this other kettle?"

"Accomplishment Varnish," said the Dwarf. "Young ladies must always have a little smattering of accomplishments, a little of everything, and if this varnish is applied every evening, it will give the effect quicker than anything else."

The table was piled up with the ingredients for this kettle; some French, German and Italian chewing-gum, a little Musical Oil, a large bottle of Extract of Dancing, stood already prepared, but besides these there were the raw materials just taken from the accomplishment closet — a banjo and guitar, Pole on Whist, some Kensington embroidery, some songs, a book of plays, a tennis racket, a book of etiquette, a few poems, a box of pencils and paints and a recipe for making sponge cake.



AN INTERESTING WAY OF ATTENDING SCHOOL.

Just then a bell rang and the Dwarf taking out a queer little watch about as large as a five-cent piece, said, "It is school-time. Do you want to see the children come in?"

Polly assented, though it was hard to leave the Book-Kitchen. On returning to the shop, she found a crowd of little boy and girl dwarfs pouring in, each carrying a cup and spoon instead of a strap of books. Behind the

counters were a dozen or more cooks who had all they could do to wait on the crowd of children. Polly stood in a corner and looked at this interesting way of attending school.

"Peese give me a box of Alphabet Pills," lisped one little fellow, handing over some tiny coins.

"I want a glass of Geography, with Maps," said a little Dwarf girl to the cook at the great fountain.

"What does she mean?" asked Polly.

"Why, just as you take soda with cream, to make it nicer, so we have different kinds of



THE TINY COINS.

Book-cream to improve these drinks," said the Dwarf. "Map-cream goes with a glass of Geography, Microscope-cream with Botany, Telescope-cream with Astronomy, etc. They give an excellent flavor."

"What are those coins they all give?" asked Polly, noticing that nothing was given for nothing.

The Dwarf handed her some to look at. They were little round coins of different sizes, each bearing the German words: "*Fléissiges Studium.*" Polly could not make out what they meant. The Dwarf left her for a moment carrying off the coins with him. She ran across the room to get some German chewing-gum so she could read them.

"Where's your money?" said the cook at the counter.

"I haven't any," said Polly.

"Then you can have no gum."

Polly looked for her friend, but he did not come back. The dwarfs swarmed around her and when she found that she could get neither drinks nor lozenges without the coins, she sat down in a window seat to wait for the Dwarf. She was tired and a bit frightened at being alone, the air grew close and warm and presently she fell asleep.

When she awoke she felt one side of her face uncomfortably warm and looking around she found herself again in the chimney-corner at home. The fire was roaring hot and she jumped up to look for the Dwarf. The old clock stood there ticking away as usual, but not a sign was there of her little friend of the Book-Kitchen. On the floor by her side, Polly caught sight of her German Dictionary.

"Well, I'll find out there what those coin words mean," exclaimed she.

She looked through the *F's* and *S's* till she had translated both words, and her face fell.

"Dear me," said she, "I see the point. I didn't know there were such disagreeable things as points and morals in Dwarfland!"

Delia W. Lyman.

SALESWOMEN AND CASH GIRLS.—II.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

WHEN one considers the large army of women and girls who are employed in stores all over the country, the first wonder is that so many can be found to fill the places. In several of the large stores in Boston — the largest ones, of course — the number of girls employed reaches far into the hundreds. At one establishment of note, which has a national reputation, about twelve hundred are on the pay roll. Of these about two hundred are cash girls, four hundred are tube girls, one hundred are stock girls, and the rest are saleswomen. At another large store the number is one thousand. Of these three hundred and ten are cash girls

— there are no tube girls — two hundred are stock girls, and the rest salesgirls. Other establishments, according to their capacity, employ from one thousand to twenty-five.

I tried very hard, for my own satisfaction, to find out just about how many girls were thus employed in the city of Boston alone, but it would take a year, or even longer, by the most systematic method, to ascertain; for not only do the large stores employ them, but every little thread-and-needle store has one or two girls employed, and usually in these the proprietor is also a woman. The number goes a long way into the thousands. And yet there is never a difficulty in filling a position. Does a worker drop out of the ranks, for any reason whatever, somebody is always waiting to step into her place, and oftener than not there are a dozen disappointed ones for the one successful seeker. There is a pathetic side to this, which must be recognized. In spite of the number of women and girls employed, there is an ever-increasing number waiting for the chance. The supply every year grows still greater than the demand — a condition of affairs which economists always consider unfortunate.

And just here, before stating the duties which devolve upon these girls and women who enter the mercantile life, I want to say a word to the young women outside the large cities who think that the fortune for which they so ardently long may be reached at a grasp within the boundaries of town. There can be no fallacy more fatal than this. It is like believing fairy tales, or taking the Arabian Nights seriously.

The city is no place to come to expecting to find employment, unless one has friends who can use influence in her behalf and befriend her when she comes, friendless and strange, into the midst of a new life. *Workers are plenty in the cities.* One has only to go into the office of some merchant who has advertised for extra help, say at the holiday season. As a rule, if fifty are wanted, five hundred will come to apply. The majority of these have to be disappointed of course. All these applicants are from the city or near suburbs; and with all this army to choose from, what chance does the girl stand who is unused to city ways and city habits?

I know the impatient frown which will come upon many faces as this is read; but all that I say is true. I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in the city, and there is no lonesomeness more absolute than the loneliness of a stranger in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home, in these days, the daily paper and the magazine come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and give her the latest notions in small toilet details. No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never very far away from the centers of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country, and these will be talked about by and by. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment. The country stores employ women, as well as the city stores, and many a girl makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where, a few years ago, nearly all the positions in stores were held by young men, which today are held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted state of things, that women shall sell goods.

In the city stores the rules governing the duties of the various employés are arbitrary. And they are always rigorously enforced. The law has taken the matter of child-labor into its protecting hands, so that now, no boy or girl under fourteen may be permanently employed. That, then, sets the date of the girl's beginning. The cash girls are, as a rule, fourteen and fifteen years of age. Their duty is to run on

errands, carry bundles from counter to counter for customers, and be at the beck and call of the salesmen or women. In the days before money was sent to the desk by machinery, the girls had to carry it to the desk and bring back the change and the parcel. But notwithstanding this duty has been taken from them in many stores, the girls still have enough to do and they do not find many idle moments. They have to be at their post all ready to begin work when the store is opened. As most stores open at eight o'clock this means being there at certainly quarter before eight. They must report to their superintendents, put away their street garments, and be at their places at the unlocking of the door. The time of their arrival is marked against their names, and if they are late they are fined a small sum. In some places they are allowed to work out the fine, by shortening their dinner hour by as many minutes as they are late, but in other places this chance is not given them, and the fine must stand. All day long they are on their feet flying about here and there, and I don't believe anybody is gladder when the big gong gives the signal to lock the doors than are these young girls. For these long hours and all their work, they receive two and a half or three dollars a week, and this must oftentimes be made smaller by the fines. If a cash girl prove herself bright, clever and capable, she may look forward to being advanced into a position as stock girl or sales girl, or given a place in the mail-order department.

The "stock girl," as she is called, has charge of the stock, for a certain counter. She must see that this counter is well supplied, and she must keep the goods in order. She must possess wachfulness, deftness, and pride in the attractive appearance of her goods. Her hours are the same as all the rest, and she has from five to six dollars a week.

It is usually the ambition of every cash girl to become a saleswoman; that is, if she has any marked adaptability for the business. It is a proud day when she is allowed for the first time to attend upon a customer and to supply her wants. When she makes her first trial, she usually proves whether she has the stuff for success in her or not. Many eyes are upon her. The hours that the saleswoman has to keep are the same as those of the cash girl, and she is subject to the same rules, until she arrives at the head of a department, when a little more latitude is allowed. The same system of fines prevails that governs the cash girl. One would think that when a girl had been given a position of dignity and responsibility that there would be no need of anything like discipline; but it is found necessary, to the shame of the workers be it said.

Discipline varies in different establishments. In some it is almost military in its severity and its perfectness. The girls are not allowed to converse with each other except upon topics connected with the business; at other stores they may chatter as much as they please; they are supposed not to neglect customers, but they often do, or else they betray such an utter indifference to the customer's wants that she goes away irritated without making her purchase. I had a funny little experience not long since in a Boston store. I wanted to match some silk to ribbons, and I went with my pattern. As I entered I was met by one of the proprietors who is known to me, and we walked along to the ribbon counter together. I handed my sample to a girl there, who did not look up, but reaching it back to me said rather curtly: "We've nothing like it."

"But you haven't looked," I persisted.

She was about to persist also, when an odd look on the face of one of the other girls made her glance at me. As she saw the proprietor standing by my side, she turned very red, murmured a confused apology, and began hunting for the ribbon which she very soon found.

I didn't pity her distress one bit; I think I was rather glad that she was caught in that way. It will probably be a lesson to her and she will be more careful in the future.

Quite in contrast to this was a scene I witnessed in another large establishment. I was waiting for a friend who was to have a cloak tried on; it was not quite done, so we sat until it should come downstairs. A lady came in with a little girl for whom she wished to purchase a cloak. The child was large of her age and difficult to fit; but the saleswoman who was attending upon her never lost her patience at all. She tried on, and tried on; she was as interested as possible to please the customer;

she made suggestions, and did all in her power to give the mother exactly what she wanted. The result was she made a good sale, and at the same time secured a constant customer. Do you suppose that that woman will ever go to Shepard & Norwell's again without asking Mrs. Hamlin to serve her? Of course she won't. It is women like this one who make themselves valuable to their employers; and they are the ones also, who are steadily advanced, and who come at length to be the heads of departments. They are the women who get the larger salaries; for they are worth the most money. They control a certain amount of trade. Customers will wait for them if they are busy, and will not trade with any one else.

In most of the large stores the proprietors know just how much each salesman or woman sells every day, and in that way it is easy to keep track of his or her value to the firm. When girls complain because their salaries are not raised when some other girl is advanced, they do not take it into account that they have not made themselves of value to those who employ them.

There is something very mean in the mere giving of eye-service. It is a species of dishonesty. With an honorable employer honest service cheerfully given is nearly sure to meet the reward of advancement. I know that it is difficult to always be pleasant of voice, eye and bearing, that it is not easy to feign an interest one does not feel — but the thing to do is to feel the interest. Make the customer feel that you are as anxious that she shall be pleased as she herself is. It will be much easier to please her. There is no reason why the purchaser and the one from whom she makes her purchase should regard each other as natural enemies, and each be constantly on the lookout for some fancied insult or slight. If each would exercise patience and charity they would get on well enough. There is no need because a girl takes a position in a store that she shall proclaim a declaration of independence by her deportment to every customer — she can't afford to do it. Courtesy, self-respect and an interest in her business are the conditions of ultimate success, and no girl need fear failure if she has these added to a natural ability to do the work she has undertaken. She will not only succeed, but she will win for herself friends who will regard her with admiration and respect, and will make her, in their thoughts, at least, the pattern for other women of her class to model themselves upon.

Sallie Joy White.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

THE sixteenth of June, 1745! At the mouth of the harbor of the French city of Louisburg lay the English fleet; at sunset it would enter the harbor, at sunrise the next morning take possession of the city.

Forty-nine days the siege had lasted. On the first day the elegant buildings of the city were entire, the white lilies of France blossomed in the beautiful gardens, the stone walls surrounding the city on all sides were deemed impregnable, and the blue waters of the harbor were clear of any fleet save the French ships. On this last day the elegant edifices were riddled with English balls, the white lilies were crushed by English bombs, breaches were made in the strong walls — and out at the mouth of the blue harbor swung the English fleet.

Of the thirteen hundred Frenchmen, three hundred were killed, and more than eighty lay dying in the spacious Hospital of *Saint Jean de Dieu*. While every other building in the city was mutilated, this alone remained sound.

Up and down the long corridor off which were the private apartments of the hospital, paced a lad, tall and straight and handsome; fourteen, perhaps fifteen years of age.

Not a head on the low pallets but turned with a smile as the boy entered the main ward. From the lowest underling to the presiding surgeon and Abbé, all loved and reverenced him. He was a protégé and ward of Duchambon's. On his first arrival from France, when but a child of six years, the Governor had placed him entirely under the care of Father Linipero, a learned and talented Abbé and his own trusted adviser and friend. The Abbé exerted an unlimited influence over the boy, and the boy's devotion to the priest was wonderful.

One of Father Linipero's daily duties was to visit the inmates of the hospital, and rarely a day when the boy did not accompany him. All of the Father's helpful, soothing ways he copied and far excelled; healing almost with a touch the fevered heads, and easing paroxysms with only a rubbing of his hands.

As he passed through the ward this morning of the sixteenth, he gave no heed to the smiles of welcome. Only when he turned from the ward to the corridor, did he pause. On a low temporary cot lay an old Indian, and with instant knowledge the boy saw he was dying. Placing both his small white hands on the copper-colored ones of the old man, he murmured the prayer he had heard Father Linipero repeat so often, and even while he prayed the struggle came, and he passed on.

Up and down the long corridor he paced restlessly. At the south end the door of one of the private apartments was ajar, and as he passed and repassed he could hear the murmur of voices. At length the door was opened, and the surgeon came out.

"Is the Father ready for me?"

The surgeon turned at the sound of the voice. "Are you the messenger he spoke of?" he asked. "I supposed it was some strange lad. I would not have kept you; go in. And yet another messenger is waiting him," he added as he turned away, "a messenger I cannot waive."

The boy pushed the door open and reverently entered, then at a sign from the Father, closed it tightly.

The gray morning light was dimmed by the glare of two tall candles which, set in silver sockets, rested on the floor beside the low bed and threw their yellow light in a nimbus around the pallid face on the pillows. The head of the great black bedstead reached to the ceiling, and from it hung a canopy of dark silk which parted at the sides and swept upon the polished floor. The light of the candles shone in the opening and lighted with a strange luster the stricken face that lay back behind the dark canopy. To the boy's reverent eyes it seemed almost a shrine, and from very awe he did not approach nearer, but threw himself prostrate upon the great crimson pillow of down which lay across the foot of the bed.

Not till the Abbé made a movement of waiting did he speak; then he said, "I have come at your bidding, Father. I would have been here before, but the Governor needed me. Do you know that this night we give up to the English, and the morrow will see us on the ocean for France? All the plans are being made, and you and I go on the same ship."

"You and I will not go on the morrow," said the priest. "For me there is a longer journey than France, and for you a sterner duty than that to the Governor. The Indians out in the Hill Settlement are dying by scores with the malady that came upon them years ago, nor can they be saved but by the medicine I saved them with then; no one but you, or I, can gather the roots for the cure — and before the sun sets to-night I will have started on my journey."

It was part of the priest's power over the boy that he stated things directly thus. To have worked upon his sympathy by long recital of the suffering people would have been incitement soon cooled, but deep in the boy's nature was the sense of duty, and be bowed down before this straightforward proclamation of it. Not for an instant, at first, did he think of evading the task. How it was to be accomplished, and how he could be brave enough to accomplish it, were his only thoughts.

"The forests are dense, Father, outside the city walls, and the way is more than a score of miles, and strange," he said.

"There is a shorter, safer way to go," replied the priest. "Claude Ouachenoite is in the main ward — he can tell you. It was for the medicine he came, but he was shot and cannot live a day.

He will give you all directions — go to him now, and then return to me."

"He died not an hour since, as I waited your pleasure," replied the boy. And even when he spoke he knew that this would in no sense deter the duty in the Abbé's mind.

"Died?" exclaimed the Father, "dead now? and I could have taken down the directions. Your task will be even harder than I feared; but a way will be shown you. To escape from Duchambon's eye will be the hardest part. The Governor sees things not as you and I see them, and the need would not appear to him; but there *is* a need, and according as the light has been given us, we must walk, not as it has been given to others. To-night, did you say, the city is given up?"

"To-night," said the boy wearily. "To-night at six the fleet enters the harbor, and all night the packing goes on in the Governor's house. He gave me many directions — will it be right to leave my duty there?"

"Duties can never conflict," said the Abbé. "There are no duties; one overcomes the others and is paramount. Yours is to go to these Indians. They have been our friends — can we leave them now, our support, even as a nation, withdrawn, and know that only from selfishness on our part, they perish? They trust me to send or bring the cure; I cannot go, and you are the only one I can send. You are young, but have the knowledge and heart of a man.

"The West Gate, undergoing repairs when the siege began, was temporarily barricaded with lumber and stones, and during the siege breaches have been made in the walls adjoining it. Be there at twelve, when the guard changes, slip through, and then follow your senses over the thirty miles between there and the settlement. Not a beast, human or wild, shall touch a lock of your gold hair to harm you —"

The Father's voice trembled, and broke as he said these last words, and he turned away from the boy's steady gaze, for he loved him, and rather than have him harmed, would have suffered untold tortures. As he looked upon him and thought of all the dangers that might assail him, he hesitated, and his heart cried out, "Not this child! he will meet hardness soon enough; do not thrust it upon him, let him live his happy boy life!" But no, the duty must be done; and when he spoke again there was a pitiless ring in his voice.

"Forty days the sun has shone clear and bright, a deluge of sunshine uninterrupted by cannon shots or shrieks of death, but when it goes down to-night, the rain will fall and the night will be black and thick. You can readily escape through the ruined streets to the West Gate. I have written down for you the description of the plants whose roots you require, and on your way you will gather as many of these as you can carry. I have also written directions for preparing the remedy; given freely it is potent as death, given sparingly it cheats death. The single yellow flower I showed you last year when we were gathering bulbs you will seek for carefully. It is a variety of the Tormentilla and you could easily mistake another for it, but I trust you."

As he spoke he drew a sealed paper from his pillow, and reaching over put it in the boy's hand, which lay palm upward on the crimson cushion. The small white fingers were for a moment passive, then closed tightly over it.

"I cannot tell you how you will get back to France, or when, or if ever; but that need not hinder you. You will not try to leave while these small hands can minister to their needs; they have a power you wot not of, and the power was given you to use. Will you go?"

Slowly the boy lifted his head forward and rose to his feet, his face rigid with determination. So worked upon had he been by the priest's plans, so wrapped in his directions, that no thought, for the time, of friends, of France, or even of the dying Abbé entered his mind to dispossess this other motive. That the Abbé wished him to go he knew, that he must go he never once doubted, and with not a trace of boyish weakness or indecision he said, "I will," bent for a moment and kissed the trembling hand outside the coverlet, then went from the room.

With firm step he walked down the corridor, lifted his cloak from a stand, and wrapped it about his shoulders and stepped out into the bright sunlight.

Then came the revulsion, and the weakness. The ruined streets, the moans of the wounded

borne into the hospital, the curses of the soldiers — all lost for a while in the hush of that dim chamber with the dying priest — broke the spell, and bursting back into the room again he threw himself down with bitter crying, on the floor beside the bed.

"What makes you ask me?" he cried. "I cannot do it. And you, O, Father! how can I bear to think of you dying and leaving me — I forgot it, forgot everything, and I thought I could do it, but I cannot. I would rather die here with you. It is so far there, and so wild, and I may never get back to France — what makes you ask me? it is too hard; it is so hard, and I am only a boy!"

"Only a boy," ah, yes! the Father knew it. With a dying strength he leaned forward and drew the boy's gold locks and white face close to his own, and for many minutes there was no word spoken. Close around the Abbé's neck the boy twined his arms, and they lay there together, together as they would never be again, together struggling, the boy with his weakness, the man with death; and for a while these two held communion that no words could interpret — the gray-haired man, all but through with the battles of life, the boy just beginning them.

At length the Abbé spoke. "Leon," he said, "you are only a boy, but it is not men alone who do brave deeds; it is the spirit and not the age. And if the journey be wild and rough and never perhaps lead to France — what matter? Your feet, before you live to be my age, will have to tread many wilder, rougher ways. I am near the end of mine; not ever to France can I go — and God will you may never love France as I do and be kept from France as I have been. I meant always, to tell you — but now it is too late. If as hard things are for you as were meted out to me I have no fear you will shirk.

"Before the ships sail on the morrow, while yet this is a French city, I will be through my journey; and yours will be but begun. I will be buried under the great hemlock-tree on the hillside, where we have rested so often; the surgeon has promised me that. *And once, some time, I want you to come and lie down beside me.* I shall know it. Now go, the hours are passing and there is much for you to think of and do. No fears this time, no tears; think not of France, but only of the Right."

Again the boy rose to his feet and bent and kissed the trembling hands of the Abbé. Neither spoke a word of farewell; that had been done in the long, silent embrace, and again he turned from the room and went out of the great doors of the hospital.

This time the noises of the street did not disturb him. He passed slowly along, as was necessary among the débris that blocked the way. Groups of men stood congregated on safe corners, in their hearts and upon their faces even now the shadow of the great homesickness that would assail them with such terrible force, when with the morrow's sundown the transport-ships would drop down the harbor, out of sight of the islands and hills and familiar shores of what to many was their native land, and leaving behind them forever their dead, and their city in ruins.

As the straight cloaked figure of the boy passed these groups scores of hats were doffed, for scarcely a man in the city but knew by sight if not personally, the handsome ward of the Governor, who walked about so much with the Abbé. Seeing but the one figure now, many a pitying thought came into their hearts for the lonely lad, for all knew that the kind priest lay dying in the hospital. How little they guessed what a deeper loneliness would come to him, how little they knew of the struggle in his heart!

With no show of it in his face he walked on and struck the Parade. The great square was deserted and desolate, and he quickly crossed it and entered the garrison chapel. There, wild with excitement, people of all classes had thronged, the rich and the poor crowded indiscriminately in the pews and aisles, all bowed with the common anguish of leaving their homes and losing their dear ones.

Close beside the door knelt a woman rich in laces and silk, who had lost husband and son during the siege. Throwing her arms up and covering her face with her hands she moaned in agony of prayer, "Ah, Blessed Mother, make me strong, make me strong!"

"Ah, yes, make me strong," the boy echoed as he knelt beside her, "make me strong!"

But only his heart echoed it; no word escaped his rigid lips, and he rose from his knees and passed out of the chapel. When he reached the outer door he paused; he could distinctly hear a hoarse roaring like distant thunder, and knew that the storm the priest had prophesied was at hand. Already it was sending its prelude through the air and over the waters of the tempestuous Atlantic.

To the left was the placid harbor, at its mouth the British fleet, and beyond the fleet the heavy bank of fog that the southwest wind blowing from the strait and Cape North kept always there.

To the right, beyond and over the walls sloped the spacious marsh, covered now with myriads of golden-cupped lilies. And beyond the marsh, landward, beyond the West Gate, straight out from the gabled roofs of the hospital lay the low hills and black woods. Through them and alone the boy must pass.

He stood still, with both hands shading his eyes, looking out over the broad waters for many minutes. Out by the rocky islet lay the ships that would have taken him on the morrow, but instead he would be — where? The great stretch of black woods beyond the marsh was his only answer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Grace Dean McLeod.

THE SIEGE OF THE SNOW FORT.

(Ways To Do Things.)

THE building of the snow fort accomplished, we are ready for a regular battle.

The size of the fort and the strength of the attacking party will determine how strong the party to defend the fort should be. Let us take up the attack and describe that, and the defense afterwards. How large should the attacking force be? Well, it should not, in order to insure success, be smaller than one and one third the strength of the defense. And even then it will require, to capture the fort, the most determined and desperate snow-fighting, and excellent generalship.

To be absolutely sure of final success, we must first send out scouts whose business it is to learn exactly the strength of the defense, and how they are posted. A half-dozen good runners and good snow-ball throwers should be chosen as scouts, as they will have courage to go close up to the fort, and stand a few snow balls. It will be best for one to go in front and one on each side of the fort first, get up pretty close, and throw snowballs into it. This will awaken the defense who will get up on the banquette tread and begin to snowball the attackers. Then the other three scouts should rush up quickly one to the side of each of the three already under fire, and for a minute or two all should fire snowballs as rapidly as possible. This will be apt to throw the fort party off their guard, and thinking they are really being attacked they will all rise to the defense, and thus show how strong they are and how and where about the fort their men are posted. These points the scouts will be careful to note thoroughly, and when satisfied they will retire to their command and report to their captain.

We will suppose, for instance, that they have reported the strength of the garrison to be twenty all told, of whom there are two posted in each of the front bastions, four on the front face, one in each rear bastion, two on each side face or curtain, two guarding the rear, and four in reserve. To overcome this force, the attacking party has thirty, or is one and one half times greater than the defense. The captain of the attack then makes his dispositions, and issues his orders as follows:

"You, Lieutenant Smith, will be in command of the reserve — ten boys. Go to work at once making a supply of ammunition, and keep yourself and reserve out of sight behind that build-

ing, or below the crest of the hill, till you are wanted. You, Lieutenant Jones, will take four boys and attack on the right, and Lieutenant Brown with four more attack on the left, and I will take the front. Make two large snowballs each of you, and push up in front of your attack, and I will make four. Now, then, remember all of you, you are not to yell till I tell you to, and be sure to get the large snowballs rolled up close to the fort so as to spring over as soon as I call the charge."

Lieutenant Smith with his party retires so as to be out of sight, and they all go to work, making as many snowballs as they can, and having them in piles ready to use. They also roll up five or six huge balls, two to three feet in diameter — the use of which we will see further on. Lieutenant Jones with his four boys first go over to the right of the fort, but some way from it, so as to be out of range of the fire of the defenders. His party at first make a large supply of snowballs, and two large balls two and one half feet in diameter. When done, then the lieutenant and two boys spread out at intervals of three to five yards, and advance to the fort till they are able to throw snowballs into it, when they commence their fire, slowly and carefully, trying to hit every boy who shows himself on the right side of the fort. In the meantime the two boys left roll up the two large balls, keeping them pretty close together. They roll them up in front of the three skirmishers, some yards nearer to the fort, and then go back and bring up a supply of ammunition and deposit it behind the two large balls which form a breastwork for the attacking party. The same procedure is going on on the left of the fort by Lieutenant Brown and his party, and also in the front by the captain and his party, except that in this latter case there are four large balls instead of two. This naturally misleads the enemy, who believe the main attack is coming from the front, and post their men there.

The business of the attacking party is now to keep up for a while a continuous fire of snowballs, not rapid but steady, taking good care to aim so as to hit everybody who shows himself above the parapet of the fort. All this time the reserve is making many snowballs, and sending one or two men to the front to carry fresh supplies of ammunition. The large snowballs are pushed up closer to the fort walls, and the fire now becomes hotter. The captain, as soon as he is satisfied that the enemy will make their main defense in front, sends word to the reserve to divide their force, sending six men to report to Lieutenant Brown on the right, while Lieutenant Smith with the four remaining report direct to the captain. The six who report to Lieutenant Brown are kept out of sight till the decisive moment arrives. As soon as the captain has the four extra men of the reserve a general advance is ordered on all sides, the five or six large snowballs are rolled up in front, and three or four more on the right.

Now, then, the snowballing must be heavy and hard and sure, and the advancing line creep gradually nearer and nearer. But there must be no charging or rushing, all must keep in line and keep up a constant snowballing, and be wary of snow avalanches thrown out by the defense. The fort people will now be apt to bring into play their full force, and as to them the attack seems to be in front, there will they have the strongest part of their force stationed. They will not only return the fire of snowballs, but will also try to overwhelm the attacking party by throwing out avalanches of snow, as we presently will see, and the attack appearing to be in one line, and approaching slowly, they of course reserve their greatest fire for the final moment. Now, then the captain directs a general advance made quickly, and tells those opposite the right bastion and right side to concentrate their fire on two or three or four men. By so doing, the three or four men will keep down under cover of the parapet, while the large snowballs are rolled up closer and closer and when against the foot of the fort walls or nearly there, the signal for the charge is made. At that every one of the attacking party push the huge balls up against the fort walls, and fire with all their might and main, as many snowballs as they can. The six men of the reserve on the right, rush out in a line, and charge directly up the fort opposite where the three or four men of the defense have been obliged to keep under cover. With their arms full of snowballs, if they once gain the fort walls, they will distract the defense who not expecting the

attack on the side, will be taken by a flank fire and become at once disorganized. Then is the time for every boy to leap on the walls, and yelling as loud as he can, fire with all his strength as fast as he can at the disorganized crowd inside. Then leap down amongst them, and outnumbering them, the battle is over, and the fort captured. When the party inside becomes disorganized, they will turn first one side and then another, and finally try to get out of the fort and run away. So the attack, the moment they leap inside, should close around the defense, on the rear as well as on the front and sides. Pull down the flag, and run up the colors of the attackers, and make the defense pay such a forfeit as is desired.

So much for a successful attack. Now let us see what the defense should do, and how act in order to beat off any attack. In the first place, in order to defend the fort thoroughly we must have a sufficient number of defenders, and as there should be one boy to every six feet of parapet, and a reserve equal to one fourth at least of the entire force, it will be seen that to a fort the size of the one we have made, twenty boys is the least force with which we can rest assured that the fort is safe.

The captain stations one boy in each bastion, two to the front curtain, and one on each side and two in the rear. The rest are kept in reserve and go to work to make small snowballs for throwing with the hands, and then large ones a foot or two in diameter and loosely packed for throwing by means of spring boards. The spring boards are then placed in position. They are the artillery or cannon of the fort, and are made by driving two stakes into the ground two feet from each other, their tops about one and one half feet above the ground. Then a cross piece is nailed securely across the tops of the two stakes and a board six to eight feet in length well seasoned, and made of ash, not over three quarters of an inch thick and not more than ten inches in width, and with plenty of spring to it, is placed across the top piece, so as to balance. To use the board, one or two of the large balls are laid on the end away from the ramparts, and a box two feet high is placed near the other end. A boy mounts on the box and when all is ready he jumps with all his force on the upward end of the board. It is of course quickly lowered, and the other end with the large snowballs on is raised so quickly that an avalanche of snow is projected in the air and beyond the fort walls. A little practice will soon enable boys to throw these huge masses of snow with great accuracy for a distance of twenty to thirty feet.

The boys on the banquette are instructed to keep a sharp watch, and allow nothing to pass without their seeing it. They keep the captain informed of everything that goes on in front. So when the enemy's scouts appear they stay where they are, notify the captain who cautions every one of the reserve to keep down under cover, for it is all important to deceive the enemy as to the strength and positions of our defense. When the scouts come within throwing distance they are met by a heavy and well-directed fire from the boys posted on the banquette, and since these boys are more than half protected and do not have to advance as the scouts outside do, and have plenty of ammunition, moreover, by their sides, their aim ought to be more sure, and their fire so heavy that the scouts cannot get up very close, and therefore will not get exact information.

As soon as the scouts retire, two of the most active boys should go out of the rear of the fort and sneak off, one to the right and the other to the left, and try and get away without being seen by the enemy. It is their duty to try and find out the plans of the enemy, and so they must penetrate his camp or get as near as possible, remain in the vicinity till they find out how the enemy are posted for the attack, and particularly where the main attack is to be made. They then sneak back into the fort quietly, without being seen if possible, if not, they run for it, and once inside they report all they have found out to the captain.

The captain directs of the twelve men in reserve that two men shall hold themselves to assist on each side, two men in front and one in each front bastion, and the remaining four to take up a position near the entrance, after having manipulated the spring boards. There should be five or six of these boards, two to each side and two to the front. As the enemy approaches, only the men on the parapet keep

up the fire, until he comes closer when a man jumps up on each side, bastion, and the front, to help. The men in the bastions at first fire only to the enemy in their front, but when he gets up close to the walls, then they fire down the sides. The defense must keep up a constant taunting and yelling, and defy the invaders to come closer, but in so doing they must not forget to work with all their might and throw their snowballs hard and accurately.

Soon the enemy comes close enough to warrant the use of the spring boards, and wherever he has two or three men grouped together there the snow avalanche is thrown, and at the same time the men on that side concentrate their fire on the same group.

The work soon gets pretty hot, the enemy is up pretty close and everything indicates that he is about to make his charge. So the spring boards are all loaded, and as the enemy commences to yell they are all discharged, the remaining men mount the banquette and fire with all their might and main, and the four in reserve, with their arms full of snowballs, rush out at rear, and on the right flank where the main attack is made, and as the enemy's reserve mount the front walls of the fort they fall upon them in rear and on the sides. At the same time the defense all stand to their places, and the attack on the side caught between two fires will turn to face their rear. This is the time, then, that the defense on that side must redouble their efforts, but without leaving the fort. Snowballs are thrown fast and furious, and avalanche after avalanche projected on the enemy, who, having his back turned, cannot stand such a fire, and will break to the rear after the four men attacking them there. The four retreat rapidly in the fort. The main attack having failed, the entire attack will fail, and the enemy retire discouraged. If he retires solidly he must be left alone, but if he has become disorganized by his defeat, then the entire force, except two or three, must rush out and fall upon him and complete his discomfiture.

A battle of this sort can be made to last all day, and then again it may last but fifteen minutes. The things to remember, are, to keep cool, keep together, never show discouragement, never hit an enemy when down, and when close to him don't throw snowballs in his face.

Lieut. W. R. Hamilton.

THE LIGHTING OF THE SUN.

LYING with half-opened eyelids
In the cold gray light of dawn,
I watched the fleet-winged air-sprites turn
The kaleidoscope of morn.

Fairy pearl shades, fluctuating
First with rose-tints, then with blue,
Deepened into royal purple
And the violet's tender hue;

Then o'erspread a glowing crimson;
And a sudden burst of flame
Like a lamp through colored windows
Of a great cathedral came.

Bessie's bright blue eyes were watching —
Bess our bonny four-year-old
With the morning sunshine prisoned
In the curling locks of gold —

Lightly then, she sought my bedside
As a bee, the blossom's cup:
"O Auntie, see! *God's lit the sun*,
'Tis time for 'oo to get up."

Adelaide George Bennett.

OUR RAMONA DINING-ROOM.

THE REFECTORY THOUSAND.

Melissa Hill	$1.00	Fannie W. Bliss	1.00
Charlie Smoot	1.00	Sunshine Circle, Water-	
Merrill P. Butler	1.00	bury, Conn.	5.00
Eva Benson	1.00		

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, twelfth payment.*)

Mary V. Wheadon	$.10	Alice du Pont	.10

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, eleventh payment.*)

Lawrence Parker	$.10	Alice du Pont	.10
Mary V. Wheadon	.10	Edith F. Kane	.10

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, tenth payment.*)

Mary Virginia Wheadon $.10

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, ninth payment.*)

Mary Virginia Wheadon $.10

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, eighth payment.*)

Mary Virginia Wheadon $.10

(*Money pledged, ten cents a month, fourth payment.*)

Victor H. Gurney $.10

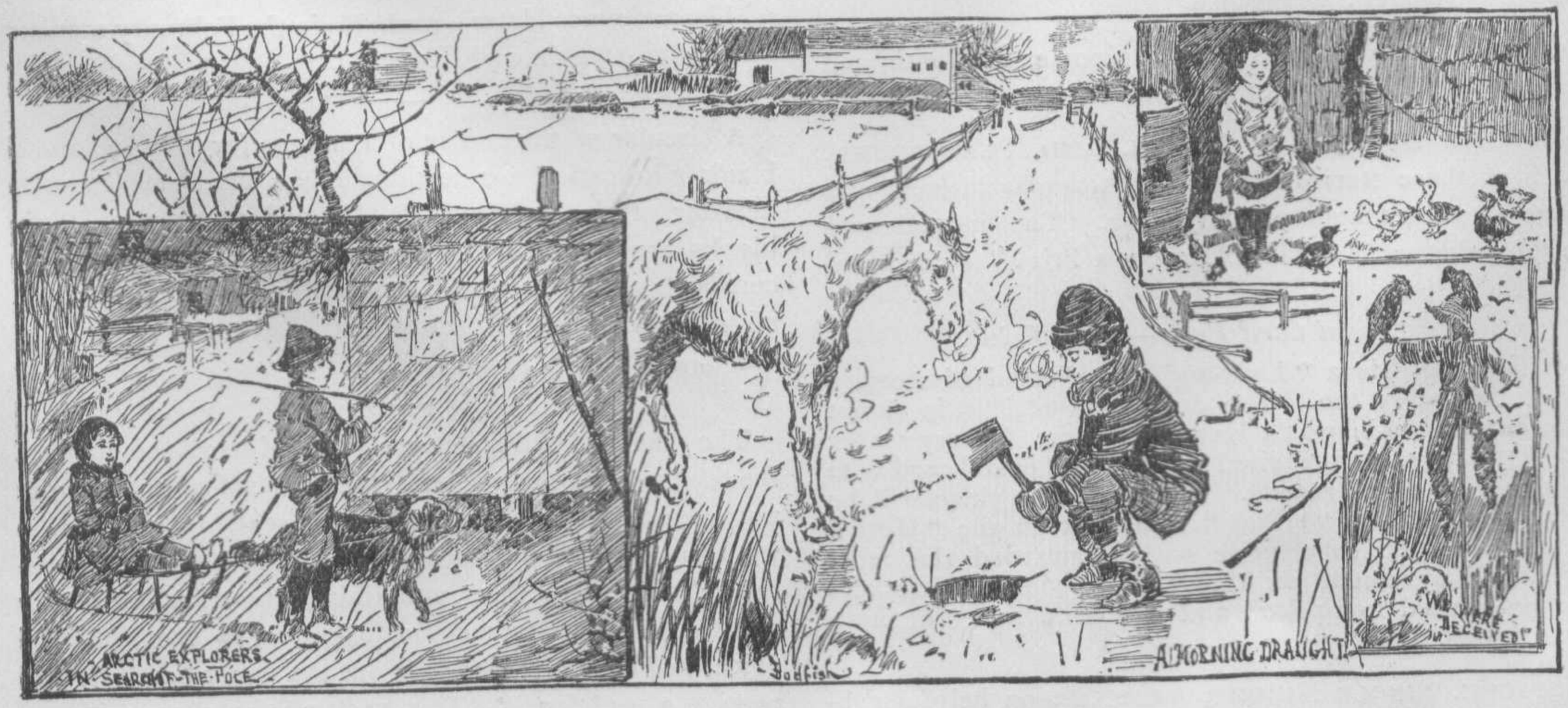
	$ 11.00
Previously acknowledged	787.97
Total	$798.97

A little boy, Merrill P. Butler, sending his Ramona dollar, writes about the way he earned it. The paragraph is extracted from a long letter to be given in the February WIDE AWAKE.

"I want to send you a dollar for the Ramona Indian School, and tell you how I earned it. I have a little pony named 'Daisy,' so safe I can drive her anywhere. My great-grandmamma is quite lame and it is very hard for her to walk, so I drive her to church and back every Sunday, and she pays me for it. This money I have saved until it is one dollar, and now send it to you."

$1.000.00
798.97

☞ *$201.03 still lacking!*



WINTER MORNING.

C. Y. F. R. U.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Superintendents.
Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., Secretary.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in Wide Awake and the Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U.

REQUIRED READINGS FOR 1889–90.

The C. Y. F. R. U. readings for 1889–90 are announced below, and we are sure that our young folks will find them quite as attractive as those of last year. The Serial Readings for the new year begin with the December numbers of Wide Awake and Journal, and the Book Readings should be taken up simultaneously.

SERIAL READINGS

Tales of Old Acadie. This series will include a dozen powerful stories by Grace Dean McLeod, a Canadian author, gathered up from old Canadian records and the remembrances of old French and Indian families.

Business Openings for Girls and Young Women. A dozen really helpful papers by Mrs. Sallie Joy White of the *Boston Herald*, President of the New England Woman's Press Association. Mrs. White has made it in her way for years to see what women were doing in business, how they did it, why they failed, why they succeeded; these kindly papers are the outcome of this observation, sympathy and reflection. The first will be "Cash Girls and Saleswomen."

Ways to Do Things will be given each month, and will be both interesting and practical.

Twelve Stories of School and Playground. Each of these stories will be of particular interest and value to all teachers and all pupils. The first tale will be "Lambkin; Was He a Hero or a Prig?" by Howard Pyle the artist.

☞ *Postal Card Votes — Cash Prizes.*

"Lambkin" is a "Lady-and-Tiger" kind of story, a live boys' story too. The author himself is in doubt whether Lambkin was a Hero or a Prig. Every reader of Wide Awake is invited to send in a postal-card vote — also his or her reason. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Hero" side. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Prig" side. Vote and reason limited to a postal and not more than one hundred words.

Special Single Number Articles, on helpful subjects, will be given from time to time as space allows.

BOOKS.

(*Junior Course.*)	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal,		1.00

(*Senior Course.*)

* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	30.	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2 25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal,		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

The Seal Courses for 1889–90 are in preparation and will be announced later—probably in the February number of Wide Awake and Journal.

A circular of the course of readings for 1889–90 and a blank application for certificate has been sent to each member of the C. Y. F. R. U., and as soon as these blanks are returned, satisfactorily filled out, the year's certificate will be awarded. At the end of the four years, all who hold four certificates will receive the diploma of the C. Y. F. R. U.

The Annual Certificates are awarded to all members of the Union who simply read the prescribed course, but arrangements have been made for seals for those who want to do more thorough work. An "Outline Memoranda," or review sheet, containing questions for review will be sent to any member applying to the Plainfield office, and each one who fills out the paper correctly will receive a seal for it. This seal will be given with the diploma at the end of the four years. A seal is also

given to each one who reads the books of the seal course for any year (either Senior or Junior), and an additional seal to any who fill out the "Outline Memoranda" for the seal course, so that any member of the Union who has time to read the regular and seal course of books for either grade and fill out the memoranda, can earn three seals each year. How many of our young folks of the class of '92 will have twelve seals to show on the diplomas which they receive in '92?

We must remind members of the C. Y. F. R. U. that the Fee of twenty-five cents which is an *annual* one is now due. As this fee has to pay for the silver badges, the certificates, memoranda, etc., which are sent to the members, we urge our young people not to overlook it. The amount is a small one, but if many of our members neglect to pay it, the necessary certificates cannot be provided. Let every one at once send the required fee of twenty-five cents to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and thus give the Union loyal support.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR JANUARY.

First Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "An Incident of the Siege of Louisburg, Part I.," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Senior Course): *Stories from Livy*, Chapter IV.; Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. (Junior Course): *Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now*, Chapters V. and VI.

Second Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Saleswomen and Cash Girls," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior Course): *Stories from Livy*, Chapter V.; Macaulay's Lays. (Junior Course): *Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now*, Chapter VII.

Third Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Polly's Visit to the Book-Kitchen," Delia W. Lyman.

Books (Senior Course): *Stories from Livy*, Chapter VI.; Macaulay's Lays. (Junior Course): *Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now*, Chapter VIII.

Fourth Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Siege of the Snow Fort," Lieut. W. R. Hamilton.

Books (Senior Course): *Stories from Livy*, Chapters VII. and VIII.; Macaulay's Lays. (Junior Course): *Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now*, Chapters IX. and X.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[NOTE. — These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quotations appropriate to the New Year.

II. The Story of the Siege of Louisburg" told with map. It would add to the interest if one member told the story from the French and another from the English point of view.

III. Recitation: "New Year's Eve," Tennyson.

IV. Quiz on "The Story of Urulf and The Story of Gilbert (let each member write five questions and bring to the meeting); or on "The Story of Livy."

V. Map review of places mentioned in required readings

VI. Music.

VII. New Year's Customs in Foreign Countries; let each member find something on this subject if possible. A separate country might be given to each member and reports given at the following meeting.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by telling some important item of foreign news, which has occurred within the month.

II. Review of "The Story of Roger;" each member should write out six facts about Roger's life and how in each case it differed from a boy's life in America in 1890. Write the six facts on separate slips and let them be collected at the meeting then redistributed and read or "The Story of Brutus" told in turn by the members.

III. Music.

IV. Short papers on Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha; any of the large city daily papers for December 5, will give interesting facts.

V. Definition match on words in the required books.

VI. Reading: "Hart Leap Well," by William Wordsworth.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by telling some important item of domestic news which has happened within the month.

II. Spelling Match.

III. "The Story of Ezekiel Fuller," or Quiz on the "Story of Lars Porsena."

IV. Music.

V. Short papers on Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer (for the Juniors). Recitation from "Horatius at the Bridge" (Seniors).

VI. Game on Proper Names: Each member being provided with pencil and paper two minutes are allowed in which to write from memory all the proper names that have occurred in the reading, beginning with *A*. Then other letters are selected until perhaps ten have been used when the one who has written the most names wins the game. Any one who writes a proper name not in the readings loses one for every such name.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll-call; answered by quotations referring to snow.

II. Map exercise on Rome and Italy.

III. Recitation: "The First Snowfall," Lowell.

IV. Descriptions of strange customs in the time of Jonathan Dawson or Quiz on the "Story of Coriolanus and the Fabii."

V. Recitation: selections from "The Battle of Lake Regillus." The story of the battle should first be told briefly.

VI. Drill on "The Attack on the Snow Fort." Let each member be thoroughly posted and ready to tell at any point just what is the next thing to be done by the attacked or attacking party.

VII. Music.

Reports from clubs received this month show much activity among Chautauqua Young Folks and we hope that the membership will steadily "roll up" during the coming year. Let us hear from every club.

Newark, N. J., reports a flourishing club of eight members connected with the Newton Street School. The children are all reading WIDE AWAKE.

Twelve members are reported from San Francisco, Cal., and the leader writes, "We have a very delightful class. Have selected the Hawaiian name Kaliokalani, meaning 'Heavenly Light.' Our mottoes are 'Aim High,' 'Onward and Upward,' and 'Nothing is Impossible to Industry.' I appoint a new president each month and the past president becomes the secretary."

From Englewood, Ill.: "We have formed a C. Y. F. R. U. of about twenty-five members, and hope to get more. We have chosen the name 'Chrysanthemum' for our circle. Please send me about thirty blanks for membership."

[NOTE. — Membership blanks are not needed in joining the C. Y. F. R. U. The payment of twenty-five cents constitutes membership.]

The South, we are happy to report, is well represented. Newnan, Ga., has a club of eleven members, and Raleigh, N. C., Sonora, Texas, and Orlando, Fla., are all in a hopeful state of mind. We expect results from these places soon.

Last but not least, South Africa falls into line with fifty-two members and a probable addition of twenty-five more. The Chautauqua Secretary at Wellington, Cape of Good Hope, writes: "Our young people are taking up the C. Y. F. R. U. with much enthusiasm. I had a gathering of about fifty last evening and read to them from *Poets' Homes*. Unfortunately we are not having any one set of books as yet. We have nearly the Junior Course for '88-89."

Our young folks in South Africa are necessarily somewhat behind their comrades in America as the great distance causes delay in getting the books, but early or late we welcome them all and wish them all possible success.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER (1889) SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

221. The minaret, from which the call to prayer is given by the muezzin.

222. The great mosque erected by Omar and known as the Mosque of Omar.

223. The mosque at Medina built by Mahomet.

224. The horseshoe or Moorish arch, an arch of more than a half-circle in extent.

225. The Maidan Shah, an immense rectangular court or bazaar surrounded by an arcade. Two great mosques face the bazaar and two lofty gateways give entrance to the Maidan.

226. The use of polychromatic glazed and painted tiles was carried to a greater extent in Persia than anywhere else in the world.

227. The mosque begun by Abd-el-Rahman in 786, now the cathedral of Cordova.

228. Of carved or painted wood, or stucco, almost never of stone.

229. The Giralda, the most massive Moslem tower in existence. Tradition asserts that it was built as a pillar of victory by Yousouf to commemorate the victory of Alorcos in 1159.

230. The Alcazar, probably built about the same time as the Giralda.

231. The Alhambra at Granada was begun in the second half of the thirteenth century, but the greater part of the present structure is the work of the half century following.

232. The Court of the Alberca and the Court of the Lions.

233. By Abou Abdallah (1325–1333).

234. In the hall of the Abencerrages.

235. Washington Irving.

236. The church of Saint Sophia.

237. The Suleimanil Mosque built by Suleiman, or Solyman, the Magnificent.

238. The Turkish minarets terminate in a tall pointed roof like an extinguisher, while those of other countries are more ornate in style and more graceful in shape.

239. The dome.

240. The crescent.

Correct and complete answers to November Search-Questions: Clifford L. Reynolds, Clara Lincoln, "X. Y. Z.," Margaret M. Withrow, H. M. Daniels, Lucy J. Withrow, Clifford B. Daniels, O. L. Spaulding, Jr., Jack Spaulding.

Incorrect or incomplete answers to November Search-Questions: Edith L. Johnson.

Additional correct and complete answers to October Search-Questions: Jack Spaulding, Rebie E. Hill, Nellie Ward, Ethel May Adams, Addie J. Mansur, "X. Y. Z.," F. R. Parker, Clifford B. Daniels, Clifford L. Reynolds, Clara Lincoln, H. M. Daniels, E. J. Kimball, Madeleine Adams, Annette M. Davis, R. M. Byam, M. B. Frye, O. L. Spaulding, Jr.

Additional incorrect or incomplete answers to October Search-Questions: Helen L. Patterson, Mary E. Drew, A. J. Parker, M. E. Spaulding.



THE WICKED WATERBURY CLOCK.

(School and Playground Stories.)

PERHAPS you will say, when you have read this story, that it was we who were wicked and not the clock. If you do, all right. We got pretty well punished for our wickedness; I know that. And all I can say is that it was a minister, the Reverend Frederic Ingham, who put the idea into our heads. I don't know who the Reverend Frederic Ingham is, any more than that he has written some capital stories. "The Man Without a Country" is one of them. "The Good-Natured Pendulum" is another. Langley used to read them to us, round under the Congregational horse-sheds, rainy Saturday afternoons. He fished them up out of some old *Atlantics*. Langley is a great reader. He'd rather read a book than eat his dinner any day. He's the best fellow that ever was, though he's queer and old-fashioned and awkward.

We three, Langley and Rhodes and I, are together pretty much all the time. We call ourselves the School Triumvirate; and we rule things at the school just about as we please. That is, among the boys we do. We don't rule the teacher. Nobody rules him, not even the committee. He's a young fellow just from Harvard, and he's smart as a steel trap. No one ever gets the better of him, very easily. And that, I fancy, is the chief point of what I'm going to tell you.

Now what we did was this. Langley told us that story of the Good-Natured Pendulum, and it was that that gave us the idea. I don't know whether you ever read the story; but the point of it is that some boys wanted to get out of school early one day to go a-nutting, and they shortened the pendulum of the schoolroom clock, and that of course made the clock go faster and they got out several hours before they otherwise would. And they did this in such a way that nobody was ever the wiser.

When Langley told us that story, the idea popped into our heads, Rhodes's and mine, at once. Why couldn't we do something of the kind in our school? And the three of us soon made up our minds to try it. We hadn't any particular object in doing it; but we thought it would be great fun if, without any one knowing it but ourselves, we could fix the clock in our schoolroom so that it would go at a double-quick pace and the morning or afternoon, whichever it was, pass away in double-quick time. It couldn't help being good fun.

If we could fix it! But, as Rhodes said at once, there was a pretty big "if" in the way. For you see, the big brass clock on the wall back of the scholars' desks had stopped short, like My Grandfather's Clock, only a few days before, and refused to "go again;" and Mr. Wheelock had brought over a little Waterbury clock from his room and put it on a bracket right behind where he himself sat. Now you can't shorten the pendulum of a Waterbury clock. It hasn't any pendulum to shorten.

However, we didn't give it up that way. The more we thought of it the more we were bound to do it, somehow. And finally Langley, who always had some sort of notion about everything — he said that he believed that a spring clock could be made to go faster as well as any other clock, just by tightening the spring. They had a clock at his house once, he said, that went too slow in spite of anything they could do to it; and when they took it to the watchmaker he said all it needed was tightening the spring. "And I'll tell you what," said Langley, "father's going over to Marborough this very night; and

I'll ride over with him and ask Harris, the watchmaker, about it. He'll know."

"Yes," said Rhodes, "but, even supposing he can do it for us, how are we going to get hold of Mr. Wheelock's clock to have it fixed? He'd miss it, right off, if we took it."

Here, sure enough, was another difficulty. But Langley, wise old fellow, soon had that problem solved for us too.

"We needn't take Mr. Wheelock's clock at all," said he. "There are a dozen clocks on Harris's window just like it, or so nearly so you can't tell them apart. We'll let him fix one of those; and then we'll bring it over and substitute it for Mr. Wheelock's when the time comes. Don't you see?"

And we both did see; and we thought it a first-rate scheme; only "the best-laid schemes of mice and men" don't always work out right, you know. I've heard my mother quote that saying a hundred times; and I guess there's a good deal of truth in it.

Well, the very next day, when we saw Langley, he reported progress. Mr. Harris had shaken his head at first. Tightening the spring, he said, would make a clock go faster of course, but not by any means as much faster as we wanted. We wanted it to go at least twice as fast. But then pretty soon he became interested (Langley let him know that it was some joke he wanted to play, though he didn't tell him what) and he said he believed he could do it in another way — by altering the train of the wheels and perhaps taking out one wheel and putting in another. He would see what he could do, he said, and if Langley would come over Tuesday night he thought he would have it ready for him.

"And what do you think!" said Langley. "The greatest piece of luck that ever was heard of! Just as I was getting through, Mr. Weelock himself came in, to get his watch repaired; and I heard him tell Harris he would come for it next Saturday. So that is out of the way. I had been wondering what we should do about his watch. Of course, if he had that in his pocket, he would know that something was the matter with the clock."

Our experiment, then, would have to be tried some day that very week; and we at once fixed upon Friday. On Friday, you see, we have only one session: that is, we keep right on at noon instead of going home; and then at two o'clock we get out for the day. On Friday too, from twelve to two, we have "Declamations." Ours is a country school, you know. Our room is what is called the High School; and we are all there together, twenty-five or thirty of us, boys and girls both. And it was for these two hours, from twelve to two, that we planned to change the clocks. We had a fifteen minutes' recess just before twelve, and Mr. Wheelock always went out with us; we calculated that at that time we would make the change.

Well, we got our clock all right Tuesday night. And it worked like a charm. We wound it up and tried it the first thing, and it did just what we wanted it to do; it went an hour in thirty minutes. And when Friday came we were ready for it. Langley brought the clock to school in the morning buttoned up tight under his jacket, all wound and ticking away like a good fellow, a hundred and twenty seconds to the minute. It ticked frightfully loud too — at least it seemed so to us; and when Mr. Wheelock came along and stopped to speak to us a moment in the entry, you'd have thought old Langley was suffering the most dreadful pain, he doubled himself up so and made such fearful faces.

If there ever was a long morning to us, that was it. We thought it never would pass. But it did pass at last and the quarter of twelve recess came. Mr. Wheelock, as I say, went out with us. He was a great hand at athletics (he had played on the Harvard Nine), and he liked to join us at our games. Langley was the only one of the whole school that didn't start to go out the moment the signal was given. He stayed behind, fumbling over his books; and the instant the room was clear he just stepped up behind the teacher's desk and took away Mr. Wheelock's clock, and put ours in place of it. He had already set the clock very carefully, so that when we came in from recess it would be exactly at twelve.

Mr. Wheelock came in just before the time was up and promptly rang the bell from the window. From that moment, as soon as we were back in our seats, the fun for us was supposed to begin. We sat there, breathless

and expectant, watching the clock (which was already at four minutes past, galloping off at full speed like a horse just started in a race) and waiting for what should come next. And didn't we wink slyly at one another, and chuckle, way down deep, all to ourselves! Fun! Of course there would be fun. How Mr. Wheelock would have to rush things to get through the afternoon's work by the time that clock said two o'clock!

But Mr. Wheelock had not found out yet that there was any hurry. He often began the Friday afternoon exercises with some special talk or exercise of his own, always out of the way and interesting; and we saw that he was about to do so now.

"Whitcomb," he said to one of the boys, a little lame fellow, who had a knack at drawing and that sort of thing, "you write a good hand. You go to the board, will you, and copy what is written on this piece of paper. Write it out in large, plain letters, so the whole school can read it."

So Whitcomb took the paper and went to the blackboard, which was in the back part of the room, behind the recitation platform. Of course we all turned around to see, but Mr. Wheelock spoke to us.

"I don't want you to look, any of you, until I tell you," said he. "I am going to test your power of committing things to memory. Whitcomb will copy on the board two stanzas of poetry consisting of four lines each. When he has done it, he will return to his seat; and the moment that he sits down — not until then, if you please — you may all turn around and read what he has written. You may look at it as long as you like; and when you think you can repeat it, without mistake, you may sit this way again and raise your hands. My object is to see who can learn it quickest."

Then for some minutes we sat and waited while nothing was heard in the room save the sound of Whitcomb's crayon or eraser — that and the ticking of that Waterbury clock. You may think perhaps that you couldn't hear the ticking of a clock like that all over a big schoolroom; but you could. It seemed to us that you couldn't help hearing it. And it not only ticked loudly but it ticked so terribly fast. It sounded for all the world as if somebody had a sewing machine up there back of Mr. Wheelock's desk and was running it, full speed. My heart fairly stood still for fear Mr. Wheelock himself would notice it; but he didn't. One thing about it, though: it was doing its duty manfully. Why, it almost went too fast. It was twenty minutes past twelve already, though by the right time it couldn't be more than half that.

Whitcomb got through at length and took his seat; and the instant he was settled in it round went all our heads of course to see what he had written.

"How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his only skill!

"This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all."

Those were the verses. We studied them, all of us, several minutes; and then one by one we turned back and raised our hands. But of course it was a girl that got it first. Girls always are quickest at that sort of thing. It is kind of parrot work any way. And this girl — it was Saidee Fearing — she not only did it quickest, but she was the only one that did it at all — that is, correctly. Not one of the rest of us, though we took more time at it, was able to repeat it just right.

However, that doesn't matter. The verses are not of so much importance; though Mr. Wheelock kept us repeating them, one after another of us, until we all knew them by heart. That's why I am able to repeat them to you, now. But the important thing is that during that time that we were all studying them so intently, with our faces toward the blackboard — Langley and Rhodes and I among the rest — something happened to that clock. We don't know what it was. We don't know how it was, or how it could be. But we do know that when presently, after the excitement about the poetry had subsided and we came to look at it again, it was just as plain as could be that the clock had changed its tactics. You could see it the minute you looked at it. For you see, it had

been just twenty-five minutes past twelve (as I happened to remember) when we turned to the board to read that poetry, and it must have taken fifteen or twenty minutes at least, learning and reciting it — so that by good rights it ought to be nearly one by the clock at this minute. Instead of that it was only twenty-nine minutes past twelve. And it wasn't that the clock had stopped, mind you. O, no! the clock hadn't stopped. You could hear it ticking, as plainly as ever. But such different ticking. It was that that struck you most and made you realize at once that a change had come over the clock. It was no longer rattling away, *tick-tick-tick-tick-tick*, as if its very life depended upon its getting through an hour in half the usual time. Instead of that it was just moping along, TICK — TICK — TICK, as slowly and deliberately as though it had the years of Methusaleh before it. I sat and stared at it for a while and at last I could see that the long hand had gone ahead a minute; but it was the longest minute that ever I saw. Then I looked over at Rhodes and Langley; and you should have seen the expression of their faces. It was plain that they were as much puzzled and taken aback as I was.

Presently Mr. Wheelock called the name of the first speaker, Armstrong. We spoke in alphabetical order and in two divisions, one division one week and one another. The girls did not have to speak; they only wrote compositions. It generally took a good part of the two hours on Friday to get through a division, what with corrections and criticisms and one thing and another. But we had calculated that to-day — with our new patent clock that was to do two hours in one — the time would be up long before we were through.

Armstrong took his place on the platform (which was just at Mr. Wheelock's right, facing the school) and making his bow, as we all had to do, began his selection. It was not a new one. Armstrong never had any new selections. He was famous for speaking the same piece over and over. It was Daniel Webster's "Address to the Survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill" that he had to-day; and I suppose that if he had spoken it once before, he had spoken it a dozen times. We always looked up at him and waited until, in that thick, deep voice of his and with his eyes drooping and his arms hanging straight down, he had addressed us as "Venerable men"; then the interest, for us, was over. Armstrong was a big, clumsy, rather stupid fellow; and I'm afraid we laughed at him a good deal.

"It seems to me, Armstrong," Mr. Wheelock said to him good-naturedly, when he was through, "that considering the number of times you've spoken that piece, you ought to do it better than you do. How many more times do you propose to give it to us?"

Armstrong, still standing on the platform, answered in his slow way that he didn't know.

"Five or six, perhaps?" asked Mr. Wheelock.

"I guess so," said Armstrong.

"Very well," said Mr. Wheelock, "I think then that we'll have those five or six now, all at once, and get it over with. You may go through it again, if you please. Come, sir, begin."

Mr. Wheelock spoke now in that sharp, decided way that we all had come to know and that meant he was not to be trifled with. There was nothing for Armstrong to do but obey; and, do you know, Mr. Wheelock just made him speak that piece through three distinct times, one after another, while we all sat there and (for once) enjoyed it. Then he told him we would postpone the other three until he came on with it again. You may be sure Armstrong never did come on with it again.

Meanwhile we had not forgotten the clock, we three. There had been time enough to keep an eye on that while Armstrong was going through his performance; and upon my word you'd have thought that the clock was trying to keep time with the speaking. There was no longer any doubt about it: the clock was going too slow, a great deal too slow. As near as I could make out (to judge from the time Armstrong must have been on the platform as compared with the time the clock said he was on — it was only seventeen minutes of one by the clock when he got through) it must be going about half as fast as an ordinary clock. A nice state of things that was, if it kept on. Instead of getting through the two hours in one as we had calculated, we should get through them in four. Once more I exchanged glances with

Langley and Rhodes; and they were not smiling glances. This was getting to be a serious matter.

But nobody else seemed to be troubled by it and the speaking went on. Bassinger was the next speaker. His piece was a part of Cicero's First Oration Against Cataline — "How long, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience!" Only he spoke it in Latin, you know; and I tell you, he did it well, too. You'd almost have thought that it was the old Conscript Father himself, pounding away at that traitor, Cataline. Mr. Wheelock didn't criticise him much. He just sat and listened, like the rest of us.

Then came Johnnie Beman. Johnnie is a short, fat fellow, jolly as he can be; but he does hate to study. He never learns a new piece if he can help it; but his way of getting out of it is different from Armstrong's. You remember that speech of Patrick Henry in the Virginian House of Burgesses, before the Revolution? It's a capable speech, but it's quite a long one — takes up three pages, I think, in the old National Reader. Well, Johnnie knows that speech all through by heart; and the way he does is to speak a portion of it each time his turn comes round. And as he cuts it up into pretty small portions, it's a long while, you see, before he really speaks the same piece.

Johnnie began this time at the very beginning — "Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope." And as he always spoke his words pretty fast and went now only to that sentence in the second paragraph, "Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss," he was quickly through. He ducked his head in his funny way when he had finished and was running off the platform when Mr. Wheelock stopped him.

"Here, here, Beman," he cried out, pretending to be surprised, but there was that same mischievous twinkle in his eye that had been there when he spoke to Armstrong. "Why, what's the matter? Where are you going?"

Beman, halting on the step, told him that he was through.

"Through!" said Mr. Wheelock, wrinkling his forehead. "Why, no; you can't be through. There's a good deal more of that speech than that, unless I'm mistaken. Come back here, if you please, and go on with it. Let's see. What comes next? 'Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition' — Yes; that's it. Begin there."

And Johnnie, looking pretty foolish, did come back and begin there; and he was not allowed to go down again until he had recited the whole speech through, to the very end — "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Then Mr. Wheelock said to him, "Well, Beman, you may have your 'liberty.' I think you have earned it." And Johnnie took his seat, his face in a broad grin, while the rest of us just roared with laughter. We should have stopped that quick enough, though, if Mr. Wheelock had said the word. But he didn't; he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of us.

And still, all the while, we kept the run of the clock. It was a pretty easy thing to keep the run of at the pace it was going. It got ahead just nine minutes more while Beman was speaking, though it must have taken him twice that. And now you could hear it dragging along, TICK — TICK — TICK, as slowly and exasperatingly as ever. No danger of anything happening to it a second time. It was steady enough now, and evidently meant to keep so. You could almost fancy, as you looked at it, that it knew, itself, perfectly well, what it was about, and that it was serving us this trick on purpose, out of pure ill-nature and contrariness. The rickety, spiteful little thing! We began fairly to hate it. And you would, too, if you had had to sit there as we did, knowing that school ought to have been out long ago and yet that you'd got to stay there an hour longer — and that not an ordinary hour, mind you, but an hour with a hundred and twenty minutes in it, an hour by that precious slowcoach of a clock.

All the same there was nothing we could do to help ourselves. We couldn't raise our hands and tell Mr. Wheelock that his clock was wrong; and nobody else seemed to have the least notion of the fact. Everybody had been interested in the speaking; and as for watches, I don't suppose there was one in the room. Boys and girls in the country don't carry watches as they do

in the city. And for Mr. Wheelock, he seemed to be taking "no note of time" at all this afternoon. It wasn't his way, ordinarily, to let things drag; but he certainly was letting them drag to-day. It almost looked as though he was making them drag. You'd have thought something had gotten into him, as well as the clock, to make him too go twice as slow as usual. He had already taken up I don't know how much extra time with Armstrong and Johnnie Beman; and now, as the speaking went on, here he was doing the same thing with the other boys. The next three speakers, though they spoke well enough, he criticised constantly, stopping them every line or two and making them repeat different passages over and over, never seeming to get out of patience at all, but never seeming to get a thing done to his satisfaction either.

When little Lon Easterbrooks went up and began rattling off "The Battle of Hohenlinden" at that break-neck pace of his, and got to the line "Of Eiser rolling rapidly," Mr. Wheelock brought him up short, declaring that Eiser had never rolled as rapidly as that in the world. And he made him say the line a dozen times over, slowly and distinctly, counting aloud — one, two, three — before each word, to teach him to speak more slowly. A ridiculous performance it was, too. And when Spencer George came on, in his dead-and-alive sort of way, with "Horatius at the Bridge," Mr. Wheelock, after listening a while, sent him back to his seat saying that he believed he could speak it better himself. And he stepped out on the area, without any book, and just gave us the whole piece, in a way that we had never heard it given before. I tell you he made the old schoolroom ring. We clapped him a whole minute when he was through; and he thanked us and said that if we liked it so well he hoped we'd profit by it.

So the time went on. But time! What was time to that abominable clock? Only ten minutes past one now: fifty minutes more (fifty minutes that were twice as long as ordinary minutes) before it would be time for school to be out. It was enough to make one groan aloud. But we had one hope. Two more speakers and the division would be through. Then there would be nothing in particular more to do, and perhaps Mr. Wheelock would dismiss us.

Alas! As Patrick Henry says, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope." Our hope proved a vain one. The speaking over, Mr. Wheelock looked around at the clock. "Why," said he, "only quarter past one! We still have three quarters of an hour. Well, we'll have to occupy it in some way. I have some school reports to make out, and the rest of you can give the time to study. You boys who are reading Cæsar" — here he looked at Langley, Rhodes and me; we were the Cæsar class — "you may go on a half-page further than I told you this morning. You are not getting on as fast as I could wish." Then he turned to his desk and went to work, leaving us to ourselves.

It is no use trying to describe to you that three quarters of an hour — that three quarters of an hour that was an hour and a half of ordinary time. We stayed there, the whole school, and sat it out; and, for that matter, I couldn't see that any of the rest of the scholars seemed to mind it. They twisted and turned in their seats a good deal, some of them, and looked at the clock pretty often; and they must have thought that the time went pretty slowly. But they finally, all of them, settled down to work and forgot themselves. But for Langley and Rhodes and me it was simply a period of torture. There was no such thing as work for us. We couldn't work. We couldn't do anything but sit there in sullen despair and glare at that horrible clock. I never want to go through another such experience. And Langley doesn't either, nor George Rhodes. Langley said afterwards that he could feel himself grow old, that last quarter of an hour.

But it ended at last of course. At five minutes of two Mr. Wheelock gave the signal for putting away our books; and then, with a touch of the bell, he dismissed us. And I think we all got downstairs and out-of-doors twice as fast as usual, at any rate.

Langley and Rhodes and I got our heads together as soon as possible; but so far as explaining the matter was concerned we did not find that three heads were a bit better than

one. Something had happened to the clock. That was all any of us could say. We went around at once to where we could see the clock on the meeting-house steeple and (not at all to our surprise) it was five minutes of four. So much for our getting out of school earlier than usual. We tried to laugh over it, but it was hard work. Langley said he thought the School Triumvirate had better sell out at once and have a receiver appointed.

And that is all there is of the story. Nobody ever said anything about the matter afterwards and it was never explained in any way. We never said anything about it; you may be sure of that. And Mr. Wheelock never said anything about it. And — strangely enough, perhaps — none of the scholars ever said anything about it. They all went off in various directions after school; and I don't think they ever knew, any of them, that it was so much later than usual. We waited around until we saw Mr. Wheelock go home, and then Langley went back (the schoolhouse was left open to be swept) and changed the clocks again. And when we tested ours by the town clock we found that it did actually go about half as fast as ordinary time. We took it over to Harris, the watchmaker, later, and he said the spring must have got loosened or the gearing changed. . . . Well, perhaps it did. Only, somehow or other, I sometimes wonder if there weren't three clocks in that day's business instead of two, and if the third one didn't somehow get substituted for the second, that time we were all so intent studying the verses on the blackboard. Those Waterbury clocks are all of them so much alike, you know. And to this day, whenever he meets us three boys, there's an odd twinkle in Mr. Wheelock's eye that I can't quite account for.

John Brownjohn.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.—II.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

FOR the last time, doubtless, all these sights! With a weak, struggling heart Leon turned away and crossed to the north side of the square where the Governor's mansion was; he entered quietly and went up to his own apartment. The house was crowded with people, and Duchambon himself occupied with a delegation of the elders of the city. No one gave particular thought to the boy, and any who might, supposed him with the dying Abbé.

Shutting himself in, he fastened the door and lay wearily down across the foot of the bed. The sunset vanished almost as soon as it glowed. Then the storm began; the rain came down in sheets and the wind blew fiercely with it.

Two hours and more he lay there. No thought of evading the task entered his mind; to do it was compulsory — that it was so hard to do caused the struggle.

A sound of guns broke the stillness of the room and told him that it wanted but an hour of twelve; at twelve the guard at the West Gate would change.

He opened the window and stood for a moment on the sill. Far off in the harbor and toward the King's Bastion was a confused noise of voices and guns, but out in the direction of the West Gate all was quiet. The window opened on a piazza, and from this to the terraced garden was an easy leap.

Not a sound did his lithe footfalls make as he crossed the Parade and stole past the sentry-post and out into the street which led direct to the hospital. There the lights from the many windows broke the black gloom of the night and threw in full sight the street in front, so turning in another direction he went by a longer route up over the Covert Ways and direct to the side of the West Gate. He did not reach it a moment too soon. Scarcely had he shielded himself behind the stone loosely piled there during the siege when a group of soldiers

marched up the street singing and talking loudly. They as well as the guard at the gate had been drinking freely of the liquor which had been placed in the general storehouse. Orders were given for it to be strictly guarded, but in the confusion of the last hours all orders had been broken, and whole hogsheads were emptied and distributed among the soldiers in different parts of the city. When the group drew near they roused the drunken guard and all went into the shed in front of the gate where the liquor had been secreted.

With a single leap the boy stepped from behind the stone and pushed through the nearest breach, passing so close to the soldiers that the end of his cloak brushed against one of them. The soldier started and grasped his musket, but seeing nothing and hearing only the laughter of his comrades, passed on to the shed; giving time to the boy to walk swiftly out of sound before the new guard came on duty. Another moment and escape would have been hopeless; trained to instant decision by the Abbé he used the moment given him.

For an hour his way lay over the low hills that skirted the back of the walls. The rain, fierce enough in the more sheltered city, beat furiously down in the open country, and when he reached the great wood he was drenched to the skin.

This much of the journey he knew well, and knew that not forty yards within the wood was a wigwam used by the Indians when going back and forth from the city. He and the Abbé had often rested there. With little difficulty he found it and lay down, utterly exhausted. All the rest of the night he lay there, awake and alone, on the verge of the dark forest; the giant trees rocking and reeling in the furious gusts, and the rain falling like bullets on the birch-bark shelter.

Soon as the morning dawned, he started again, and all day with no depression, no sorrow on his face, pursued his way like a man going about some business he had long expected to perform.

In the open places of the forest and on the shores of the lakes he searched for the roots the Abbé had specified. Often the way was rough and untrodden, sometimes the woods so dense and dark that his eyes could penetrate no farther than each step took him.

Once, a great sheet of water in the midst of the wood forced him to turn back and retrace miles of his journey, only to again emerge on the edge of the same lake. Again he wound his way back, and this time struck the very trail the Indian runner had taken on his fatal errand to Louisburg. The way was worn and easily followed and led direct to the encampment, so that when nightfall came he was within a mile of the Hill Settlement.

Only a few words of Micmac tongue he knew, but much of the Algonquin, for the Abbé, with a strange love for mastering all that touched him, had possessed himself of this language; and a knowledge of Algonquin among the Indian tribes of that time was what French is among European nations of to-day, so the boy knew that he could converse readily with the chief and elder braves.

The sun was sinking when he entered the plague-stricken village. The wigwams were ranged in a semicircle inside the picketed inclosure. Lying on the ground before some of them and across the thresholds of many, were the dying Indians, men, women and children; squatted in frightened groups were others, and from some of the wigwams came the sound of wailing and chanting.

As the fair-haired boy entered the open part of the inclosure, he could be distinctly seen from all the tents. Under his arms were great bundles of red and black roots, in his hands bunches of the flowering Tormentilla; his cloak fell back from his shoulders, his golden curls were damp and tossed by the wind and rain, and his face intense and eager with sympathy.

Some slunk back with fears at his approach, others clustered about him, while yet others ran to the chief to acquaint him of the stranger in their midst. It took but few words to tell the chief of the death of the Indian runner, and why he had been sent in his stead and instead of the Abbé.

Weeks he remained, healing many with almost miraculous power, and staying the ravage of the plague. Carefully he taught the Indians to themselves recognize and clean the roots, and went with parties to gather and dry the Tormen-

tilla against a further need; and when the maize grew golden and full, every trace of the plague had left.

Not while he could minister to the people had he allowed himself to think of France; the need over, the mission accomplished, his heart yearned for friends and civilized life. With characteristic silence the Indians had never questioned him of his departure. They accepted his tarrying as they had accepted his coming, and when the boy spoke to them of his desire to return to France, they readily told him of the yearly visit the Micmacs of Isle Royale made every hunting moon to pay tribute to the Algonquins on the Ottawa River, and when he begged to be allowed to accompany them on their voyage, they sought in no way to deter him.

Remembering the dying wish of the Abbé he urged one of the braves to go back with him over the perilous journey of that stormy night and help him seek out the grave of his loved Abbé. But the English still held the ruined city, and knowing that they were regarded by them as the friends of the French, the Indians had wholesome fears of being seen and refused to go; they promised to find the grave at some later time and carefully tend it.

When the full ears were gathered, the furs dried and dressed, and the canoes newly ornamented, the braves of the Micmacs started on their journey. At dawn of day they set out from the encampment. Silently the chief and



LEON ARRIVES IN THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN VILLAGE.

the women and children followed them to the water's edge to bid farewell to the fair-haired Wenuch whom they had reverenced as though he were a *Sasus* sent from God. Almost as sorrowfully the boy bade adieu to them, promising that sometime if he lived he would return.

Up the little river they sped, across the portage to the chain of lakes and out into the next river to its mouth — then the blue waters of the Atlantic! Close by the shore they paddled, up through the narrow precipitous strait between

Isle Royale and the peninsula, and up into the longer strait between that and Isle Jean. Then Fort Beau Lejeur came to view, and there they stopped for supplies of food and another detachment of Indians to join them on their long journey to "the people at the end of the water."

There too was De Luttre, the missionary priest from Quebec. To him the boy went for information; and when the canoes started again on their journey he remained behind, persuaded by De Luttre to go with him by sloop direct to Quebec, and from there by vessel to France.

When the next moon the braves returned they had no answer to the eager inquiries for "the Wenuch," except that he had remained with De Luttre and given them promise again that sometime when the marsh was golden with lilies he would return.

Every year after some of the Indians journeyed out to camp on a slope of the low hills just outside the city's walls, not a rod from the simple iron cross that marked the grave of the Abbé; camped and waited till the lilies faded. The chief, the elders of the tribe, lay under the tumulus of their fathers. Dying, the elders told the tale to the young men, and in no year was the watch unkept.

Fifty summers the lilies grew yellow on the Louisburg Marsh, fifty summers the dusky watchers camped under the shadow of the low hills. Then he came.

Twice that year the waiting braves had started on their homeward trail, twice by some strange influence returned and prolonged the watch. The lilies budded and blossomed and turned from all their gold to brown and faded quite; then, over the surface of the marsh shone the blossoms of the bake-apple; the blossoms had turned to their tinted fruit, when one evening as the sun set over the water and fired the bank of fog that walled the sea, a canoe shot from out the glory over the blue waves of the ocean and into the smooth desolate waters of the harbor.

When it touched the shore below the ruined city the dusky men were already there, and they lifted out with loving care the man who lay on the blancoating. Fifty years they had waited his coming, fifty years he had waited to come. All the honors heaped upon him in the fifty years these simple people did not know, and he did not speak of them. When they saw him pallid and weak, and he told them that a malady had come upon him that he could not cure, they did not know that if his skill availed not then surely no other would.

Tenderly, reverently, they helped his weary body up over the ruined walls of the city; and out on the slope where the iron cross stood; then they left him, and till all the light faded he lay there.

When night came they had constructed a rude litter, and now they carried him by easy stages to the wigwam at the edge of the wood. There they rested till dawn; and before another night were at the Indian village.

Not a score of those who remembered him were living, but these remembered him well. Quietly, contentedly he tarried with them; told them of his long adventures in getting back to France, of his meeting with Duchambon who had supposed him dead; and of his life since. He saved many who were sick, taught them much knowledge of roots and herbs, and wrote down for them cures which to this day they preserve and use; and before the lilies were blown again passed away from them forever.

Close beside the Abbé they laid him, under the great hemlock-tree; wrapped him in costly furs, chanted their funeral wails, watched three days and nights by the grave, then went their way and left the two together.

The dark hemlock tosses its plumes over them, the Atlantic surges and moans afar, and under the simple iron cross they rest. One, an exiled son of one of France's noblest families, the other a physician of such renown that France would have honored him as a prince in his burial.

Grace Dean McLeod.

ARTISTIC AND HYGIENIC DRESSMAKING.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

IN every town and village are young women and girls who are anxiously asking what they can do in their own community to earn a livelihood. The big, outside world has no attraction for them. They either want to keep in the shelter of the home, or else there is somebody for whom they themselves must be the home-keepers. Circumstance, rather than desire or ambition, must be the governing power of their lives. If you would know how large is this army of waiting women you should pass a day at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, and get Mrs. Osborne to tell you of the appeals that come for help from Maine to Oregon, from Michigan to Florida. The burden of it all is, "Tell me what I can do at home to earn some money."

I would like to tell you how the Union comes to be besieged with applicants. I am sure the story will interest you, and you may some of you find a word of needed warning and advice in it. Three or four years ago all the newspapers in city and country, daily and weekly, were filled with advertisements headed "Work at Home," and saying that if women would send either one dollar or two as the case might be, she would receive outfit and instruction for art-work to be done at home, and that after they had learned, they would be supplied with work, and could earn a nice bit of money at home. Well, you can have no idea how the responses came in; the dollars literally poured into the hands of the advertisers. In return a piece of very coarse velveteen, stamped with a pattern, and a few needlefuls of silk would be sent with directions for working; when this piece of embroidery was finished it was to be sent to the supply company, with another dollar, and if it was satisfactory permanent work would be given. In almost all the cases there was no return for the dollar. It very rarely happened that the work suited, or if it did no reply came, and nothing more was heard from the money sent. In hundreds of instances the dollar or two could not be spared and meant such sacrifice as few of us can understand. Presently this matter came to the notice of the Women's Union in Boston, and it set to work to stop the business. It got all the evidence it needed, and then it sent lawyers to the places. In most cases no responsible persons could be found, so nothing could be done by law. It went to the newspapers and got the advertising stopped, and got articles written about it. It couldn't get the money back for the poor women who had sent it, but it could prevent others from being duped. In this way the Union became known all over the country, and women began to write to the Union for work. Of course the Union could not supply them; it could only point out to them what to avoid.

There was one thing else plainly shown by the flood of answers which came to this fraudulent advertising. That was, not only were there hundreds, yes, thousands of women wanting work, but the majority were anxious to do "art" work of some kind. Good honest work, that was genuinely practical, found little favor in the eyes of the multitude. Somehow anything that was "art," no matter how bad art it was, hadn't the flavor of labor about it. If it was work at all it was "genteel" work and "ladies" could do it. Now, girls, honestly, isn't that feeling a very silly one? Why, if one finds it necessary to do anything for money, not stand up squarely and face the fact, and do the work that comes to be done, whatever it may be, in a straightforward fashion, instead of dodging about under all sorts of make-believes, and pretending to be what one is not?

I referred to the misuse of the term "ladies" in a former article; just here I want to emphasize it. It is improper, a mistake in language, to speak of yourself or of any other person as a "lady" in connection with work of any kind. The term "lady" presupposes leisure. In the same way the word "gentleman" carries a like significance. Now you know very well that the

term "gentleman of business" is never used, and you certainly never hear of "salesgentlemen." Isn't the very sound ridiculous? And yet your man of business often is the polished, well-bred man of society, with a position which no one can dispute. You can be well-bred women, even if you are work-women. You may be "ladies" at your leisure. But it isn't the insistence on the term that will make you so. On the contrary, the very use of the term in connection with work stamps you at once as ignorant if not ill-bred.

A few years since I was passing the summer at a well-known seaside resort, and in a sudden emergency I wanted some laundry work done. I rang for the bell-boy of the hotel and asked him to see if the laundress could do it for me at once. He soon returned with the following reply:

"I am sorry, Mrs. White, but the washer-lady is out."

Yes, I know you are laughing at the ridiculousness of it; but take care that you never make yourself ridiculous in a similar fashion.

And now, if you are prepared to take up your work in true dignified work-woman fashion, I have a suggestion to make to those of you who have quick eyes, deft fingers and a true taste; I might add also, an artistic instinct, but I am getting to be a bit afraid of expressions of that kind — they are quite apt to make mischief. Still there is an art-side to the occupation I am about to suggest, but it must be taken sensibly, and not to the sacrifice of every thing else. I know you are expecting something delightfully new, and I can fancy I hear a murmur of disappointment when I say — dressmaking!

Well, but you must understand that there is dressmaking and dressmaking. It is not the old-fashioned kind that I am about to commend to you, but the new, which has originality, idea and principles about it. The principles are beauty and comfort, the idea is becomingness and health, and the whole combined constitute the originality. I dare say you have all heard of "Dress Reform," and have grown to have a horror of the term because it has stood for ugliness pure and simple, and for crankiness unadulterated. Well, it isn't called Dress Reform any more, but "artistic and hygienic dressing." This phase of it began with Mrs. Flynt when she invented the waist that should take the place of corsets. It was to be adapted to the figure, rather than force the figure to be adapted to it. Mrs. Flynt was wise in her day and generation; she saw that interesting invalidism for women was going out of fashion, and that healthfulness was to become a fashion. She foresaw the generation of tennis-playing, horseback-riding, mountain-climbing girls, devoted to gymnastics of all kinds, that was to rise up, and she wisely made ready for them. Room to develop, room to grow was the principle upon which she "built" — as the English woman would say — her waist. She did not start a crusade against beauty — no, indeed! "Have everything as pretty as you like," she said, "but be true to Nature." At first women eyed the waists askance; they were suspicious of any innovation on old methods; but by degrees they became interested, and the best proof of Mrs. Flynt's success is the large number of patent health-waists that have been put upon the market since Mrs. Flynt started, and the numbers that are sold.

But that was only the beginning; and it has been left another woman, to Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, to make a rounding-out of the idea of proper dress. If there is anybody in the world who does not believe that a heathful dress can be a pretty one, I only wish she could see some of the delicious gowns that Mrs. Miller evolves from that keen, artistic brain of hers. They are simply wonders. They keep close enough to the lines of Fashion not to seem queer; but each gown is original and picturesque, having in it the very essence of graceful and becoming dressing, at the same time it is on the most strictly hygienic principles. Now there are hundreds of women who would like to adopt Mrs. Miller's dress-plan, but their dressmakers turn up their noses at it, and it is, thus far, as a rule, impossible to get such gowns made. There are a few of the most fashionable dressmakers in Boston and New York who are seriously studying the idea; but they are the wise ones who look ahead, and who see what is coming, and are going to be ready.

I venture to say that the reason why so few take it up is because it does require originality

and artistic instinct to be successful in this line of work. But the girl or woman who is artistic in her feeling, and who has the gift of expressing this feeling has here a field open before her that she will find very remunerative. It requires more skill to make dresses in this way than in the old stereotyped fashion, because much depends upon individual expression. I will assure you that success lies in this line of work, for no one who sees the models of the dresses but becomes at once enamored of them, and is straightway in despair because she cannot have them. "There is nothing that prevents hundreds of women taking up this dress," said Mrs. Miller a few weeks since, "but the impossibility of finding dressmakers who will attempt them."

That gave me the idea at once of suggesting this occupation to artistic girls all over the country. Here is an opening field that is, as yet, practically unexplored. So many other occupations are overburdened with workers. Here is one asking the workers to come into it. You see that I was right when I told you there was dressmaking and dressmaking. One wants to understand the principles of fitting, but must be thoroughly emancipated from the idea that the only fitting is over a tight corset. Of course it goes without saying that one must be a good needlewoman, must have an eye for color combinations, and must be able to adapt styles to different individuals. After that the work is simple enough. Mrs. Miller publishes in her magazine, *Dress*, all her new models, so that it is easy to follow her, and the girl with originality may design for herself. If she have the ability to do this she will be more valuable to her customers than if she be only able to follow other people's models, and she may command a large price for her work.

There is hardly a town of any size that will not support at least one dressmaker of this kind, and she may either go to her customers by the day, or she may have them come to her at her own house. Good dressmakers get all the way from two dollars to five dollars a day, according to their ability and their originality. These are city prices, but I suppose there is no place where a good dressmaker would have less than the first-named price. You see a girl could have a good income, and make herself invaluable to her employers. At the same time she is doing something satisfactory, and is exercising her love for the beautiful and refined, and, with right governing ideas of what is beautiful in a gown, it must be a real delight to work on the pretty stuffs that are used nowadays.

Think this matter over, girls, and see if it isn't a happy thought for some of you. If you know nothing of the matter send to the Jenness-Miller Publishing Company in New York for a copy of the magazine, *Dress*, and in that you will find what you will need to put you in the right way. I am sure that more than one girl will find her financial and business fortune in this work, and also that she will be grateful that it comes under the head of "home work."

Sallie Joy White.

BAGS, BAGS, BAGS!

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

YOU know it is the fashion now to make bags, of all sorts and styles, for all manner of uses. Some young girls who were preparing for a fair seized upon the happy idea, and one department of their work was making bags. The greatest variety of material was used; muslin, silk, velvet, plush, chamois skin, bed-ticking, crash, linen, canvas, toweling, ribbon, cretonnes, silesia, cambric. Nothing came amiss; scraps and remnants would work in, and work in beautifully, for the last odds and ends were put together in crazy-quilt fashion, and some royally rich bags were the result. As for the ornamentation, there were beads, gimps, tassels, cords, bows of ribbon, braid, ruching, fringes, flosses and chenilles, rope silks

and linens, Shetland wools, everything that was pretty.

If you could have seen those girls on one of their afternoons, in an upper chamber, with their multifarious gatherings strewn over the big table, you would have thought of a gay sort of Rag Fair.

It is not practicable to give all the different styles they made — a few of the prettiest and a few of the most serviceable will be named.

A bag for soiled collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs, such a bag as every girl — and every lady in fact — ought to have, was made of a towel with a handsome border. It was closed across the bottom just above the border, and up the sides to within a fourth part of the top; then it was turned over on the outside, showing the fringe and border, and leaving enough at the top for a double shirring, where cords of the same color as the border were run in to draw it up, and a handsome bow of ribbon put on the middle. It made a very beautiful and ornamental depository for those articles, and could be hung in any convenient place in one's room; and if it was a "red room" or a "blue room" or an "old gold room," the towel could be bought to match.

A skate bag was made of a square of flannel, lined, stitched into two up-and-down compartments, little curtain rings sewed on the top and a worsted curtain cord run in. One was of dark gray and had a scarlet cord and a monogram worked in scarlet. Another was like a haversack, with a flap to turn over and button down, and this had a strap sewed to each corner so it might be slung over the shoulders, which is the best way for a boy, who does not like to be bothered with drawing strings, but is more at home with buttons.

A scrap bag, to hold snippings and waste bits — useful to hang on the sewing-machine or near at hand when you are at your needle-work — was made of a muff box covered with gay cretonne. If that is too large, take a piece of pasteboard of any size or depth you please, and cover it with anything bright, or if you have only plain, dull material, add to its prettiness by putting a pinked ruching of something gay around the top and bottom.

One of them made what she called an ironing-bag, to hang up like a wall-pocket, perhaps a foot in depth, and a foot across the top, tapering to half that width at the bottom. For the back a piece of pasteboard covered on both sides with silesia — old gold is pretty — the front gathered at the bottom and plain at the top with a strap sewed at each corner to hang it up by; it was stitched to the inner covering of the pasteboard down the middle, one compartment to keep the holders in, the other for sponges and any pieces of linen needed to lay over the article ironed, and there was also a cute little three-cornered pocket of a place for the spermaceti and white wax to rub the irons with; and the maker of this said if everybody who used the ironing things would put them all back where they belonged there would not be so much "bother." No doubt there are better ways for fashioning an ironing bag, but that was her way.

A bag to send for the mail, large enough to accommodate all the magazines and newspapers and packages that could come to any ordinary family, was of old-fashioned bed-ticking of the style with quarter-inch stripes blue and white, and all the white stripes were worked in cross-stitch in red and yellow. This was furnished with strong drawing-strings.

For matter-of-fact, common use in the household there were bags for soiled clothing — there ought to be one for each sleeping-room — so convenient, and saving the untidyness that is too frequent, of throwing towels, bed-linen and other articles in a heap in the closet or wardrobe till washing-day comes round; string bags, so that everybody could know where to go if a piece of twine was needed; bags for dusters, for clothes-pins, for waste paper, for clothes-lines, for woollen rags, for cotton rags. These were of calico, of jean, of burlap, of cambric, of ticking, according as strength of material or durability was essential, and for these there was no ornamentation.

The slipper bags were of cretonne with divisions in them; the stocking bags were crocheted of white cotton, lined with bright cambric, and finished with a bow of ribbon at the bottom where they were drawn up tight.

They made button bags of a fine but very firm twilled gray linen, in simplest shape; just nine inches deep and seven wide after they were

finished. The top was faced with bright-colored silk to the depth of two inches, so that it stood up like a double ruffle above the shirring for the strings. They were decorated with spots the size of a thimble, done in cardinal, gold and blue, scattered about, or with linked rings, as pleased the fancy. On some of them was embroidered "Who has got the button?" Right pretty things were they to slip one's working implements in and even some delicate material — a dainty way of carrying one's needle-case, thimble, spools and scissors.

Another work-bag for sewing-articles had a bottom cut out of pasteboard in a pentagon shape, covered with silk, and fitted to each side was a piece of ribbon, a third of a yard long, each of different rich color — these seamed together, lined, and finished, with a bow at the top, made a sumptuous bag.

Some good big shopping bags were made of broadcloth, lined, and at the top a piece of whalebone or rattan run in to keep them stiff, and two straps sewed on for handles. Another way is to buy the steel catches and steel chains such as our grandmothers used to have, but that adds much to the expense.

Speaking of grandmothers, how elegant were those bead bags they used to carry, many of which are carefully treasured in families now, made of velvet with tiny beads sewed on in a beautiful pattern on a solid background, and finished with a looped fringe of beads! Farther back than grandmother, there was a bag called an "indispensable," the bottom being in itself a bag of crescent shape; six inches across and three deep in scarlet or green or some other colored morocco, with a beautiful gilt bordering, and a little money purse on the front. To this fine morocco bottom, which was made to spread open as bellows do, was attached by glue a lovely pongee top, six or eight inches in depth, with a shirring for the gay strings by which it was hung on the arm. It looked as if it belonged with the Kate Greenaway costume, and it surely ought to be classed with bric-à-brac.

A good deal might be said of the rich black silk and satin bags with a spray of flowers, embroidered in Kensington — light and convenient affairs in which to carry one's handkerchief, purse and small articles, and really deserving the name given to the kind just named. Fancy your mother saying, "You will find my purse in my indispensable." But why is "indispensable" not as good a name as "reticule"? Why indeed? when reticule, though used in general for a work-bag, really means one that is netted, as you will see by looking up the derivation of the word.

To return to our girls: They made bags for every purpose they could think of; lovely little receptacles of silk or satin for holding the crochet edgings they were fashioning and needle and spool; for shoe buttons, wax, linen thread and needles (very useful when one is traveling); bags for burnt matches, crocheted of bright wools, a bead tassel at the bottom, a little glass cup inside, and long strings by which to suspend from the gas fixtures or mantel-piece; party bags to contain slippers, fan and handkerchief; darning bags; bags just large enough to hold the Prayer Book or pocket Bible in going to church; school-bags; sachet bags of all convenient sizes, shaped like little and big plum puddings, plump as a pudding should be, and tied tight at one fringed end with dainty ribbon; and last, even least, the charming "yum-yum" bags for spools of cotton and silk, being three tiny bags about two and a half inches wide and four deep of handsome ribbon of different colors, and the three held in a group by one drawing string through all.

The list might go on, and on, and on, but every bright girl sees the possibilities and can avail herself of them.

Margaret Lake.

TWO LETTERS.

FIFTY years ago, when Miss Edgeworth published her famous story of "Simple Susan," a little girl wrote to her to make further inquiries about the heroine, and just now this little girl's letter has come to light, with Miss Edgeworth's kindly reply, and a naïve pen-and-ink picture Miss Edgeworth's sister sent to further please the childish correspondent. Here are the quaint documents:



(*Fac-simile of the sketch by Miss Edgeworth's sister.*)

(*The little girl's letter.*)

RUGBY, *October.*

MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,

My name is Ellen Chambers, and I came from India. Since I came from India I have learnt to read, but I don't write with ink yet but I write with pencle. Sarah and I have read some of your very very pretty books. (Sarah is my youngest sister.) We have just finished *Simple Susan* and and I am very fond of it, and that is the reason that I am writing to you fr for I want to know a little more about Susan if you will be so kind as to (tell) me a little more (about) her. I want to (know) the words of Susan's lamentation for her lamb, and if Miss bab was well from the stings from bees before they had to leave the contry and if she was more alble (amiable?) wen she grewup, and will you tell me if you please if the old harper ever sow Susan again and was he ever paid back the money he lent, and do you reacrlecte how old Susan was wen she sed "take a poon, pig," and will you, if you please write, tell me if Mrs. Price was quite well by Susan's birthday to see all the village children as well as her daugter happy at the Hawthorn bush.

(*Miss Edgeworth's Letter.*)

EDGEWORTHSTOWN, *November 2nd*, 1845.

MY DEAR ELLEN,

I thank you. . . All I can think of to send you as an acknowledgment for your letter is a little sketch of "Take a poon, pig," made by a sister of mine. We think that the pig's head and the little girl should not look so very good-humored as they do in the drawing. She was about three years old. But I cannot mend the pig or the girl, nor can I make a new girl or pig. I do not know how to draw well enough. . . .

I am afraid I cannot answer all your questions.

As to Miss Bab, I do not know what became of her; she was not worth my enquiring about.

I am sorry that I have no copy of Susan's lamentations for her lamb. Susan's mother, I am happy to tell, recovered perfectly, and Susan was always good and kind. She became housekeeper when she grew up to a very rich and benevolent lady and gentleman, who lived in London, and who were so much attached to her that she lived with them for many years till her health failed. They settled an annuity upon her — that is a sum of money to be paid every year. She did not spend half of it on herself any year while she lived. She left £400 to her mother and a poor brother and sister who *survived* her — that is, who lived longer than she did.

I am glad that you like my books, and that you fancy you should like me if you were to see and to know me. It is a very pleasant (thing) to be liked and loved by our friends, as you feel now you are young, and as I feel now I am old — very old, seventy-eight next New Year's Day — yet very happy in having most affectionate friends who love me truly, and whom I love most heartily.

I wish you may have as good friends & love them as well when you are an old old woman as I am — Maria Edgeworth

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U.

REQUIRED READINGS FOR 1889–90.

The C. Y. F. R. U. readings for 1889–90 are announced below, and we are sure that our young folks will find them quite as attractive as those of last year. The Serial Readings for the new year begin with the December numbers of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL, and the Book Readings should be taken up simultaneously.

SERIAL READINGS.

TALES OF OLD ACADIE. This series will include a dozen powerful stories by Grace Dean McLeod, a Canadian author, gathered up from old Canadian records and the remembrances of old French and Indian families.

BUSINESS OPENINGS FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. A dozen really helpful papers by Mrs. Sallie Joy White of the *Boston Herald*, President of the New England Woman's Press Association. Mrs. White has made it in her way for years to see what women were doing in business, how they did it, why they failed, why they succeeded; these kindly papers are the outcome of this observation, sympathy and reflection. The first will be "Cash Girls and Saleswomen."

WAYS TO DO THINGS will be given each month, and will be both interesting and practical.

TWELVE STORIES OF SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND. Each of these stories will be of particular interest and value to all teachers and all pupils. The first tale will be "Lambkin; Was He a Hero or a Prig?" by Howard Pyle the artist.

☞ *Postal Card Votes — Cash Prizes.*

"LAMBKIN" is a "Lady-and-Tiger" kind of story, a live boys' story too. The author himself is in doubt whether Lambkin was a Hero or a Prig. Every reader of WIDE AWAKE is invited to send in a postal-card vote — also his or her reason. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Hero" side. A $25.00 cash prize will be awarded the most "telling" argument on the "Prig" side. Vote and reason limited to a postal and not more than one hundred words.

SPECIAL SINGLE NUMBER ARTICLES, on helpful subjects, will be given from time to time as space allows.

BOOKS.

(*Junior Course.*)	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal,		1.00

(*Senior Course.*)

* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	30.	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2 25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal,		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

The Seal Courses for 1889–90 are in preparation and will be announced later—probably in the March number of WIDE AWAKE and JOURNAL.

A circular of the course of readings for 1889–90 and a blank application for certificate has been sent to each member of the C. Y. F. R. U., and as soon as these blanks are returned, satisfactorily filled out, the year's certificate will be awarded. At the end of the four years, all who hold four certificates will receive the diploma of the C. Y. F. R. U.

The Annual Certificates are awarded to all members of the Union who simply read the prescribed course, but arrangements have been made for seals for those who want to do more thorough work. An "Outline Memoranda," or review sheet, containing questions for review will be sent to any member applying to the Plainfield office, and each one who fills out the paper correctly will receive a seal for it. This seal will be given with the diploma at the end of the four years. A seal is also

given to each one who reads the books of the seal course for any year (either Senior or Junior), and an additional seal to any who fill out the "Outline Memoranda" for the seal course, so that any member of the Union who has time to read the regular and seal course of books for either grade and fill out the memoranda, can earn three seals each year. How many of our young folks of the class of '92 will have twelve seals to show on the diplomas which they receive in '92?

We must remind members of the C. Y. F. R. U. that the Fee of twenty-five cents which is an *annual* one is now due. As this fee has to pay for the silver badges, the certificates, memoranda, etc., which are sent to the members, we urge our young people not to overlook it. The amount is a small one, but if many of our members neglect to pay it, the necessary certificates cannot be provided. Let every one at once send the required fee of twenty-five cents to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and thus give the Union loyal support.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR FEBRUARY.

First Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Wicked Waterbury Clock," John Brownjohn.

Books (Senior Course): Lays of Ancient Rome and *Stories from Livy*, Chapters IX. and X.; (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters I.–IV.

Second Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Acadian Old-Folk Lore," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Senior Course): Lays of Ancient Rome and *Stories from Livy*, Chapter II. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters V.–VIII.

Third Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Bags, Bags, Bags," Margaret Lake.

Books (Senior Course): Lays of Ancient Rome and *Stories from Livy*, Chapters XII. and XIII. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters IX. –XII.

Fourth Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Artistic and Hygienic Dressmaking," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior Course): Lays of Ancient Rome and *Stories from Livy*, Chapters XIV. and XV. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters XIII.–XVI.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[NOTE. — These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by naming some famous clock and giving one or two facts about it.

II. Quiz on Livy, Chapters IX. and X., or "A Family Flight."

III. Recitation: "The Story of Virginia," Macaulay's Lays (selections from it).

IV. Short paper on Waterbury clocks and watches.

V. Music.

VI. Map drill on Rome or Mexico.

VII. Reading from "The Good-Natured Pendulum," by E. E. Hale (found in "Ingham Papers").

VIII. As a practical experiment, the club might try the plan suggested in the JOURNAL. Let one member of the club be appointed beforehand to select four lines of poetry, unfamiliar to all the rest, and place them on a blackboard or large sheet of paper. This member may act as leader and hear the others recite.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by quotations appropriate to Valentine's Day.

II. Spelling Match on words from "Acadian Old-Folk Lore."

III. The "Story of Veii" told with map, or "Incidents of a Family Flight" told in turn.

IV. Music.

V. Questions on any of the required readings for the week brought by members of the club.

VI. Reading from Macaulay's Prophecy of Capys, special selection.

VII. Valentines: written by members of the club.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call; answered by naming a United States Senator and the State which he represents.

II. Quiz on the required readings.

III. Music.

IV. Pronunciation match on proper names in the required readings.

V. Short paper on Pompeii.

VI. Recitation: Macaulay's Lay, Pompeii.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll-call; answered by naming what each considers the most interesting character in the month's readings, and why.

II. Definition Match.

III. Music.

IV. Map drill on Mexico or Italy.

V. Quiz on required readings.

VI. Game of Characters: This game, which has previously been described in the JOURNAL, is played as follows: One person is sent out of the room and the others select a proper name such as Alba or Camillus — the name having as many letters as there are persons. Each one then selects a name beginning with the letter assigned him. For instance if Alba is taken for the general word, Aurelius, Lars Porsena, Brutus and Ancus could be selected for the others. The person sent out is now recalled and by questions finds out what character each represents. After guessing a few characters he sometimes gets a clue to the whole word and then easily guesses the remainder.

The new C. Y. F. R. U. circular for '89–'90 announced by mistake that Search-Questions would appear in WIDE AWAKE and the JOURNAL during the present year. Correction will be made in the next edition.

EARLY AMERICA IN CLAY.

(School and Playground Stories.)





"WHY, of course! You can do anything with clay, you know!"

This comprehensive assertion was made by a little girl who was one of a class of blind children assembled in a bright schoolroom around a large table of that most convenient and beloved-by-teachers kind known as a "horseshoe table." A lady, evidently a visitor, had asked the child if she could make something for her out of clay; and whether the child was more surprised at the question or the lady at the confident answer, would be difficult to tell. However, the lady subsided into a chair to await developments and the children sat with folded hands and expectant faces as the clay was distributed — a good-sized lump upon each of the dozen boards in front of as many little girls.

Meanwhile the teacher was explaining the work to be done:

"I would like a review of our history lessons today. Let us see how well we can tell the stories, beginning with what we had at the very first in this class. Each may choose what she will make and tell about; and we will try to have them in the right order so as to make a continuous though not complete story of America's growth."

Then the work begins. Thud, thud, thud goes some of the clay on the boards; round and round other portions are rolled between pairs of little palms, and yet others are divided and patted and pinched in a deft and workmanlike manner which shows that the children are well acquainted with the delightful possibilities of the plastic material.

"Don't look at my board, Miss Raymond."



IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

"No, only to see whether the hands are busy," replies the teacher.

Busy, indeed, are all the hands, and all the heads as well if we can judge by the silence



and by the intent look upon all the faces.

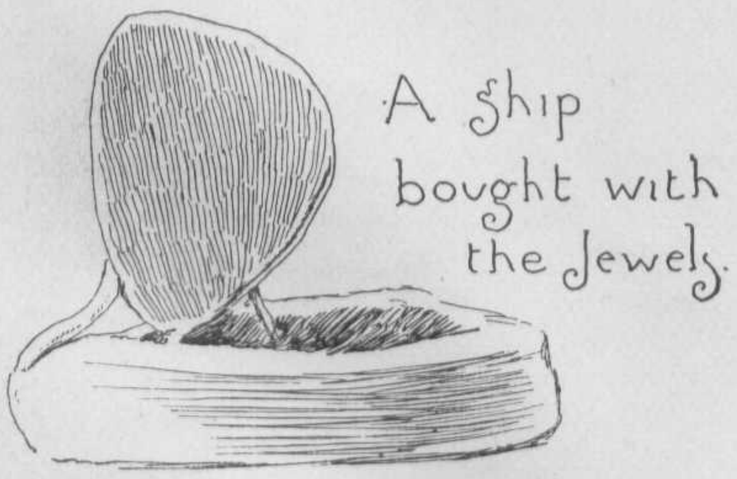
"A stick, please," another says. "Not one of the flat sticks, but one of those very slim cylinders — several inches long. There! I am ready!"

"And I!" "And I!" echoes around the table; and although several of the little workers are yet busy, Miss Raymond says that Clara may begin her story.

"Those whose work is finished may listen; the others are to work away so as to be ready when their stories are wanted."

Clara was evidently eager to begin, for she had already popped up from her seat holding her clay, now transformed into a ball, with two pin heads at some distance from each other showing on its surface, also the stick passed through the middle.

"This is the earth!" announced Clara.



"And this stick is what goes through it, only there isn't really anything, you know, and if there were any, it would stand like this" (carefully inclining the tiny axis), "and the people used to think it was flat and that they would fall off when they got to the edge; all but Col" —

"Wait a moment, please," said Miss Raymond quietly. "I know you have something very interesting to tell, but you are hurrying too much. We want you to tell us slowly and plainly about it, so that we shall remember it better for hearing you. Now try again, and see if you cannot help us instead of mixing things so."

Clara, thus admonished, pushed her chair further under the table, cleared her throat, held up her clay ball, inclining the stick as before, and began again, but in a much less voluble manner, and with an evidently great effort at clearness.

"I made this ball to show how the earth looks — I mean to show what shape the earth is. People used to think it — to think the earth was flat and that they would fall off when they came to the edge of it. Shall I tell about the stick, Miss Raymond?"



"Yes; carefully."

"And this stick is just to show us, so that we can understand, how the earth turns round and round. There isn't any stick through the earth, but people talk as if there was something there, and they call it the axis. And the earth" —



"Yes, Clara," interposed Miss Raymond; "what could you explain to us if you kept on this subject?"

"Why — I could tell about day and night and about the hot weather and the cold weather" —

"About day and night and what else, children?"

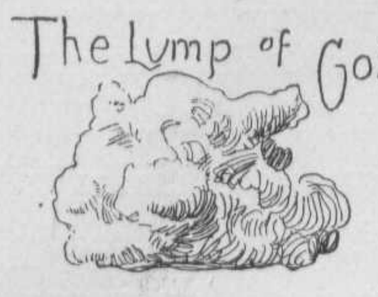
"The seasons" —

"Yes — and some time we will hear it, but not now. What else can you tell us?"

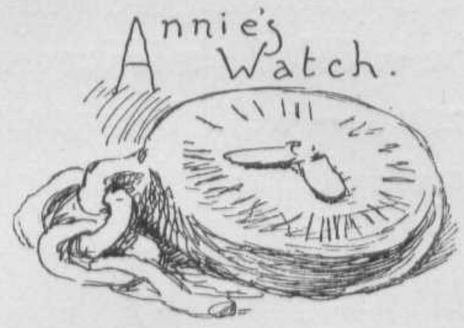
"About Columbus — and I like that best, too. Columbus thought about it a great deal. He thought the earth was round when all the others thought it was not. He didn't know there was any America then and there wasn't; but the land was there, only it was not



named yet. But he wanted to sail west and by and by he got some ships and they sailed and sailed from this pin head here — this is Spain, you know, over this way — west — till he came to this pin head, and that was a new land where only Indians lived — Columbus called them Indians, because he thought he had come to India by a different way; but he hadn't. He had found a new land."



Clara sat down having a happy consciousness that this time she had succeeded in keeping the thread of her story free from tangles.



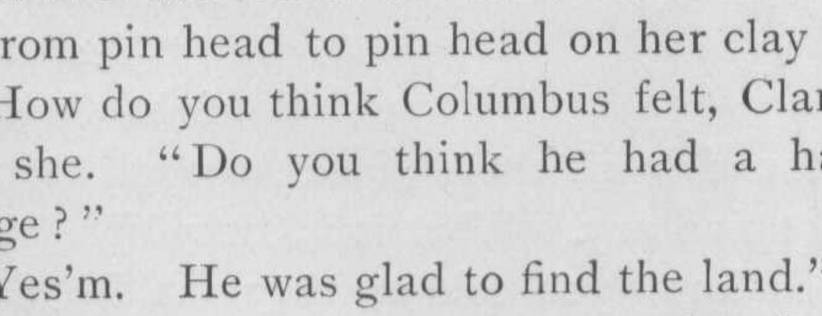
The visitor, who during the first recitation had looked dazed and bewildered by the ambiguous and startling statements which Clara poured forth with such amazing volubility, had rallied under the second edition, and she listened and watched with pleased interest as the little girl told the story and traced the course of that venturesome voyage from pin head to pin head on her clay ball.

"How do you think Columbus felt, Clara?" said she. "Do you think he had a happy voyage?"

"Yes'm. He was glad to find the land."

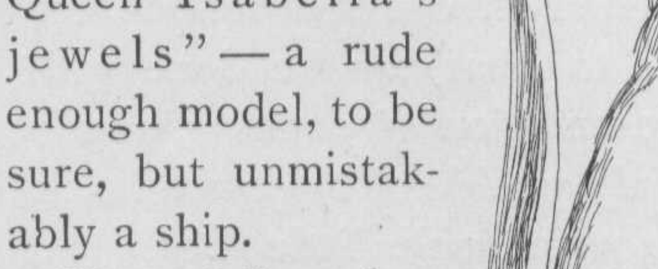
"Yes, at last; but how do you think he felt when the sailors were going to throw him overboard?"

Without answering this, the little sightless child called to her teacher in great excitement:

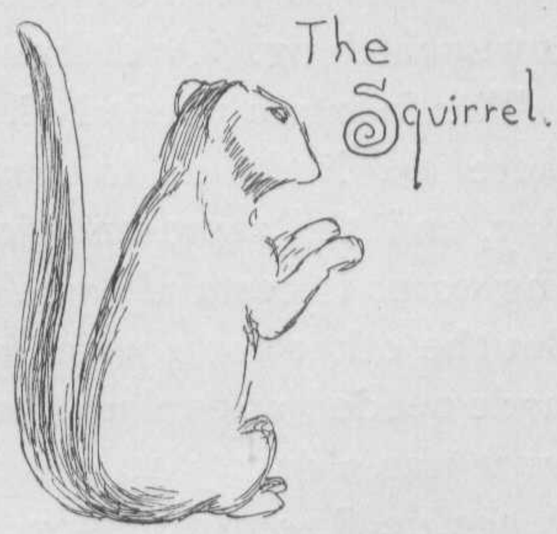


"Miss Raymond! Miss Raymond! Why, she knows about it too! Did you tell her?" Miss Raymond and the visitor exchanged amused glances, as the former quietly disclaimed having imparted the knowledge which Clara thought must have come from her.

"What I have made belongs with Clara's," said another little girl. "When Columbus talked to the king and queen of Spain about his plans, he wanted them to give him some money to buy ships with, but the king wouldn't. Then afterwards Queen Isabella (Ferdinand was the king's name) brought her box of jewels to Columbus and gave them to him — and when he sold them he had money enough to buy the ships. And I have made Queen Isabella's jewel-box." And so she had — a smooth oblong box with a thick cover and a sturdy handle.



Susie then showed a ship "bought with Queen Isabella's jewels" — a rude enough model, to be sure, but unmistakably a ship.



Then followed a little questioning from Miss Raymond, which brought out a few more facts and incidents concerning this time, even including some dates, and showed how real and live was the interest of the whole class in what they had been taught.



"My story is about some one who sailed with Columbus on one voyage," said a pale little scrap of a girl, as she arranged her board.

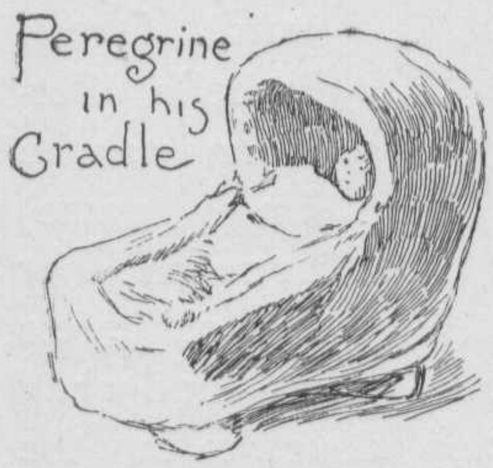
"Ponce de Leon! Ponce de Leon!" said the other children.

"Yes," said Miss Raymond. "Tell us about Ponce de Leon."

"The people used to talk a great deal about the new continent, and they seemed to think it was like fairyland, and that just as wonderful things were to be found there as



in fairyland. Some of the Spaniards thought there was a beautiful fountain that would make any one who should bathe in it young again. Ponce de Leon wanted to see if he could find this fountain. When he got near the land it was Easter Sunday (the Spaniards call it 'Pascua Florida,' or Flowery Easter), and all the land looked covered with flowers. So they named it Florida.



I have made two things, Miss Raymond. This big one is the Fountain of Youth which of course he did not find — of course there wasn't any such thing. And then I made this."

The fountain needed all our imagination, for there *are* limits as to what can be done with clay, and the representation of dancing, sparkling water is certainly outside of its possibilities. But the other form which pale little Delia had made needed no explanation or glamour of fancy, for it was a dainty little bunch of flowers which Ponce de Leon was supposed to have plucked — a couple of daisies, a wild rosebud, a sprig of lilac and a lilac leaf — so perfectly shaped and so prettily put together that it was a marvel to see.

"I think you must like flowers, little girl," said the visitor, thinking what close and patient observation, by the slender fingers which were blind Delia's only eyes, must have preceded this facile and correct reproduction.

"I do — I love them," said Delia simply.

"Can you tell what *this* is, Miss Raymond?" said Delia's next neighbor. "I had just a little clay left so I made it."



Pilgrim Rock.

"O yes! It is what caused the death of Ponce de Leon, is it not?"

"Yes'm; an arrowhead. The Indians shot him."

"I find Annie has the next story," said Miss Raymond, who had been inquiring among the children, and Annie rose. Upon her board was a rough lump of clay, and beside it a little watch, smooth and shapely, and with one or two disproportionately stupendous links attached.

"Another explorer came to Florida," began Annie, "but he went a good deal farther. His name was De Soto, and he came especially to see if he could find gold. He had a good many men with him, and they traveled for many months — ever so far. At last they came to a very large river — it was the Mississippi River, and it is the longest river in the world. They kept on exploring till De Soto died, and then they buried him in the river. And then they did not explore any more. I thought this could be a lump of gold ore" — and Annie picked up the carefully misshapen bit of clay; "and this watch — well, I made that because watches are made of the gold that De Soto wanted to find."

"Has gold been found in America?" asked Miss Raymond.

"O yes! In California and Mexico and Colorado — and in Nevada too, though there's much more silver there."



"Yes, that is right. Gold has been found in all these places, though De Soto did not find any. What is it, Lucy?"

"You know you told us they put De Soto's body in the bark of a tree — well, I've made it this way."

She had flattened a piece of clay, roughened it on one side, and then rolled it loosely over, and it certainly was not an untrue representation of that rude casing which closed round the body of the brave adventurer before it was lowered into the great river.

"Lucy may tell us about the name Mississippi — what does it mean?"

"Why — it is an Indian name, but I don't know what it means." And as no one in the class seemed to know, Miss Raymond concluded she had not told them.

"It is a good name for so long a river," she said. "It means 'The Father of Waters.'"

"But Miss Raymond," said Jenny explosively, "if it means the 'Father of Waters' I should think it would be *Mr.* Sippi, and not *Mrs.*

Sippi!" A little spelling lesson on the name ensued, and Jenny seemed more reconciled.

"Now, although we have not told all the earliest stories, we will not use more time in merely discovering and exploring the country," said Miss Raymond, looking at her watch. "What kind of people — all may answer — did the explorers find in America?"

"Indians," chorused the class.



"Yes; and now each one may tell something about the Indians. Clara, begin."

"They lived in wigwams."

"They had picture-writing."

"They could run sixty miles a day."

"They had snowshoes, and wore feathers instead of hats.

"They could neither read nor write."

"The babies were strapped on boards and carried on the women's backs."

"They ate with their fingers."

"They had skins of beasts around their wigwams."

"They wore moccasins."

"They used shells for money — called it wampum."

"To cook beans, they put hot stones in to heat the water."

"Longfellow wrote about them — and — can we go around the class again, Miss Raymond? We know so many things about the Indians."

"Yes, I know you do; but just now you may tell us something you remember from what I read to you of Longfellow's poem."

Thereupon Martha, evidently enjoying the story, told the origin of "Nokomis" — how she was swinging in a grape-vine up in the moon and fell down to the earth — but carefully explained that this was only an Indian legend and "not true history like our other stories." Then she told of Hiawatha's home where he and his old grandmother Nokomis lived, with the "shining Big-Sea-Water" in front, and the pine forest behind.

As Martha took her seat, up came a hand from the child next her, a dear roly-poly of a little girl, with a merry twinkling face.

"I've made something that belongs to this story:

> 'Then the little Hiawatha
> Learned of every bird its language,'

and I've made a bird."

"And can you tell us that part of the poem, Tillie?"

"O yes!" said Tillie — and accordingly recited:

> "Then the little Hiawatha
> Learned of every bird its language,
> Learned their names and all their secrets,
> How they built their nests in summer,
> Where they hid themselves in winter,
> Talked with them whene'er he met them,
> Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'"

"So you made one of his chickens, did you? And is that something else on your board?"

"Yes; that is for the line

> 'How they built their nests in summer,'"

And Tillie held up a pretty nest with four smooth little eggs in it. As might be supposed the nest was a greater success than the bird, and yet the bird, although you had no fear of its flying away, had a decidedly bird-like look as it perched on the edge of the nest on its two little wooden pegs of legs.



"Minnie, you may go on with the poem," and while Minnie recited in vivacious tones:

> "Of all beasts he learned the language,
> Learned their names and all their secrets,
> How the beavers built their lodges,
> Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
> How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
> Why the rabbit was so timid,
> Talked with them whene'er he met them,
> Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers,'"

Miss Raymond and the visitor looked on Minnie's board with much pleasure, for there stood a

very small squirrel with a tail of magnificent proportions and a pair of fascinating little paws, while the rest of her clay, to the last crumb, had been used for acorns, the cups being carefully roughened with a pin. The "timid rabbit" was also represented, but as he had legs of even length there was a short digression into Natural History, that the child's false idea might be corrected.



The Beacon

Then Clara presented a comical little clay figure which she announced was Hiawatha himself.

This finished the illustration of the poem, and Miss Raymond called for the next story.

Helen was instantly on her feet, seeming sure that her opportunity had come.

"The Pilgrims were the first people to settle in Massachusetts," said Helen. "They had left England because when they were there they had to go to a particular kind of church, and they thought it was right to worship in other ways. So some of them went to Holland because there they could have whatever church they liked. But after a while they wanted to go away from Holland because their children had no English schools to go to and would grow up like Dutch people instead of like English people.

"And so they thought they would go to America and make a real home instead of just staying in Holland. The ship that started from Holland had to go back, but the *Mayflower*, which sailed from England, got to Plymouth Dec. 21st, 1620.

"There was a baby on board, and they named him 'Peregrine,' because they had had such peregrinations, or wanderings about. And I have made 'Peregrine White's cradle.' And Miss Raymond, see! he's asleep in it — I put a little blanket over him, too!"

Just as Helen finished and triumphantly displayed "baby, cradle and all," the electric bell sent its whirring, clanging call through the schoolhouse. It seemed no welcome sound to the little clay modelers, but though a few ejaculations of disappointment escaped them one child called out cheerily "Another day!" and the momentary cloud was chased away by the happy anticipation of the sure return of another kindergarten-hour on the morrow. A few hurried words from one and another about the unexplained forms on their boards, a little bustle and clatter as the children trooped downstairs to the playground, and teacher and visitor were alone.

As Miss Raymond collected the clay the visitor saw many forms no less interesting than those of which the children had told stories. "Plymouth Rock" was there with a rude 1620 scratched on it with a pin; also a miniature church.

"Jenny said this was the Pilgrims' meeting-house and schoolhouse too," explained Miss Raymond.

"And here is an ear of corn which Kate has made very carefully kernel by kernel. This was probably to illustrate the Indians' kindness to the white strangers — giving them corn and other things. With this farmer's rake Lizzie would have told us of the scarcity of food and need of agriculture. This book, Delia told me, was Blackstone's Bible. She thought he must have had a Bible as he was such a good man! We should have had some stories of early Boston with Blackstone's Bible and with this beacon. Do see this!"

The "beacon" was a triumph. It consisted of a thick upright column of clay with an arm extended, on which was hung a tiny kettle to hold the burning tar. A larger kettle which had evidently proved too heavy to hang from the beam was also on this board.



A Pine Tree Shilling

"And this must be a Pine-tree Shilling?"

"Yes; they enjoyed that lesson very much when we had it; and they would not forget to tell you that Laura Bridgman lent them a real 'Pine-tree Shilling' to model from, for they thought that highly interesting. Now I think we have seen them all," said Miss Raymond, dropping the shilling into a jar which had

already received the earth, Queen Isabella's jewel-box, Peregrine's cradle, and all the rest.

"I do not think I had ever realized before that American History contained such a series of fascinating stories," said the visitor, "and I agree with Jenny, that she and the other little blind girls 'can do anything with clay.' But do you ever use other kindergarten material than clay in these lessons?"

"O yes, indeed," answered Miss Raymond. "We use each material in its turn, and whether it be weaving or sewing, blocks, planes, sticks or rings, it always serves admirably in illustrating the story as you have seen the clay do to-day."

It should be borne in mind that the little girls who were studying American history after this fashion were blind girls, many of whom (having been wholly neglected at home and lacking besides that inestimable part of education which every seeing child gains through the sense of sight), are so untrained and undeveloped that they need the wise methods and genial culture of the kindergarten as much as young children do.

But as they cannot enter Perkins Institution till at least ten years of age, they have, from the mere fact of years, a degree of maturity of mind which must also be considered in their introduction to study.

It is to meet this paradoxical condition of mind that Miss Raymond not only gives the children the ordinary kindergarten instruction, but supplements it with lessons on some special subject, treated objectively by means of kindergarten materials.

Emilie Poulsson.

NEWSPAPER WORKERS.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

AMONG all the professions that have been opened to women during the past few years, none seems on first sight so tempting as that of newspaper work. I do not say "journalism," for that is a term with which I have little sympathy. It is too dilettanti; too little expressive of the real thing. Your genuine newspaper worker is an honest worker; there's no make believe about him or her. As for your "journalist," well, he's very likely to think more of his title than his achievement. One of the best editors whom it is my good fortune to know, has a fashion of saying, if any one speaks of a "journalist" to him, "Oh! a journalist, is he? Well, he won't suit me, I'm afraid; what I'm looking for is a good, wide-awake newspaper man."

So what I want to talk to you about is newspaper work. In the beginning, by way of preface or apology, I am going to say that there is some danger that there will be a good deal of "I" in this paper. But as most of it is drawn from personal experience, the presence of this obtrusive little personal pronoun cannot very well be helped.

There is more than one reason why this profession should be regarded as a pleasant one, although it is a question whether the reasons are "good and sufficient." In most cases they are based on wrong premises, and are arrived at through ignorance of the whole affair. In the first place many persons think it an easy way to earn a livelihood; they think the remuneration greater than it really is; others think it a work that brings influence with it, and still others regard it as a somewhat less objectionable mode of work than that done with the hands, and are very fond of setting off mental labor against the purely manual labor. Others again are ambitious of position and think it a fine thing to have, as they term it, "the public ear." Now anybody, man or woman, who takes up this profession with any ideas of this kind is very far astray, and will make a speedy and signal failure.

It is one of the best professions in the world.

It is one which catches and holds the enthusiasm of its workers as nothing else does. It opens possibilities of attainment that are undreamed of when the first steps are taken. But it is a profession that must be undertaken with humility of spirit, and treated always with the highest respect. It cannot be used as a makeshift; it will do nothing for the one who takes it up carelessly, or to serve a purpose, and drops it after the purpose is served, or some other position won. It gives much to its honest workers, but to the others it refuses its best gifts.

After twenty years of constant work in the profession which I chose when very few young women had dreamed of choosing it, I am come more than ever to believe that it is a profession specially suited to the woman who suits it. You see I don't say all women, for not all women will make successful newspaper workers, any more than all men will. It is not an easy work, albeit it is fascinating. It, more nearly than any other I know, will answer the description given of women's work in the old doggerel which ran,

> "Man's work is from sun to sun,
> Woman's work is never done."

This is really true of newspaper work. It is literally never done. Your paper goes on through everything; it is printed every day, and sometimes several times a day, as in the case of the paper with which I am connected, *The Boston Herald*, which has eight editions every day. Can you understand what that means? Something fresh and new in every one. The last incident caught even in its happening, chronicled in white heat, and put before the waiting public before it is two hours old. Nothing must escape; every class in the community must be looked after from the merchant-prince to the rag-picker. Do you realize what this requires? Quickness, alertness, and more than that, if you will let me coin a word, *aliveness*. A readiness to do whatever may come to you, to turn out an interesting story on any subject, to make the most of trifling incident, in short, to give *value* to every piece of work put into your hand to do.

Here, for instance, is a sample of what may come to a worker, what has come, in fact; and it is no exaggeration. Busy on a "special," as a long article to be ready for use at any time, is called, you are interrupted by the call from the managing editor's desk. You answer the summons and find your superior officer with an open letter in his hand.

"I have just heard," he says, "that there is every likelihood that Mrs. —— will be put on nomination for the School Board. It is to be done suddenly, and isn't generally known. We want to be prepared for the emergency, so will you go out and get a sketch of her to use this afternoon? Get a full column, more if you can, and see what her views are on such and such points," naming them over. "And, by the way, such a person," naming some distinguished individual, "is to arrive this afternoon. Can't you see him and get a little interview? Have it for the morning. Perhaps you'd better go to the station to meet the train; and while you're waiting you might run into Harmony Hall and see what is going on there."

Well, off you go. To facilitate matters you take a carriage and go to the house of the proposed candidate for school committee. She has just gone to see some one who is interested in her nomination, and off you start after her. Perhaps you catch her at this point, and perhaps, which is much more likely, you have to follow her elsewhere. You find her, get your points speedily, back you go to your desk, formulating your sketch in your mind meanwhile. It's pretty near lunch time; but there's no time to think of anything but that sketch; there is a little over an hour in which to catch the edition you want, and at least a column to be written. You lock your door and begin. Somebody knocks, and you keep on writing; nothing short of the crack of doom or the managing editor's bell will stop your pen. You and Time are having a fine race, and, being a true newspaper worker, you win. Hurrah! the last line is written, five minutes to spare. You carry the copy to "the desk," there's no time for blue pencil, and up it goes to the composing room.

And now for a good luncheon. But what is this? The city editor appears; somebody is ill, an assignment overlooked; won't you take it, please? There's really nobody else; every one is out or busy "catching the edition." It will take you a mile in the opposite direction

from which you are to go to capture your "interview" that is coming on the train; good-by, luncheon. A cup of coffee, or a plate of soup is hastily swallowed, if there is that time to spare, if not you go without it. You get the points needed, write them out on your lap in the horse-cars, then go on to the interview, with "Harmony Hall" by way of diversion. Luckily for you there isn't much going on there — a paragraph will dispose of it — so on you go. You are in time for the train, you look about, there's nobody from any other newspaper there. Your spirits rise, you've scored a point. In comes the train. Your "interview" is amenable, asks you to drive to the hotel and talk on the way. It's astonishing how much information you can get in a very little time. Correct information too, just what your public wants. And here is a point which I desire to give to the would-be newspaper girl. You are of little value to your paper unless the information you get is perfectly correct and reliable, and unless you know and understand the points which the public and the paper not only want to know, but have the right to know.

Well, you go back with your material and write out your interview. Perhaps you think since that is done you will be at liberty. It may be that you will; and it may be also that you will be asked to go somewhere in the evening and write an account of a lecture, a party, a convention, a fancy fair, or a revival. That is the newspaper day, and pretty much every day. Now whatever else you may believe, do not take it up thinking that the work is light or easy, for you will have a sad and speedy awakening.

In regard to any personal gain of influence or recognition, that comes slowly. In taking a position on a newspaper you are but one of many workers, and you have your own place to make. In the first place you must make yourself of value to your employers, your editors. You must show them that you have within you the quality which will when it has had experience develop into good working power. This you must prove in small ways before you will be given large opportunities. The mere fact that you have been taken on to a paper does not make you a newspaper woman. You are "on trial" merely, and you must prove your mettle well before you are admitted fully to the inner circle, and recognized as an accepted worker. Some women who have an ambition to be "journalists," seem to think that the whole thing is accomplished if they can write something that is printed, and then have personal notes of themselves put into the papers, saying of them that "Miss Assurance of the *Tattler*" says so and so. Nobody knows who Miss Assurance is, but what does she care? She has been in print. She calls that "being famous," and she speaks of her connection with the *Tattler* in a way that is very funny to those who know the truth of the matter; namely, that this "connection" consists of the acceptance of an unpaid contribution, or the occasional request for the notice of a small concert or an insignificant book, the payment consisting in a couple of tickets for the entertainment, or the volume to be reviewed. It seems queer that persons should be content to pose as "journalists" on such very slim pretenses as these, but there are many who do, and I don't want any of my girls to join this army of incompetent hangers-on and make-believes. In the next paper I will deal with something beside negatives, and tell you what you must do, if you are ready to become conscientious, honest, newspaper workers.

Sallie Joy White.

YOU have often seen the rainbow in the sky —
Have you ever seen the rainbows of your eye?
Just droop your lashes low
When the sun is shining — so —
And you'll see them — rows and rows
Of the brightest Baby Bows!

M. J. H.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(Ways To Do Things.)

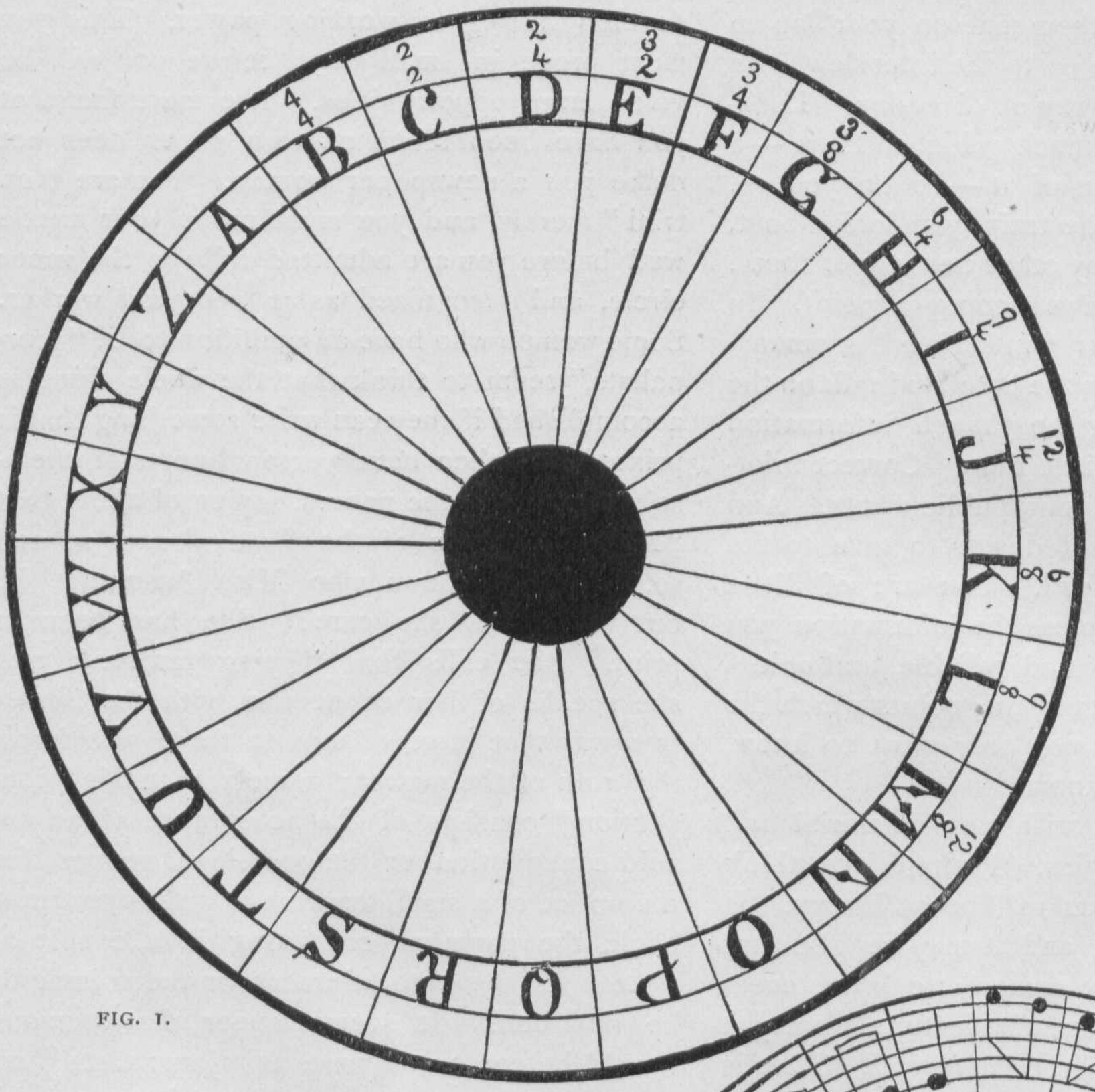


FIG. 1.

PROCURE a round piece of card or pasteboard (*Fig.* 1), then draw two circles near the edge and divide them into twenty-six equal divisions. In each of these divisions in the inner circle place one of the letters of the alphabet, and in the outer circle the figures for "time" as they are given in the diagram. Next take another piece of card or pasteboard and cut it round so as to fit inside the two circles of *Fig.* 1, then draw five circles at the edge and divide them into twenty-six equal divisions, the same as with *Fig.* 1. In these divisions place the musical notes as in *Fig.* 2.

After placing the notes properly, draw another circle half way in toward the center of the card, place the two clefs on the inside of the circle, and blacken the center, as shown in the diagram. After doing this take the two pieces of pasteboard or card and fasten the centers together with a pin or eyelet so the smaller one can be turned (*Fig.* 3).

The person you wish to correspond with must have a similar dial. When you want to write a letter you first rule

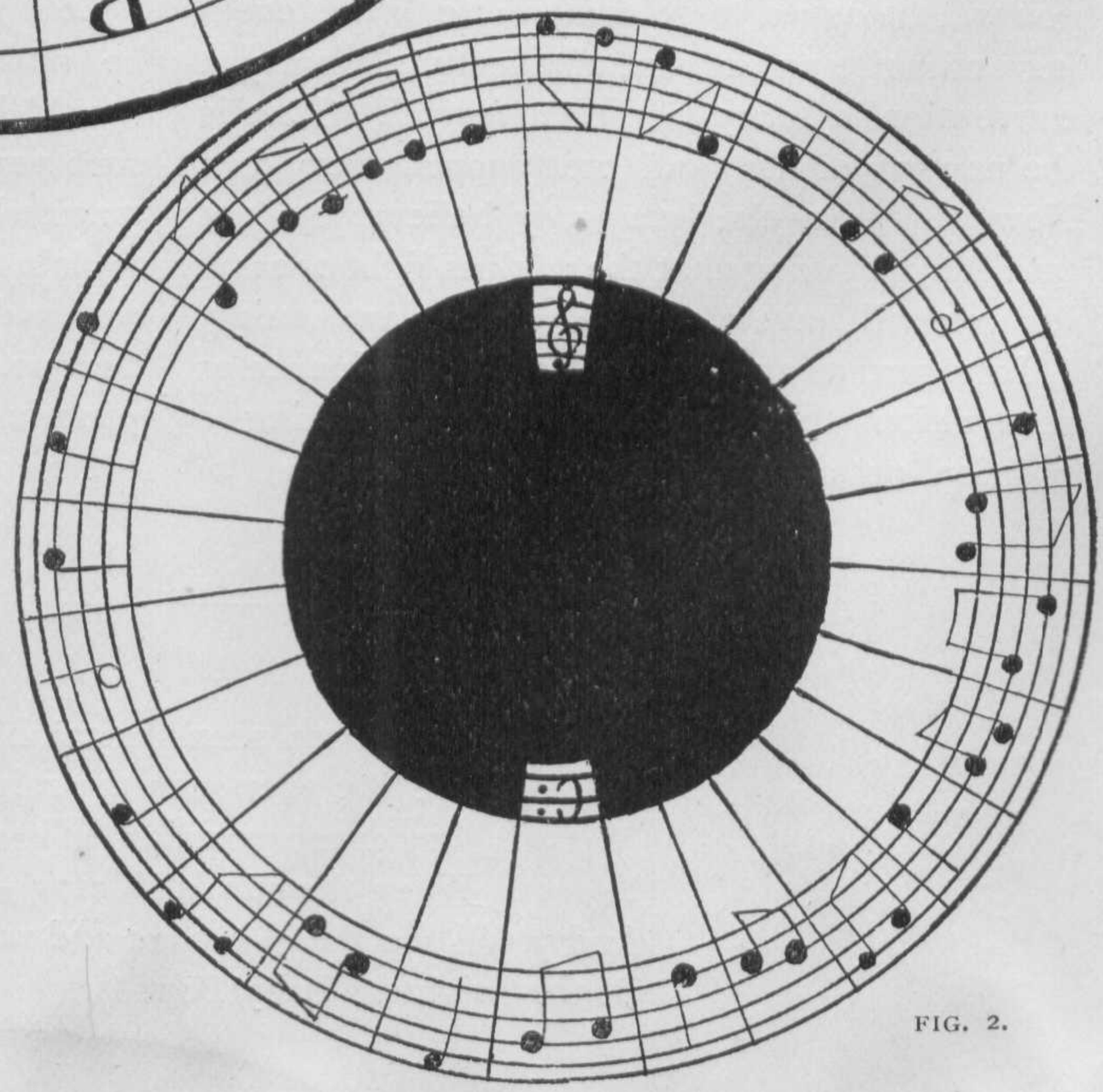


FIG. 2.

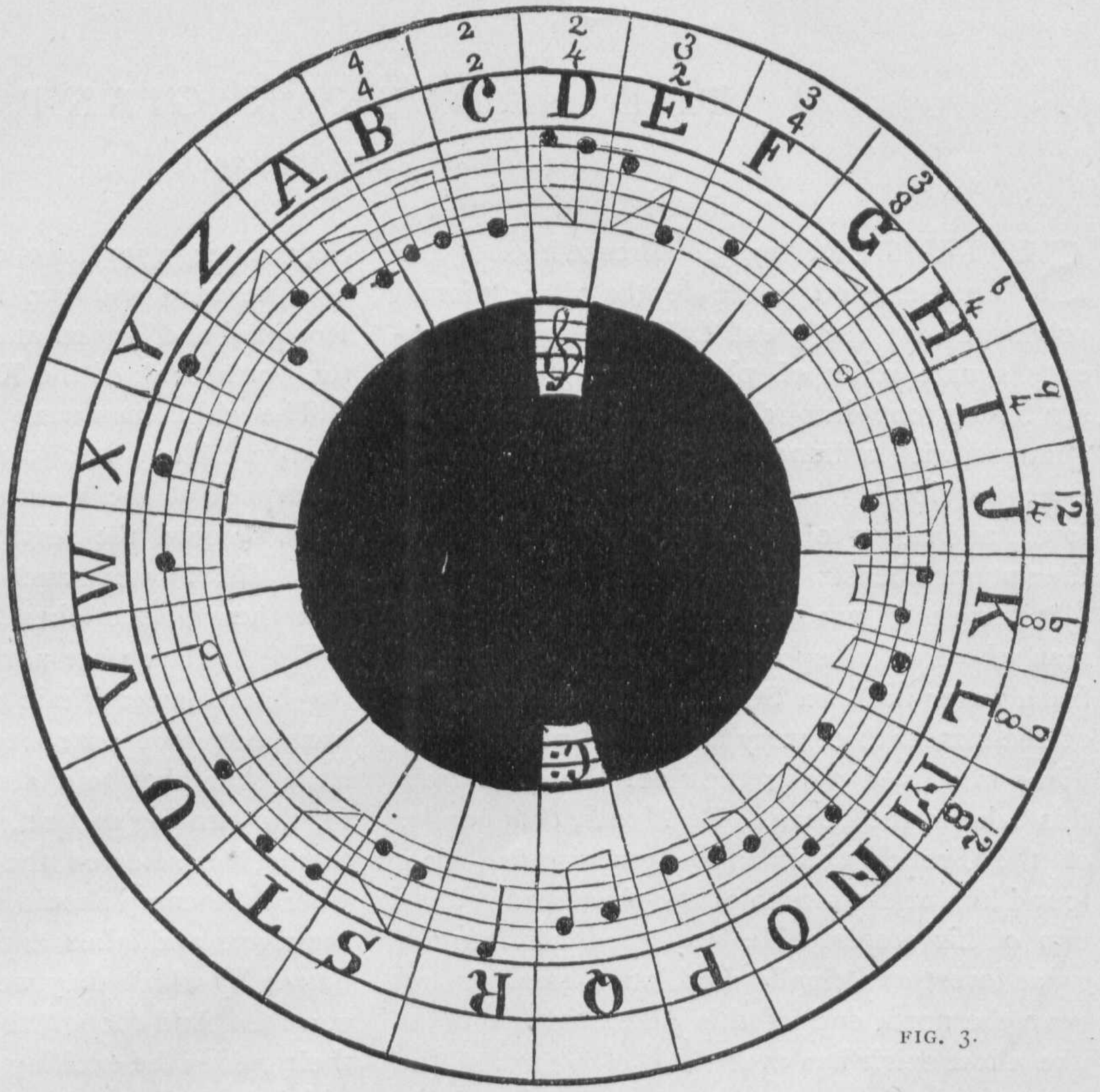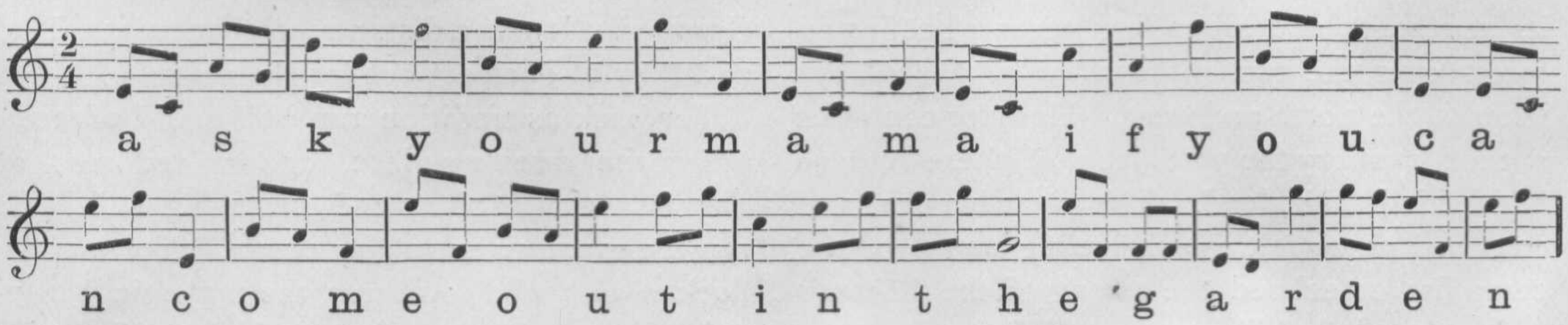


FIG. 3.

the paper with lines in groups of five, as in music, placing the clef and time at the beginning, so your friend will know how to set his dial. If at the beginning of your letter you place the treble clef 𝄞 and $\frac{2}{2}$ time your friend must turn the center piece of card or pasteboard until the treble clef 𝄞 is exactly under the $\frac{2}{2}$ time, and the same also with the bass clef 𝄢. Suppose you wish to communicate the following: "Ask your mamma if you can come out in the garden." You will perhaps begin with the treble clef 𝄞 and $\frac{2}{4}$ time; this will let your friend know that in order to read the notes he must place the treble clef 𝄞 of his dial exactly under the time division $\frac{2}{4}$ 𝄞 as shown in the diagram. Then for the words, "Ask your," you write the notes in the same divisions as the letters of these words, as follows:



and so on until you finish the letter. Your friend, after placing his dial correctly will discover that  stands for *a*  for *s* and so on. We give the whole sentence below, with the letters under the musical notes as your friend would write them in translating your message. This correspondence is very simple and extremely interesting. It only requires a little care to prove a success. There is is nothing hard about it. No boy or girl of a dozen years will find any difficulty in writing or reading communications based on the notes and alphabet.



THE MUSICAL MESSAGE AND ITS TRANSLATION.

B.

THE KADUSKAK GIANT.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

SEPTEMBER, 1795. Breeze-kissed and azure-crested, in the depths of the "forest primeval" lay the great Lake Rosignol. Seventy square miles of placid pure fresh water, stretching out into deep shadowy bays and gemmed with a hundred tree-crowned islands. Over its rippling surface swam the wary wild fowls, and down to its white sand shores came the untamed beasts to drink of its limpid waters.

"Rosignol" was the name of the first white man who looked upon this, the largest area of fresh water in Nova Scotia. In the latter part of the sixteenth century he traded with the Indians who lived along the river that runs from this lake to the ocean. De Monts, commander of the French colonization emprise in 1604, found him at the mouth of the river, and robbed him of his stores. He wandered off into the great forest and finally died, on a small island near the north end of this lake, and his name like a lost spirit has ever since clung to its blue waters and echoed among its surrounding hills.

On the western shore is a deep and narrow rapid stream or channel, which discharges into Lake Rosignol the great volume of water of the chain of lakes to the north. This stream cuts through a narrow ridge of land which forms a dam, holding back the water and raising it many feet above the lower lake, hence the roaring rapidity of the water, designated by the Indians "Kaduskak," which means "screecher."

To the north of this Kaduskak was a great hard-wood hill, rising toward the sky like the dome of some vast edifice, throwing giant shadows deep down in the dusky water of Rosignol on its southeast, and spreading acres of reflected forest over the twilight surface of the silvery lakes to the north and west. Here for centuries out of memory the wild men of these regions had buried their dead. The great beeches and oaks had never felt the shriveling smoke of the camp fire or echoed the twang of the hunter's bow; the whole hill was Sacred Ground.

Early in the forenoon of this twentieth day of September, 1795, two canoes, each containing a white man and two Indians, came up Lake Rosignol and landed at the foot of the hill, near the north bank of the Kaduskak.

The white men were Frenchmen lately from France. They had come to this place from Liverpool at the mouth of the river, and had there secured the services of the Indians, who were old hunters and experienced guides, to take them up the lakes.

The Indians were not long in finding out that the handsome athletic men whom they served were not only practiced huntsmen, but knew more than they told about the locality chosen for the hunting ground. For the strangers had themselves selected the place to land, directed where the camp should be built, and designated the rivers and lakes and point of land with the names by which they were known to the Indian people. And though they enjoyed as keenly as their guides the exciting contests with the moose which the Indians with their long birchbark cones would call up just at daydawn, they spent most of their time alone, and often for whole days staid on the great hill, among the graves under the fine old trees, as if in search of something.

One day one of the Indians who saw them thus raking among the dead leaves, said: "Long ago — one time — Indian findem here very fine small gun — maybe you findem nother."

The men were at once eager and full of questions about the gun, and learned that it had been picked up by an Indian, then Chief of the Micmacs, named Alexis, and that he lived at Liverpool Ponhook, now called Indian Gardens. It was a distance of about nine miles, and they at once set out for the place.

Far back as tradition ran, this spot had been a favorite dwelling-place for the red men of Acadia. South of it and swarming with fish, ran the great river to the ocean. North of it, flecked with wild fowl, was the majestic Rosignol. East and west were vast forests filled with moose and caribou and smaller game. Thus

surrounded and supported, here lived and loved and died these wild forest dwellers, now nearly exterminated.

The old chief was soon found and received his visitors like one who extends rather than accepts patronage.

At first he stolidly refused to let the strangers even see the small gun. A rich present at length persuaded him, and he brought from its place of safety a pistol of large caliber, richly mounted in gold and silver and mother-of-pearl, such as was carried about the middle of the seventeenth century by the French nobility.

The firearm was in good keeping, and evidently highly prized by its present possessor.

The Frenchmen offered to buy it, at the Indian's own price. "Me no sell 'em," said the chief. "Me find 'em — no mine. Maybe man who lose come some day, then I give 'em him — no sell um, not mine — I find 'em."

Seeing that no persuasion of money could induce the chief to part with the weapon, the Frenchmen said: "Well, I tell you a story, then perhaps you sell me the gun."

"May be," said the Indian, "I give you otter skin, if good story; but not sell you gun."

"You know," said one of the men, "forty years ago my people, the French, were very many in this country — thirty thousand. In September that year British men from Massachusetts, not soldiers, but volunteers, commanded by Colonel Winslow, came here, and by telling lies in the king's name took most of the people prisoners and put them on board vessels and landed them in strange countries, without food or money, so many of them perished from want.

"At Grand Pré the people were first taken, then at Chignecto, and then at Port Royal. Soon as the people at Port Royal knew what had been done at Grand Pré they held councils. Some wanted to go to France in a ship then in the harbor, others wished to go to the woods and remain concealed until the soldiers had left and then return.

"Among those who wanted to go in the ship was a young man from Paris, named Pierre Alençon, the youngest son of Count Alençon of France. This young man was an artist. He had been in this country three years taking sketches and making pictures of the scenery.

"After two years he was ready to return to France; but at Grand Pré he made acquaintance with a young girl whom he met at the house of the village curé. This girl's name was Pauline. She was the child of a French girl who had been taken captive by the Iroquois Indians at a battle with the Micmacs, and forced to marry a young brave of that tribe. When she was ten years old her mother died, and soon after her father was killed in battle. She had no home, and wandered back to her mother's people, living sometimes with them and sometimes with the Micmac Indians.

"Pauline was beautiful, like the wild flowers and birds; when the artist saw her he loved her, but knew he could never marry her. Pauline did not know or understand the bar of nobility, and loved the artist without hinderance of thought.

"A year of this acquaintance passed. During the summer Pauline had been at Port Royal with her mother's people; and on this afternoon of September, 1755, was among the Acadians.

"She and the artist were apart from the others near the edge of the forest, and Alençon was persuading the girl to go with him in the ship to France. But his persuasions were useless; she would go, but only as his wife.

"While he was anxiously talking there came upon the air the sharp twang of a bow-string, and an arrow passed through his body and fell to the ground a few yards distant. The girl gave a loud cry of alarm. Her alarm was not alone for the wounded artist, but for her own safety. She knew well only one man in the country could send an arrow with such force, and he was the hated Iroquois giant, Plasquit."

The old chief had listened indifferently and in silence. But at the mention of Plasquit he turned his face a little toward the story-teller.

"This man," continued the Frenchman, "was now in the service of the British, as a guide and spy. He had followed the girl two years, and claimed her for his wife because her father was an Iroquois and he an Iroquois brave.

"Her cry brought instant assistance from the group of men near, and it was soon found that the arrow was not barbed, and the wound not certainly fatal. The giant had been concealed in the woods near by, and fled as soon as he saw that his arrow had done its fatal work.

"In the same hour came tidings from the town that the soldiers were marching upon the settlement, and a vessel was at the entrance of the harbor to prevent escape by sea.

"There was left them no alternative but to flee to the woods. By dark they collected what arms they had, and as much provision as they could carry, and set out for a hiding-place in the depths of the great forests to the south of them. The wounded artist was carried on a kind of handbarrow hastily constructed out of such materials as were near at hand.

"Some friendly Micmacs accompanied them as guides and advisers. Great care was taken to leave no trail. The Indians knew the country well, and led them over the hard land, among the rocks and large old trees, so that no footprint could be found; and no one was allowed to pluck a leaf or break a branch.

"By dawn they had made six miles. The next night seven more miles, and they reached a small stream on the south side of the mountain. Here they prepared to camp and keep concealed from the soldiers should they attempt to hunt them out. The third day two of the Indians who had gone to the town returned with the news that Plasquit with some of the soldiers were about to beat the woods in search of them. From the soldiers alone they had not much fear; they had already grown weary of the cruel work and would do no more than reluctantly obey orders. But the giant Plasquit had an enemy to kill, and a prize to capture, and he would assuredly find them.



PAULINE GAVE A LOUD CRY.

"It was clear that they must either return to the settlement and give themselves up, or make a forced march through the forest to the Atlantic coast, a distance of about fifty miles; and they decided to make the march.

"But the artist was now in the delirium of fever and could not be carried. Pauline and two Micmacs volunteered to remain with him and take their chances of escaping Plasquit.

"There were two canoes at the headwater of the river, two miles distant. To these the people helped carry the sick man, placed him in one of them, and some provisions in the other. The two Indians were each armed with a toma-

hawk and bow and arrow, and woodman's axe. The only firearms in their possession was an army pistol, always carried by the artist, and now stuck in the belt of Pauline's dress."

"Uough," said the Indian, and this time turned his face full toward the story-teller.

"For three days they paddled the canoes south, down the streams and through the lakes, till they came to the burying-ground at Kaduskak. There they landed and built a camp near the east shore of the stream. Here they considered themselves safe even from Plasquit. They had left no trail, and he could not know that they were not with the people who had marched across the country.

"The artist was still delirious. For two weeks they staid there, unmolested, Pauline caring for the sick man, and the two Indians providing the food and guarding the camp.

"One afternoon as they watched, they saw a raft of logs floating down the lake toward the Kaduskak. It was far up the lake, but was slowly approaching the shore near their camp, although the wind was blowing up the lake.

"A raft on a lake, with no one to propel it and going against the wind, was enough to put these red men on their guard. One of them climbed a spruce-tree, and after watching for some time until the raft drew nearer, saw lying flat among the logs that were piled along the sides, the huge body of Plasquit, and beside him four soldiers and five muskets.

"Certain that they were discovered, the Indians and Pauline set themselves to work to defend the camp. It was useless to attempt escape.

"Before dark the wind suddenly increased to a furious gale, and raised such a sea that the raft began to break up, and its occupants were forced to cling to the separate logs and allow themselves to drift before the wind, which landed them toward morning on the southwest shore of the lake.

"There was lying in the rapid stream, and reaching nearly across it, a large tree that had blown down in the gale that broke up the raft. This tree would form a bridge for Plasquit and his men to cross. White men in this situation might have cut the tree from its roots and sent it adrift; not so the Micmacs. From it to the camp was about three hundred steps, through trees that were set close together. All day the Indians and Pauline cut and twisted withes, and tied them from tree to tree, between this landing place and the camp, about as high as a man's knee from the ground. In and out, in every direction these wood ropes were woven, like a net, always across the way from the tree to the camp, but open at the ends so the Indians could run in between them and strike a man who would be tripped by going against them. They were the color of the trees among which they twined, and could not be seen in the night.

"This done, Pauline, under the directions of the artist, who had in the anxiety of the work rallied considerably, drew from the pistol the load, picked the flint, and carefully reloaded it with two balls and as heavy a charge of powder as it would safely carry. Then they watched and waited the attack. It came that night.

"As the Indians expected, Plasquit chose the fallen tree to cross the channel. Leading his men, and waiting on the shore till all were at his side, with a whoop like the bellow of a bull he sprang, hatchet in hand, among the trees; only to find himself thrown headlong on the ground, and by the time he got to his feet to see two of his men dispatched with tomahawks.

"He sprang back to the bank, seized his musket and fired at one of the Indians as he was driving his tomahawk into the head of another of the soldiers. The Indian fell, but at the same time the remaining soldier was killed by the other Indian.

"Again Plasquit seized his hatchet, and rushed against the network. It gave way before his great strength as if the withes were threads of tow. The surviving Indian feared to attack him, and in a moment he was at the last rope next the camp.

"There Pauline met him, with the pistol in her right hand. The withe gave way as had the others, and with a yell of triumph he sprang forward and clasped the girl in his giant arms, and the same instant fell to the ground with two bullets through his heart. Pauline following the artist's instructions fired when the muzzle of the pistol was almost against his breast.

"The arms tightened around her as death convulsed the great muscular frame, and she fell

to the earth with him. When the Indian came to rescue her he found her pale and cold and covered with blood, and he supposed her dead.

"The suspense and terror of the fight had stupefied the artist, and he lay all through the night unconscious. When he came out of the stupor at daydawn, his quick ear caught the sound of Pauline's voice. Thoughtless of his condition he rose and walked to the place where she lay, locked fast in the dead giant's arms. She had but fainted with the fright of her situation and the deed she had done, and for three hours had lain in that condition.

"The Indian had fallen asleep, but wakened and hastened to the spot, and together they sought to extricate the girl from the dead embrace. Their united strength was not enough to bend the giant arms now stiffened in death, and they were forced to break them with a hatchet. Pauline was unhurt.

"The Indian buried his companion, and secured the guns of the soldiers, and their ammunition. Then taking the largest canoe, he and Pauline placed the Frenchman on the bottom, and taking their positions, each with a paddle, at either end, they started off down the great lake, toward the river that ran to the sea.

"At that time there was no settlement at this place, but they found there a vessel nearly ready to sail for France, loaded with fish, and valuable skins purchased from the Indians.

"From the night of the fight at Kaduskak, the young artist had been constantly growing better, and had by this time nearly got back his usual strength. Among those who were to take passage in the ship was a missionary priest who had been out for some years with the Micmacs and was now about to return to France. Pierre Alençon's proud family had now no weight when put in the balance against the girl's love and bravery in risking life and honor for his sake. He asked her to marry him, and the same day the missionary priest made them man and wife.

"When they bade the brave and faithful Micmac good-by, and gathered up the few things they wished to take with them, they then for the first time missed the pistol with which Pauline shot the giant. The loss of it was a great grief to the artist, for the weapon was of great value. It had been made by a wonderful gunsmith and the stock was inlaid with gold and silver."

"Uough!" repeated the Indian.

"Neither of them had seen it after the shooting. There was no time to make search, and they sailed for France without it and never came back. But two of their sons came. *We* are the children of Pauline and Pierre Alençon. We will give you great price for this pistol. It is the one our mother killed the giant Plasquit with."

"Your father alive?" asked the old Indian.

"Our father died three years ago."

"Your mother alive?"

"She was when we left France."

The old chief handed the pistol to the man who told the story. "You take it France," he said, "give it your mother — tell her I keep it for owner — owner dead, now hers — good-by."

No persuasions could make him take anything in return, and the strangers were obliged to leave without rewarding this old king of the forest for his stolid adherence to do right.

About ten years ago there went from Milton in Queen's County, up the river to Indian Gardens, a party of gentlemen on a hunting tramp. Among the party was a professor of a Western College, who wished to get a skeleton of a male Micmac Indian. He and two others of the party concluded to rob the burying-ground at Kaduskak. They opened a very long mound, and found complete a massive skeleton, with the bones of both arms broken.

An old Micmac named Cobleale Glode (who has since died) was asked about this giant skeleton. "Uough," said he, "Plasquit!" and told the story substantially as told here; he said he was told it by the old Chief Alexis.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the old Sagomo heard the story from the Frenchmen, and the lumberman's axe and scathing fires have denuded the islands and forests along the shores of Rosignol. But the breeze still dimples its surface, and the little waves still fret its sandy shores; the hills still mirror themselves in its deep quiet bays, and the wild fowl still dip over its moonlit breast.

Grace Dean McLeod.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U. REQUIRED READINGS — 1889–90.

SERIAL READINGS.

TALES OF OLD ACADIE. This series will include a dozen powerful stories by Grace Dean McLeod, a Canadian author, gathered up from old Canadian records and the remembrances of old French and Indian families.

BUSINESS OPENINGS FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN. A dozen really helpful papers by Mrs. Sallie Joy White of the *Boston Herald*, President of the New England Woman's Press Association. Mrs. White has made it in her way for years to see what women were doing in business, how they did it, why they failed, why they succeeded; these kindly papers are the outcome of this observation, sympathy and reflection.

WAYS TO DO THINGS, both interesting and practical.

TWELVE STORIES OF SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND. Each of these stories will be of particular interest and value to all teachers and all pupils.

BOOKS.

(*Junior Course.*)	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00

(*Senior Course.*)		
* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	.30	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR MARCH.

First Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Early America in Clay," Emilie Poulsson.

Books (Senior Course): *Plutarch's Lives*, Coriolanus. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters XVII. and XXII.

Second Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Kaduskak Giant," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Senior Course): *Plutarch's Lives*, Fabius. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters XXII. and XXVII.

Third Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Newspaper Workers," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior Course): *Plutarch's Lives*, Sertorius. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters XXIX. and XXXII.

Fourth Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Home Made Games," Dorothy Holcomb.

Books (Senior Course): *Plutarch's Lives*, Cæsar. (Junior Course): *A Family Flight through Mexico*, Chapters XXXII. and XXXIX.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[NOTE. — These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by naming an early American explorer and giving a few facts about him.

II. Short papers on "The Blind" and "Methods of Printing for the Blind" (the International and other encyclopædias give very interesting facts on these subjects).

III. Reading: Selections from "Hiawatha."

IV. Paper on "Five Famous Romans," reviewing briefly five of the characters studied, or paper on "Mexican Towns and Cities." Taking those mentioned in *Family Flight* and giving items of interest about them. A map of Mexico should be used also.

V. Music.

VI. Question Match on Coriolanus — each member bringing twenty questions, a leader selected and sides chosen — or on *Family Flight.*

VII. Game: verbarium. For this game a word is selected as for instance American. Two minutes are al-

lowed each person to write as many words as possible beginning with A which can be spelled from the letters of this word. Letters not duplicated in the word cannot be used twice and proper names are excluded. When time is called the words are compared, and each word not written by all counts as many points as there are people who haven't it. Words which all have count nothing. Next M is taken as the initial letter and so on until all have been used. The person having the most points wins the game. This is capital exercise for young wits, as it makes them both quick and accurate.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quotations descriptive of Indian Life.

II. The Story of the Kaduskak Giant told in turn. The places alluded to being pointed out on a map.

III. Reading: Selections from Evangeline.

IV. Spelling Match on words from the required readings.

V. Quiz on Fabius or Description of Strange Mexican Customs, each member telling of one or more.

VI. Music.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by naming and giving a few facts about some of the leading newspaper editors in the United States.

II. Paper on "Newspapers." (The encyclopædia will give facts and interesting items can also be learned from practical newspaper men in any community.)

III. Music.

IV. Map Review of places mentioned in the lives of Coriolanus, Fabius or Sertorius, or drill on Mexican cities, capes, bays, etc.

V. Reading: Special Selection.

VI. Facts about Sertorius. Let each member bring five facts written out; the leader should call for them in chronological order, giving a connected review of the week's readings or an acconnt by each of what has been most interesting to himself or herself in *A Family Flight.*

VII. Game: Throwing light. One person is sent out of the room and the rest decide upon a word having various meanings such as "lot" or "seal," etc. The outsider is then recalled and the rest describe the word selected, of course telling as much as possible without revealing the word. The one who is guessing is not allowed to question, but must guess the word from the hints given him. The person whose suggestion gives him the final clue is the next one to go out.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quotations appropriate to March.

II. Paper on "Games in different Countries.

III. Music.

IV. Map drill on Cæsar's Journeys or on Mexican Rivers, Lakes and Mountains.

V. Short oral reports on Cæsar: 1. The main facts in his life. 2. Cæsar as a soldier, his chief battles and incidents of his military life. 3. Cæsar as a writer. 4. Cæsar as a ruler. 5. Cæsar's character, or short reports on famous Mexicans, each member taking a different one.

VI. Recitation: Why did Cæsar cross the Rubicon? or selections from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, or special selection.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White's article will perhaps inspire some of the C. Y. F. R. U.'s to try their hands at a little amateur newspaper work. *Our Youth*, published by the Methodist Book Concern, 5th Ave. and 20th St., New York, contains periodically a page called "The Journalist" which is modeled on the plan of a general newspaper, the editorials, poems, news items, etc., being contributed by the readers of *Our Youth.* Any club sending ten cents to the publishers and asking for a copy of *Our Youth* containing "The Journalist" will find its suggestions very helpful in arranging their own plans.

The Club at Bastrop, Texas, which has reported regularly for several years, again sends word of its prosperity. The Englewood, Ill., Union reports several additions to its membership, and the Union in Livingston, Wis., who last year read the Junior course are now taking up the Senior readings for this year with seven members hard at work. A little band of '93's in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, is also heartily welcomed into the C. Y. F. R. U. fraternity.

Our Young Folks will be glad to know that the Union is steadily growing. Our membership roll this year is considerably ahead of last year's record, and we believe there are many of last year's members who are working, but who have forgotten to tell us so. Perhaps this paragraph will be a reminder!

The regular and seal memoranda for '88–89 have been mailed to all members applying for them, and any who would like them even now may have them upon application.

The certificates have also been mailed to all who reported last year's work, and any C. Y. F. R. U. member who has not received the certificate to which he is entitled should write to Miss K. F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., as the C. L. S. C. and C. Y. F. R. U. offices have been moved to that city.

We have once and again asked for reports from C. Y. F. R. U.'s. Perhaps the word report sounds very formidable. If it does, the real thing is certainly nothing to fear. What we really want is simply a letter from each C. Y. F. R. U. Club telling when meetings are held, where they are held and what is done at these meetings. Any C. Y. F. R. U. can write us such a letter, and we should be so glad to get news of this kind. Who will be the first to respond to this call? Send the reports to Miss K. F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y.



NERVY'S WICKED SUMMER.

(School and Playground Stories.)

IT began with the time when her father sold their house in Ridgely. Most children are glad when some great change is made, and like particularly the prospect of "moving," but it did not seem at all so with Nervy. And she had always been such a gentle, "soft-spoken," good child that when her wickedness did begin everybody seemed perfectly amazed. Her father said he couldn't have imagined that such ugliness was in her. Her mother stood on the front porch with her hands rolled up in her dish apron and shivered miserably, partly on account of the chilly east wind, but mostly with horror at Nervy, who gazed up at them both from the trampled place down in the grass where the trumpet honeysuckle used to be, now not a great, climbing, shady vine, but a little one that her mother had only planted last summer. It lay pulled up now by the roots. So were the little dark "velvet roses" from their place by the door-step and the "cabin rose" down by the gate, and the "flowering quince" from the corner, and the young white lilac and the bed of spice pinks from under the window and the tiger lilies from their bed out in the soft June grass.

Nervy had pulled up all these things in a burst of furious grief at losing her home. It was a great, ugly, unfinished, unpainted house, and there were boards nailed over the upper windows in place of shutters, because Nervy and her father and mother and her little brother Jimmy had been away in the country all summer helping build a new house for her grandfather.

Only the day before this they had all come home in Grandfather Neal's big wagon, and it had looked so piteously lonesome — the silent house with its barred windows and the grass waving high all around it — when they rode up to the little nailed gate, that Nervy cried for joy under her new slat sun-bonnet to think they were home again, where they could watch their own dear roses growing and make the lonesome house cheerful once more.

"I guess Minerva's sorry to come home, away from grandfather's," her father had said as he lifted her out and noticed tears on the pale little face. Nervy couldn't tell him they were joy-tears, for she hardly understood herself why tears should come when she felt so glad.

That evening two strange men had come and walked all through the house with her father, even into the garret to see the chimney flues, and down cellar, and they went out into the young peach orchard, and they looked at the cnrrant bushes and the locust-trees, and inquired what kind of roses those were, and one of the men, the ugliest one, with a red nose and a patch on his cheek, touched the trumpet honeysuckle and said, "This'll please my wife. She wants a place where things are started to growin'. We've been movin' around so long."

When Nervy heard that, she knew the dear home was sold, and it seemed to her that her father was now a very different man from what he had ever been before — a cruel, hard man who might almost be expected to sell Nervy or Jimmy or their mother, since he could sell their home.

She had cried herself to sleep thinking about it while her father and mother sat up talking, and such words as "moving," "give possession," "work in Ashville," floated brokenly to her ears.

This morning when she awoke everything had seemed dreadful and strange, almost as if the

"last day" had come, Nervy thought. Then "This'll please my wife," came into her head and she could fairly see the ugly man's smile as he looked up from the vine. As she thought of it Nervy's hands trembled so that she could scarcely button her apron, and in a minute before any one had noticed that she was out of bed, she had hurried out of doors, hot with anger from head to foot, and had torn up first of all the trumpet honeysuckle vine.

Now as her father and mother stood looking down at her she felt a dizzy faintness from head to foot and could not speak. Because she could not speak they thought her ugliness deeper than ever. If she had only shed tears they might have felt differently, but it seemed as though she had cried away all her tears the night before.

"I have never whipped you, Minerva," said her father mournfully at last, "but I guess now it will have to be done — unless your ma'll do it."

But Nervy was not whipped. Only "talked to;" for she had always been such a good child and the "talking to" brought the tears so copiously that the whipping was not thought really necessary, and besides no amount of whipping could re-set the shrubbery.

They "gave possession" the next week, and Nervy and the rest moved to Ashville, a much larger town, where there were two railroads crossing each other, and machine shops and carpenter shops for building cars, and a great roundhouse to shelter old and new engines; and there were several churches and a Union School. Nervy had always gone to school in a little one-story district schoolhouse with beech-trees rustling their leaves in at the open windows, and the desks smelling of bread and butter, and a pet calf or pet sheep coming sometimes to smell around the dinner pails out in the entry. Almost all the scholars went barefooted to that little school, and at recess they took comfort making mud pies and "churning" out in the road just in front of the schoolhouse.

When Nervy started to school in Ashville she was as lonesome as some silent proud little Indian, caught and dressed up decently in a new buff calico dress with a soft white bib apron and neat little black congress gaiters. She couldn't go barefooted to school now. The way to school seemed miles and miles, though really it was not a great many blocks from her home. The school itself — Nervy's own "room" — seemed at first like a vast august assemblage, though the scholars in it were all about of her own age. When the teacher called the roll, Nervy's name — "Minerva Huddlestone" — made all the necks turn toward her so quickly that Nervy was sure she could hear their bones crack and some of the boys whispered "*Huddle*-stone," as if they thought it very droll, and then the girls giggled.

When she recited the room grew deathly still. This lasted for about a week. After that the slate pencils squeaked as loudly as ever, whether she recited or not.

After school, at first, the girls went home in little ranks and bunches, with their arms linked around each other, while Nervy walked alone, and took care always to come behind, instead of going before them. They wore on their heads beautiful wide, flapping straw "flats," with long lovely plaid ribbons. Nervy teased every night till her mother bought one for her to wear instead of her pink sunbonnet. That straw hat was the beginning of a different experience for Nervy. It was a delightful hat, with ribbon much more costly than her mother could conscientiously afford, and quite too handsome to be worn to school; but Nervy saw nothing inappropriate in it, and her schoolmates felt their hearts grow warm toward the magnificent possessor of such a hat.

After that Nervy never walked home alone, but her hat flopped delightfully along with the rest, the rank of girls at least three deep on each side of her every afternoon. The teacher hurrying along past them turned around one day and said, "Well, Nervy, how do you like our school by this time?" He didn't stop to really hear what Nervy said, though she blushed scarlet under her flat, but such distinguished notice did not fail to give her still higher social position.

Besides, it had been discovered that Nervy could draw very interesting things on her slate; girls with richly ornamented parasols and embroidered dresses; houses showing the interior without any perspective, but with beautiful views of high-posted bedsteads and tall bureaus and cushioned rocking-chairs.

And now Nervy began to love the girls who sat nearest her in school just as dearly as she ever had loved the trumpet honeysuckle vine that she pulled up away down in Ridgely to keep the ugly man's wife from having it. Especially she loved Flora Higgins and Rosabel Lee. It seems strange that Nervy's love for those girls could have been part of her wickedness that summer, but it was. Because she gave up everything else for that. It delighted Flora and Rosabel that she could draw. For that reason she did nothing else in school all day long, and then had to carry her books home to get her lessons instead of playing out of doors or helping her mother, who needed help very much.

For a few weeks they made paper dolls, when the teacher wasn't looking, and because Nervy could paint dolls' faces enchantingly in water-colors she became more popular than ever and had crowds of girls around her desk at recess when they should, all of them, have been out in the fresh air.

Nervy had always felt it to be the deepest disgrace for one to "look in the book" for answers when reciting. She did it now. All the girls did it, especially dear Flora and Rosabel. They said it was no more wicked than for the teacher to keep them in after school to get lessons. Nervy could not quite believe this. She felt that they could get their lessons, so they were to blame if they had to stay in, but she smothered up that miserable little uneasy feeling as well as she could, and went on just the same.

Nearly all the girls had finger-rings, some carnelian, some silver, some gold. They had ear-rings, too, gold "drops;" some small, some large and dangling down almost to their necks. The glistening and swinging of those ear-rings all around her made a sort of ache come into Nervy's throat as she sat watching them. She thought nothing in the world was so lovely, so precious as gold. The wearer of it appeared like an exalted being in her eyes. And oh! nobody could tell how much Nervy wanted gold to wear, some way!

Every evening after school she would steal into the spare bedroom at home and take long, loving looks at her mother's gold pencil lying there in the bureau drawer.

It was a small pencil of chased gold, with a delicate little vine and her mother's initials engraved on it, and there was some kind of a clear bright stone in the upper end of it, and it was fastened to a little thread-chain of fine gold which her mother wore around her neck on particular occasions — for it had never occurred to Mrs. Huddlestone to use it for anything but an ornament.

It happened at last that Nervy went in the morning instead of the evening to worship the dear gold pencil, and somehow — she could hardly tell how it happened — she slipped the beautiful, the lovely chain, just for one delicious moment around her neck, and then she could not take it off, and the school-bell rang that minute, and away went Nervy wearing the chain, and her mother did not see.

Nothing else was ever admired so much in that school. All the girls looked at it and talked about it and wanted to finger it, and it seemed as though Nervy was perfectly happy. She wore it home after school and slipped it back into its place unobserved and in safety. The next day it happened again, and the next and the next, and often and often. The girls had assumed that it was hers and she did not dare tell them the truth. But Nervy dreaded going home more and more every night. It was so detestable to have that chain on her mind and not dare think of anything else till it was safe. Somehow it took away her appetite. Her supper never tasted good and her mother thought she must be studying too hard, because she grew so pale, and spoke to the teacher about it one day on the street, which made Nervy shudder with shame. Still she secretly wore the chain, and trembled every day going home for fear her father might meet her with the girls on the street. What if he should stop and say sternly, "Minerva! what are you doing with your mother's chain and pencil?"

All these things happened "before the war," and about this time hoops came into fashion. None of the mothers seemed to think it necessary, in the beginning of the fashion, to get hoop skirts for their little girls. Just in the beginning, however, was when they wanted the hoops most, and it was through this ardent desire for hoops that something happened to Nervy.

There was an open field not far from the school-grounds, very grassy and sunny, with a clear little brook flowing through it which the children called a "run." On one side of the run there was a pleasant warm, sloping bank, and just at the top of the bank a rail fence, the kind that was called a Virginia fence, though this was in Ohio. Just below one part of the bank grew a cluster of large shady willows with their long slender switch-y branches. In the corners of the fence the little girls had charming playhouses, where they visited and quarreled and made friends again every day in the long warm noon intermission.

Here, one warmer noon than usual, when every one seemed tired of paper dolls and visiting, Rosabel's bright little scissors idly snipped a hole in the hem of her petticoat, and then another girl who sat tapping her little morocco toes with a long clean switch said, "Oh, why not run this willow into the hem of your skirt for a hoop!" And it was done. It looked superb. Not quite like a real hoop-skirt, but very "genteel" indeed. At least they thought so. And in two minutes the whole bank was swarming with little girls scampering down to the willow-trees to get switches for their petticoats. Nervy scampered along with the rest, and they pushed and pulled, and tore their dresses, and some of the little girls tumbled into the water. But Nervy — Nervy met with the greatest misfortune.



"HOOP SKIRTS!"

For her mother's gold chain caught in the tree when she did not notice and the fastening loosened, and it slipped down, and Nervy never saw it again. The little girls stopped and waded

in the brook with her to look for it, and they poked up stones, and even dug holes in the bank, just as if it might have been buried there by magic. But it never came to light.

Perhaps Nervy never would have had courage to tell any one at home what had happened to the chain. But a neighbor of theirs, whose little girl was one of Nervy's school-mates, came in after tea to say to Mrs. Huddlestone that she thought the teacher was very careless to allow thieving among his scholars, for "certainly some one must have stolen Nervy's chain and pencil."

Nervy's dear mother instantly understood and quietly assumed that it was lost and could not be helped, and only questioned Nervy when they were alone.

Then it was Nervy's mother who wept most — but not over the loss of the pencil and chain.

After all, Nervy felt lighter-hearted. For her mother forgave her, and so did her father, and she appeared so repentant that they felt a kind of gladness, too. They hoped that this was a crisis in Nervy's wickedness, and that now she would be once more their simple-hearted, honest little girl.

But Nervy's wicked summer was not yet ended.

Her father had often and often assured her that they were poor, and probably never would be rich, and almost the best thing he ever could do for his daughter would be to send her to school for a few years, and that she would need to use every minute of her time every day to the best advantage. He had spoken of this so often and so solemnly that Nervy had looked upon a child who could play truant from school almost in the same light as a thief or an incendiary. She did not suppose that she could possibly play truant any more than that she might commit murder.

But one morning Nervy started a little late. She could easily have reached the schoolhouse steps before the tardy-bell rang. But she stopped on the sidewalk to look at a beautiful case of daguerreotypes hanging just at the foot of a narrow flight of stairs. There were chubby little children's pictures smiling down at her, and the minister's picture and her teacher's, and the portrait of Flora Higgin's older sister with her beautiful bare shoulders and long curls and "infant waist." Nervy forgot everything else while she stood looking at this, and presently Flora herself and dear Rosabel Lee came along, and then all three twined arms together and gazed and chattered, till Flora suggested that they might go upstairs and see how the man took pictures. "He takes 'em for nothing," she whispered eagerly. "He didn't charge anything for my sister Hattie's. He wanted it to show what nice ones he can make. Come, let's just go up and tell him he can take ours and we won't charge him anything."

Nervy's heart beat till she was sure she could hear it, but they ascended the stairs and groped their way through a dark passage into a little den of a room that had a faded carpet and two or three old maroon curtain screens with faded gold fringe, and a stand with a gold-fringed cover and a Bible. There was a curious window in the ceiling, and an uncanny smell about the place that made Nervy's blood run cold. A little man with long curls and little round earrings put his head around a screen and said briskly, "Want some pictures taken?" Flora whispered "Yes, sir," and without another word he withdrew. I suppose it was only a few minutes, but it seemed hours and hours that they sat in perfect silence, while he worked on with perfect silence on his side of the screen. They supposed he was busy, though he kept so suspiciously still.

At last a dreadful thought struck Nervy: "We haven't got any money, and he might charge something — we ar'n't pretty enough for our pictures to hang up. Let's go," she whispered eagerly, and instantly they rose and tiptoed softly out of that hot stuffy little place and swiftly down into the good fresh air. I don't know what he thought, by and by, when he found the room empty; and they didn't wait to see.

It was long after recess time now, so they decided to wait till noon before going to school. There was a little chapel not far away where there were a great many images and flowers and candles, and it was always open. Nervy had never seen anything like that, so they stopped there a long time, standing very still and reverent on the door-step, looking in. After that they sauntered along the railroad for a walk,

Nervy's cheeks burning every moment at the thought of this forbidden luxury, till it led them out of town to places where its enbankment on each side was covered with grass, and a little further on it went right between cool green woods.

The loveliest blue violets in the world grew in the grass on those sunny embankments and the little girls eagerly filled their aprons with the fragrant things only to throw them away and gather fresher ones. Can you guess how many hours slipped by before they thought of going home? They did not guess until they went to the schoolhouse and found it empty and



"HE TAKES 'EM FOR NOTHING!" FLORA WHISPERED.

closed for the day, with its afternoon shadow stretching cold and black away across the street.

When Nervy reached home she heard that her father was out hunting for her and she found her mother crying, and on the sitting-room table there was a beautiful box of French water colors which would have been hers, but were now Jimmy's, to keep till he grew old enough to use them. For her uncle John from New York had stopped that day for a few hours' visit on his way "out West" and he had brought the box of colors, and a lovely Hans Andersen story-book for Nervy, neither of which were now to be hers. His beautiful little daughter Ida came with him, and Nervy's father had gone to the school to get her excused for this one day — and then every one knew that Nervy had played truant — Nervy, who knew that playing truant was a crime!

One would think this was enough of Nervy's wickedness, and it was the last time she ever played truant, but something more happened before that summer was over.

One Saturday afternoon, Nervy had been reading a story about a very, very good little girl who was never selfish, nor ill-tempered, but was always doing something sweet and helpful to make other people happy. There were several little things Nervy could have done at that moment to help her mother, such as ironing those crash towels, scrubbing the back porch, or dusting the kitchen mantel. But she did not think of those things. She sat thinking over her book, with such a sweet, earnest face, that her mother asked presently: "What are you thinking about, dear?"

And Nervy answered, softly, "Why, about Granny Diplow down there by the planing-mill in her little shanty, blind and almost paralyzed. How lonesome she must be, and how tired her old sister must be, always staying in to take care of her. Couldn't I go up there and stay a while this afternoon, and let Aunty Diplow come and see you, just to rest her? I could take something nice to read to Granny Diplow."

Nervy's mother agreed, with pleasure. She was glad to see her little girl so thoughtful.

Granny Diplow seemed greatly pleased, too. So did Aunty Diplow, for she really did need a little change.

There was an open fireplace in the little one-roomed house — Granny Diplow felt as if she should smother with a stove, and she had to be watched constantly, for fear she might fall into the fire, or get her clothes kindled with sparks from the fireplace. It was not a pleasant little room. It had a smell of sour flannels and strange gruels and liniments, and its one little window was covered with a hideous calico curtain.

But Nervy patiently read and read aloud, for Granny Diplow, while Aunty Diplow enjoyed her visit, and I think myself, that it was truly a

generous impulse that prompted her to do it, and I wish it could have ended in happiness for Nervy and those two poor old women.

Aunty Diplow really stayed a long time with Nervy's mother, much longer than she ought, but then, that gave Nervy a chance to be really heroic. She should have remained with Granny Diplow to the last minute, if it took years. But she did not. After a long time, when she had read Granny Diplow to sleep, sitting in her chair by the fire, Nervy stepped out, just to get a breath of fresh air, and to see if Aunty Diplow was coming. She meant to hurry right back. But just then Flora Higgins and Rosabel Lee and Dora Day came down the street and stopped to speak to Nervy, looking so fresh and sweet, in new lawn dresses, and they were going to visit the graveyard. In Ashville, at that time, it was considered an elegant recreation to visit the graveyard. On Sundays, particularly, it was filled with people, gossiping and laughing and even gathering handfuls of flowers. To-day the little girls were dressed with particular care because they had permission to take that walk. Of course they wanted Nervy to come, and Nervy was sure she never wanted anything so much! The graveyard was not far away; only at the end of the street, on the other side of the old brick church. She felt certain that Aunty Diplow would be home in a minute, and Granny Diplow was sleeping soundly. Certainly nothing could happen, she assured herself, and the next moment Nervy opened the gate and was gone.

Late in the afternoon Nervy came sauntering down the street toward home, alone; rather uneasy, yet without much fear that anything dreadful had happened, when she saw a little group of women standing whispering on Granny Diplow's doorstep. She would have passed on without seeming to look, but her mother's voice called in stern tones: "Nervy, come here!"

Nervy came. And they led her into the little room, to see poor old Granny Diplow lying, all bound and bandaged, on a straight, straight bed, not dead, but terribly burned. Her clothes had been kindled from a spark and trying to put out the flames she had fallen into the fire, just as Aunty Diplow reached the door. The fire had fallen very low, or she would have been burned to death. As it was, no one expected that Granny Diplow would ever be able to walk again. Nobody said a word to Nervy. They stood, in that awful silence, and let her look, a time that seemed years, before they led her away. Her mother sent her home alone, alone to the dreadful empty house, for Jimmy had gone to a neighbor's when their mother was called away. They found her in the evening, worn and sick with sobbing, hidden away in bed and for days after that the sight of that white, sorrowful little face and the sound of Nervy's quivering little voice assured every one that she would not soon forget this lesson.

And it was Nervy's last wicked summer. She has always remembered it with a shudder, and with the determination that, come what will, she will speak and act the truth, and that she will not shirk any duty for the sake of any sort of pleasure.

Lucia Chase Bell.

THE TOPMOST STAR.

"WHICH is the Topmost Star?"
Said Mary, watching the twinklers high,
With her head thrown back to the summer sky;
"Is it that faint one I can scarcely see,
So near to Heaven, it peeps, maybe,
And knows if they're having church to-night,
And if angels all the time wear white?"

M. J. H.

NEWSPAPER WORKERS.—II.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

AND now, my girl with newspaper ambitions, what have I to say to you?

A good deal, if only I can say it within the allotted space. Having made up your mind that the work is not easy but that it is exacting and insistent, being assured that although you may make a comfortable living you will not make your fortune, and knowing perfectly that your personality is to be swallowed up in the paper for which nevertheless you are willing to do your best work, you are ready to hear me, and I hope will listen with the feeling that what I say is true, and that it is for your best good.

You must,of course, possess the ability to write well, that is to express yourself in good English, free from all redundancies, with clearness and conciseness. Fine writing is not wanted; by "fine writing," I mean the tendency to the use of excessive metaphor, flowery language, and long words of a foreign extraction. It may not be easy for you to believe — but you will agree with me after a few trials — that the simplest mode of expression, that which is elegant and refined in its simplicity, is the most difficult of attainment. If you watch yourself, you will find that the tendency is to amplification and redundancy of expression, rather than to simple conciseness. You would learn the lesson very quickly could you be an invisible listener to the criticism of the "desk editor," on a piece of work over which you had spent much time, and of which you felt very proud. Doubtless every dash of his relentless blue pencil, through lines over which you had toiled and which had given you most exquisite satisfaction as you read and re-read them, would give you strange pain. You would writhe in mental agony to stand and hear all this brain labor of yours characterized as "gush," in a tone of unmistakable contempt. But you would most certainly grasp the idea that what the paper wants is lucid statement, a clear bit of description, and an idea understandingly presented. Mind, I am not advocating careless work or work without thought, but the work which has to be most carefully done, and so well written that no one can find fault with either the essence of it, or the mechanical construction.

To be a successful newspaper woman, and by that I mean one that is versatile, and can be put to do work of any kind on any topic, one must be fairly well-read, must be up in historical subjects, must have some ideas about the movements of the time, and must be quick to catch the spirit of things. I know many well-read, highly-educated women, whose ideas are worth a very great deal, but who would never make good newspaper workers, simply because they never can be made to have any idea of relative values of things. They do not know how to take the public pulse; they have no genius for selection; and so while they are valuable friends for newspaper workers to have, who can learn much from them and take the available knowledge which they are usually ready to give, they can do no practical work themselves. You know, I dare say, from experiences of your own, that it is not always the person who knows the most who can best impart information. One must know how to give out, as well as to take in, to make a good teacher, and the same qualities, in a great degree, are necessary to make a good newspaper woman.

It requires good physical as well as good mental endowment, to make a career successful. No one who has not a good constitution, unimpaired health, and a perfect nervous system should ever think for a moment of entering this profession. Even all this is very likely to be thoroughly tested if one enters the rank and file of the workers, and is held by office requirements and rules. In no profession does one have so much to meet in the way of physical disadvantage as in this. No matter what the weather may be, if a piece of news is needed, it has to be got. Papers, especially the dailies, don't wait on the weather clerk's convenience, they "do" in spite of him. Often there is a

great irregularity in eating; hours of labor are uncertain. You are at the behest of others, and you must always be ready to respond. I consider it only right to put this all before you, for it is better to know that there is a "seamy" side to things, before you undertake the work, than to fancy it all smooth and even before you begin, and find out your mistake afterwards.

But if you have splendid health and no nerves; if you are well-equipped mentally; if you are ambitious to learn your profession, and willing to begin with the alphabet of it; if you will understand that your remuneration will be small at first, and that severe economy will be necessary in order to get on; if you are free from the nonsense which possesses so many girls, then you may undertake the work, and feel sure that there is no more delightful profession in the world, nor one in which you may succeed better than in this of newspaper making.

In this article I am not considering the literary worker, she who writes for magazines or story papers; nor the one who, in the shelter of her own home, writes letters for daily papers. I mean the young woman who goes into the newspaper office, has a desk there, "takes assignments," and goes out and attends to them; going to her work as the young men go to theirs, and working side by side with them.

I believe in beginning at the very beginning of things. You may be a little inclined to turn up your nose at being sent to describe a store window, or to make a paragraph about a removal. But it is all in the way of education, and when your superior officer, your city editor, finds that you do the small things understandingly you will be given larger things to do, and it rests with yourself to make your work valuable, and in this way to advance your own position. The trouble is so few are willing to begin at the beginning; they want to strike in somewhere along in the middle, or they will make a bound for the very top — and often come down quite outside the bounds of the profession.

I have in mind a young woman with "journalistic" — mark the word — aspirations. She had had little or no experience, but she made up her mind to begin as art or musical critic. She found all such places occupied, but she didn't see why the people who had grown up to the knowledge of the work, and were of value to their papers, shouldn't step aside and give her a chance. With the insolence of inexperienced and uninstructed youth, she really thought that her claim was the greater, because she was "new and fresh" — very fresh, if one may drop into newspaper slang — and that those people who had the wisdom born of experience should be put one side in favor of her youth. She was quite indignant because it was suggested that she win her place by showing her ability to do any kind of newspaper work first. Now a girl like that will not ever become the good newspaper woman; she never will gain the position she desires. While she is standing outside with folded hands, waiting for somebody to die or resign and so leave an opening for her, another woman, or a man, may be is fitting for the place which will be hers or his because he has won it. Positions don't come by way of legacy in a newspaper office, I assure you.

Having once obtained the chance to make a trial of your powers, it depends upon you to make the trial a success, and your position a permanency. In the first place do *everything* as well as you can. Put as much good work into a report of the most trifling nature, as you would into an important editorial. Carry your conscience with you all the way along. Never let any feeling of private pique or private personal interest enter your work. You are a part of the paper which you represent, and you must give your work all the dignity and impartiality that belongs to the paper. There is nothing a good editor resents so quickly as the feeling that any member of his staff is using the position occupied as a means of carrying out private schemes, whether it be of advancing an interest or pulling down a reputation. You must be above small prejudices and personal pique in your professional career, no matter how much you may indulge in them in your private capacity.

Above all things do not try to enhance your own interests by writing about yourself and your own affairs and accomplishment in any paper with which you are connected. There is nothing which so quickly opens a person to ridicule as the habit of constantly writing about herself. Some persons think this fame. It is

simply the most palpable and laughable kind of self-laudation. The editors who allow any personality of this kind are few; it is often seemingly allowed when really it is overlooked and escapes the editor's notice. It ought never to be allowed, and no girl should show such a lack of good taste as to allow herself to make this very pitiful bid for notoriety.

In regard to remuneration, which is what every possible worker wishes to know about, it will be found to be much less than is generally imagined. There have been so many sensational stories written concerning the money earned by writing that hopes are very high. But here the truth is to be told — the number of women who are earning less than one thousand dollars a year is very much greater than those who are earning that amount. A girl has to work some time, unless she has an unexpected piece of good fortune, before she will earn as much money as a school teacher, and she will work all the time — with a possible two-weeks vacation — instead of having the long vacations and the "off" days which the teacher has. The newspaper women of Boston who earn one thousand dollars a year and over may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and all of them are women who have served a long apprenticeship — none less than ten years, the most even a longer one.

And still, to the girl with the true newspaper instinct, and with health, ability and high principle, I would say choose as your profession this the best of all, and you will find your place if you seek it honestly, industriously, modestly and conscientiously. It is a work that pays you for the doing, not only in the money you earn, but in the pleasure and profit you gain from it, so you undertake it in the right spirit, and by the right methods.

I speak to you out of twenty years of experience, so I feel that I speak "by the book."

Sallie Joy White.

THE FUGITIVES OF FRENCH CROSS.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

THE southern coastline of the Bay of Fundy directly opposite Isle Haut, makes a bend into the range of hills called North Mountain, thus gaining for its boisterous waters a peaceful sweep of perhaps three square miles of surface. From the radius of this curve the great Bluff that forms the sea-wall, sentinel-lined with straight black spruces, breaks and bends and dips till either end is lost to view in the blue of sky and sea.

Near the western slope of the bend, a point of land, green to within a few yards of tide-mark, stretches out into the Bay. On this point, where the green merges into the gray of the rocky shore, a white cross, seven feet high, stands outlined against the blue water; and the green of the sod around it for many rods is like that of old battle-fields where human bones enrich the soil beneath and feed the herbage above.

The brown-leaved beeches that stretch their long branches out over the stony mountain road, make a hazel flutter in the breeze, but tell no tale of the Cross. The little brook that rushes over its rocky bed by the point, sparkles and frets its grassy shores, and loses itself in the great Bay, with never a syllable of the years of the past. The foaming tide that laps and swirls up over the rocks and the dim gray sand comprehends not the mystery. The tall firs that stand in clumps on either side the brook are of other centuries and know the story; but they have been long visited in vain by the balm of spring and summer, and drooping silver moss drapes their dead and whitened branches. Only the dark, green grass about the Cross chronicles the tale of its erection; only in its verdure is there relic of the sad occasion.

1755, September 12th. This was a sunny day at Belisle, on the river near Port Royal.

The grand old forest of mountain and valley was bright with the many-colored leaves of autumn. But there was neither sunlight nor gladness in the abodes of the hamlet. Belisle was full of sorrow and perplexity. This day the news had reached the people that they were prisoners of the English king, and as soon as the soldiers could reach the place, their houses and barns would be burned, and themselves put on board vessels to be taken to strange countries, to perish from loneliness of heart and wretchedness of condition. Their only escape from this fate was secretion in the vast forests about them, and this stern alternative these hitherto free and happy French Acadians had accepted.

Since dawn they had been busy in preparation for the abandonment of their comfortable, cheerful homes, and all that the labor of their hands had accumulated and made their own. Their storehouses and barns filled with winter supplies, their cattle, their fowls, their comfortable beds and social firesides were to be left for destruction and confiscation. Not a man or woman but must part with breaking heart from productive acres and endeared habitation, and plunge into the wild woods of the great hills.

All day the men in groups had been going to and from the log house of Pierre Melancon which stood among the great trees about half a mile from the settlement. This man was a hunter and trapper. All the country knew Pierre Melancon, and he knew the country. Hardly a square mile of forest that had not felt his footstep; even the Bay of Fundy had been crossed by him, and the land beyond it was not unfamiliar. His terrible strength and powers of endurance had made him known to both French and Indians. No man among them could travel so far in a day or carry so great a load. His adventures with wild beasts and wild Indians were everywhere told with wonder and admiration. And though Time had registered seventy and five years against him, and whitened his beard and hair, he was still erect and strong, and feared and admired. And when on this day of distress three hundred of his countrymen started from Belisle, it was by universal consent he was chosen their leader and protector.

Soon as darkness came over the hamlet, this forlorn hope of a captured and expatriated people set out for the fastness of the old woods.

Some of the men carried guns and ammunition, others carried provisions hastily prepared, the women and children carried clothing and blankets, and not a few of them had in their arms children too young to walk. One man only was loaded with what seemed a useless burden. On his shoulders was a pickaxe and shovel and coil of rope. Was he a seer?

All that night they journeyed, up the side of the mountain that separates the valley where they had lived so happily, from the blue Bay of Fundy to the north of them, and early in the forenoon of the next day they reached its summit and rested.

The plan of march was to keep on the top of the mountain range and make their way eastward to the bluff of Blomidon. From there the distance by water was short to the mainland across the Bay. In the vicinity of Blomidon they hoped to find some friendly Indians who would convey them to Chignecto, where there was a large Indian encampment; and from there their march would be easy to the numerous French villages between Chignecto and Beau Sejeur.

The distance to this Bluff was about one hundred miles. For four weeks they journeyed, some part of each day and all of the nights resting, and had made fifty miles of their march when they were met by an unlooked-for foe. Seven times in these weeks had the pickaxe and shovel been used, and each time a little mound of fresh earth at the roots of a tree told the tale of a mother's bereavement. The provisions brought from the farms were entirely gone, and beechnuts and game were the only available food. It did not agree with the stomachs of this cereal and vegetable-fed people, and at the end of the fourth week what had at first seemed only a casual sickness developed into a deadly malady, and not a child of the party but was stricken with it.

They slackened their march, and for seven days made not as many miles of their journey. By this time the sickness had spread to the weaker of the adults.

They held council together, and at the deci-

sion of their leader, directed their march over and down the mountain, and at nightfall came to a quiet little cove making into the mountain-side from the Bay of Fundy, with shallow sand shores lined with old pines and beeches of primeval growth. Here the wise old hunter hoped by means of brush weirs constructed beneath high-water level to catch some tide-belated fish, and thus by change of food to check or destroy the malady that had so fatally seized upon his people.

The day following their arrival was clear and warm, and was spent in making their camps for a couple of weeks' stay. Under the thousand-year-old beeches, many of which still retained their leaves, ripe but not ready to fall, these camps were built out of the boughs of firs, and beds made from younger growths of the same tree. Some brush was cut and carried down to the shore to construct the weirs on the morrow. Then the sick and weary fugitives laid themselves down to sleep with the consoling thought of fresh food for another day.

Night came on, clear and calm and liquid, with myriad stars flashing in a cloudless autumn sky. But midnight brought a change, and before the dawn a snowstorm from northeast was piling its cold crystals around the camps and over the ground. All the next day and night the air was thick with the drifting snow, and the following day saw the whole country round covered to the depth of two feet and the air intensely cold.

The disheartened Acadians knew well what this unexpected storm meant for them. Winter had "set in," they said to one another, and all hope of reaching their friends across the Bay was now at an end. With the last whirl of the uncompromising snow, that hope had expired. Here they must remain until spring.

The cold they did not fear; fuel was plenty, and the great beeches under which their camps were built kept out the cold wind, and in the heat of the camp-fire. Food was the necessity for which there seemed no source of supply. Even the prospect of fresh fish was almost entirely cut off by the intense cold that froze the ebbing tide to the rocks and sand, and covered the bottom, where the weirs should be made, with thick ice.

Their ammunition for the guns was mostly gone, and travel in search of game could only be done by strong men, and of these but few now remained, for hardy as these Acadian farmers were, they could not endure change of food and unusual fatigue. The only certainly attainable food was the small bivalves called mussels, that cling to the tide-submerged rocks; and these could be got only by exposure to wet and cold.

Four months they lived on these fish — died on them — for as the heaps of empty shells without the camps grew daily higher, the people within who were trying to subsist upon their viscous contents grew despairingly less, and on the first day of March there was left but ninety of the three hundred. The ominous pickaxe and shovel had covered more than two hundred of those who cast inquiring glances at them on the day of the start.

March came in "like a lamb," and continued fine. The snow gradually melted, the ice-caked rocks came out of their clothing of frost, gray and weedy and regardless of suffering humanity about them. The little brook from the mountain side, released from its imprisonment of ice, babbled its old spring melody as it rushed onward to the salt green sea. Birds from seaward, and animals from land skimmed the shores and roamed round the camps, but to no avail for the starving inmates, for the ammunition had been long exhausted and their guns were useless.

The distress of the past months was nothing compared with these days of March. Through some freak of nature the mussels that had hitherto been found clinging to the rocks were not there when the ebbing tide disclosed their wonted resting place. For more than a week the rocks were visited vainly by the starving fugitives; then a few were found. But there were fewer people to need them, for in this time their number was reduced to sixty.

In this starving condition they remained until the seventeenth, and at noon of this day a canoe containing two Indians, came up the Bay in search of porpoise.

One of the Indians was an old man, the other a young strong lad. They met with friendly words the starving men who rushed to the shore

and when they had landed their canoe freely dispensed their provision among the people.

There seemed little hope, however, of receiving from them more than the immediate relief. They were not from a large encampment as the Acadians had at first supposed, but had a solitary camp down the Bay.

But in the course of their talk the old Indian learned the name of their leader, and the distress he had shown at being unable to rescue the fugitives seemed to vanish at mention of this old hunter whose deeds of might and bravery had made him known to all in days long past. All the afternoon the Indian went about and talked with the people, and as he left each camp he left hope in the faces of the famishing inmates. From camp to camp the strongest men followed, a dozen accompanying him when near sunset he approached the shelter of Pierre Melancon, who true to his life-long seclusion had made his abode separate from the others.

For weeks the old hunter had not been out; he was stricken with the same malady that had proved fatal to so many of his companions.

The Indian led the way and entered first the camp. Seated on a bed of worn-out boughs was the gaunt and shrunken frame of the giant hunter. His white hair and beard, uncut and uncombed for months, rested on his brawny shoulders and broad breast. At sight of the Indian he gave the Micmac salutation of friendship, and bidding the men enter, he asked:



HELP FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

"Is there help?"

A few of the men responded to his bidding, but none of them met his glance as the foremost of them answered, "There may be help."

The old Indian seated himself beside him, and without a word of explanation said: "You been across the Bay to Chignecto in canoe?"

"Aye, twice," replied Pierre Melancon, with a gleam of pride lighting his sunken eyes.

"My people and your people are there — many — they would come and bring you in canoes if they knew," said the Indian.

"Aye, if they knew!" echoed the old man sadly, as he looked at the men who stood in the doorway of the camp, their white starving faces a dumb echo to his sad words.

"I have here," said the Indian, "a good canoe, and my boy, brave and strong — he will paddle canoe across, but does not know the course, nor the bad eddies in the tide on the other shore."

"The tide and the bad eddies and the other shore," murmured the old hunter to himself.

"Could you find that other shore again?" asked the Indian.

"Who could find it so well as I?" replied the old man proudly.

"Aye, who could find it so well as you," echoed the men outside the opening, "who could find it so well as you?"

The old wife Josette had been sitting silent at the head of the camp. As she heard the murmur of the men she started, and glanced sharply at them, at the new tone in their voices, the new look in their eager, hungry eyes; and she read their wish. She rose, and sat down in front of the weak and wasted form of the old hunter, who seemed hardly to hear the words or comprehend their significance.

"The tide and the currents and eddies, and the other shore — the other shore," he still murmured, as if recalling his past life with its deeds of strength and daring. "Who knows them so well as Pierre Melancon!"

"To-day," said the old Indian slowly, "is Saint Patrick's, the moon is full — always calm on sea then — no storm in two days. My brave will paddle — will old hunter go too and guide to other shore and keep canoe from bad tide and eddies?"

The old man's hands dropped on his knees. He turned and looked at the men. Then his head fell forward on his breast, and there was silence in the camp.

The men now crowded eagerly within the opening, but no one spoke. The faithful old wife drew nearer him and placed her small thin old hands in his great bony ones and held them there for minutes — it seemed hours to those who watched.

A shudder came over the man, and shook him as with mortal fear; then it subsided and he breathed long and labored, like a strong man in deep sleep.

At last the old wife said:

"Pierre, you will go, your strength may come back."

The old man raised his bowed head, and seeming for the first time to recognize her, said firmly:

"Aye, old wife, it has come," and rising to his feet he said to the Indian:

"I will go to the other shore, and I will paddle the canoe, too." And without further words from his tightly-closed lips Pierre Melancon placed on his white head a small cap of otter-skin and stepped outside the camp, followed by the silent old wife who still held firmly to one of her husband's hard hands.

It was now sundown. The full moon was already silvering the crested waves of the great fretful Bay, and the tide at full flood surged lazily against the gray rocks on the shore and backed up the waters of the rippling brook, while it waited the summons seaward.

Direct to the shore where the canoe lay the old man walked, rapidly and firmly, the men who had accompanied the Indian to the camp, and many others of the party, following.

At the shore they brought to him their last food — three of the twenty mussels they had that day secured from the rocks. But he did not eat.

"You must eat to give you strength," they said.

"I have strength," he replied, "and I have not tasted food for two days." And turning to the young Indian, he said:

"Shove her off, and get into the bow." Then he bent down and kissed his wife's thin white lips, and taking the strongest of the three paddles, he seated himself in the stern, and without further word or signal struck the paddle into the water with such force that the canoe shot ahead like an arrow.

The Indian with equal vigor plied his paddle. Seldom, if ever, went a bark canoe on more humane errand, or was impelled by two men so strong. Both possessed of giant frames, the one fired and fed by the hot blood of youth, the other fired but not fed, with that strange impulse that sometimes seizes upon old men in

great emergency and for a time restores the muscular might of younger days.

Seated in the stern the old Frenchman's paddle was both oar and helm, and the Indian in the bow had no other duty than to paddle, and this he did with skill and strength.

Never once slackened the strong strokes. Smaller and smaller grew the fleeting canoe to the spell-stricken people on the shore, and at length passed from their sight. Higher and higher in the blue star-fretted arch rose the mystic March moon, till it reached the zenith of its course, and then the canoe had reached Isle Haut, that solitary upheaval of igneous rock which lifts its hundred acres of forest four hundred feet from the sea around it. On the south side the massive trap rises in overhanging cliffs of towering grandeur, lofty and inaccessible. On the northeast a collection of sand forms a small bar, and within this is a beautiful basin of clear and placid water. Straight to this basin the dexterous paddle of the old man directed the canoe, so that it lay out of reach of the rushing tide that now swept down the bay. There they rested.

Then they headed the canoe from the other shore, across the mighty tide river of the great Bay; by the whirling eddies, and over the foaming currents and curling waves above the shoals they skimmed, and at sunrise rounded the lofty cliff of Chignecto and entered between the isolated towers of greenstone that line the narrow opening a mile east of the cape. Leaving the canoe on the small beach which the sea has thrown up at this place, the old hunter's keen eyes following the trail, they made their way through the thick spruce that skirted the ravines and over the pathless hills, direct to the Indian village.

There he was greeted by many who knew him, both Micmac and French. For at Beaubassin as at Port Royal many of the Acadians had escaped to the woods. The tale of his coming was told in few words, and great was their surprise to learn of their famishing countrymen across the Bay. In two hours volunteers from both French and Indians had manned the strongest of the canoes, and the large boat used in summer for fishing.

While they were busy in the preparations the old hunter rested, but ate nothing; and when they were ready to cross the Bay insisted on returning with them. In vain they promised to bring the old wife back in the first canoe, in vain they urged rest and food. He would return with the others he said to all their entreaties.

And when they gave him his choice of place, he seated himself in the bow of the large boat, with his broad back fitted into the breast-hook and his face toward the shore he had by superhuman effort reached. The young Indian sat near him, with his face toward the other shore.

When the Fugitives lost sight of the fleeting canoe they went to their camps and slept, but when night came on again the men gathered on the shore and began their watch. With the men was the old wife; no entreaties could move her from the rocky point. Long before the others saw she caught sight of the waving line of black off the island, long before the others heard she caught the sound of the oar in the rowlocks, and afar off recognized the great gray head and brawny shoulders in the bow of the large boat.

As they neared the shore she wondered why he did not turn his face shoreward and see her patient waiting. The others who crowded down to gaze on their means of deliverance, wondered the same.

Only the brave young Indian who sat in the bow with him, did not wonder. He had seen in the gray mist the dew gather on the cold pale face, and the dim eyes still fixed on the receding shore lose their luster. He knew, but would not say it, that the brave old hunter had found earth's final shore and that he was at rest at last.

The boat's keel grated on the sand, and the crew leaped out; only the old man and the Indian remained. Silent and pale as the face into which he looked the Indian sat, till the faithful old wife threw her shrunken arms around the neck of her husband, and with a faint, childlike wail fell over on the wet sand. Then he took the rigid body of the hunter in his strong arms and carried it to a dry place on the beach, and returned to help the old wife. But she too had found the other shore; that cry was all the anguish earth could claim.

In the spring-mellowed soil on the point they dug a deep wide grave and buried the hunter and his old wife together. And at the head of the grave, deep down to the bottom they set a great rough oak cross, that for more than a hundred years stood there, the mute symbol of hope and suffering.

A day and a night the rescuers rested. The next day was fair and the people were stowed in the canoes and the large boat, and safely carried to the other side of the Bay.

A quiet village is now where those liberty-loving Acadians lived and starved and died in that winter of '55. For many years the place was known as French Cross. It is now called Morden.

The old oak cross the Fugitives erected is gone. Time leveled it to the ground. But another stands in its place, put there in historic remembrance by hands as strong as Pierre Melancon's own.

In these days of reckless vandalism and oblivion of yesterday, it is refreshing to find a man, who for no hope of gain or flattering plaudit, perpetuates the memory of heroic deeds and preserves the history of an expatriated people. He deserves the meed I here bestow — his name is John Moore Orpin.

Over in the valley stands an old Episcopal church, and on its walls is another monument of the French Fugitives, not in wood nor in marble, but in plaster made from the heaps of mussel shells left on the shores of that peaceful cove. One hundred and one years ago they were carted over the mountain and burned to lime for mortar to plaster this church of Saint Mary, whose walls are yet white with the relic of suffering humanity.

Grace Dean McLeod.

"PERPLEX FRACTIONS."

LITTLE Arthur goes to school;
Studies very well;
Always keeps his temper cool,
Likes to write and spell,
Likes to read of queens and kings,
Read of noble actions,
Likes so very many things —
Despises Common Fractions!

"Complex fractions," once he said,
As his muddled brain
Tried to keep them in his head,
Failed, and failed again,
"Complex fractions — who's to blame
If I blunder through!
Perplex fractions is their name —
Don't you think so, too?

"I forget what 'tis they say —
'Converting the divisor!'
Wish to learn the rule to-day
For teacher, to surprise her!"
Little Arthur looked so sad,
And rubbed his fractioned slate,
No heart to laugh at him, I had;
I only whispered, "Wait,

"Wait, my boy, and you will find,
At your books or work,
If you do the things behind,
Never slight, nor shirk,
Nor go on until you see
This day's page is right,
Things that now 'perplex' may be
'Converted' to delight."

Julia H. May.



THE MONITOR OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL II.

(*School and Playground Stories.*)

IT was the opening day in a great Grammar School in New York City. The streets within a couple of blocks of the building had been thronged with hurrying boys, but now they looked empty indeed, for the third bell had sounded and the great outer doors had swung to with a heavy clash. The old scholars had found their way to their class-rooms, but the newcomers stood in rows, waiting to be assigned to their classes.

There were numbers of nicely-dressed bright-faced boys, some of them holding plump lunch boxes, while others carried little brown paper bags very comfortably stuffed out and suggesting to the looker-on not only liberal luncheons of ginger snaps, but a very acceptable diversion afterwards, in which all the paper brigade should blow their bags into rotund cylinders and then crush them with one blow of a manly fist.

A little apart from the rest stood a boy who held neither lunch box nor paper bag and whose clothes indicated that nice luncheons were not for him. He was a freckle-faced boy, his nose a pug, and his hair may be dismissed as red. But in spite of these drawbacks he had a bright sunny face and looked up with such a happy smile at everybody that most people smiled back. This was an especially happy day, for he had been longing to come to school for weeks and months, studying at home while he was waiting.

His mother was a poor seamstress who could never get money together to buy him a full suit of clothes. When his boots were new his hat was in a shocking state, and when he was well clothed as to his body his extremities were in a woful condition. So he had resolved to earn some clothes and had worked hard as a messenger boy until the money was forthcoming. And now though the clothes were of the cheapest, they were clean and whole, and Teddy was as happy as a king, for how did he know but that he should some time be President of the United States? Stranger things than that have happened.

He was so happy that he never noticed that some of the boys were making fun of the length of his jacket, which was a good deal less than it ought to have been, nor that one little fellow was holding up his hands pretending to warm them at the blaze which the red hair was supposed to give out. But disaster overtook the little fellow and right speedily, for when the Principal advanced and in a stern voice commanded each of the boys to write upon the slate previously given to him, six hundred and fifty-two quadrillions, seven hundred and eighty-three trillions, three hundred and twenty-four billions, five hundred and six millions, two hundred and four thousand three hundred and ten, the row of well-dressed boys went down before the mathematical scythe and was dismissed to lower regions, while Ted was treated with all the consideration that his familiarity with trillions demanded.

Established in his class, he found many who laughed at him and made fun of him from morning until night. But Ted never lost his happy smile, nor did he ever tell his hard-working little mother. And Ted had one real friend; he had known Mike first when he was a messenger-boy and Mike was in Engine House A. When Mike's work was done and between fires he had nothing to do but sit and wait for somebody or something to burn up, and in these intervals he used to appreciate Ted's society very much.

There was no sight on earth that seemed so perfect to Ted as the moment when at the touch of the electric button, the horses rushed out of their stalls, the collars dropping upon their necks, the water in the boilers began to fizz and the firemen came tumbling down. For this one moment of wild excitement he would patiently wait for hours, but this was before he had entered the Grammar School and applied himself diligently to becoming President of the United States.

Ted did not however at all forget his old friend, but used to run around often and visit with him when he had the time, for Mike was deeply interested in his education.

"And how was it wid the rivers of Rooshey to-day?" he asked one afternoon when Ted had established himself upon his favorite perch in the Engine Room where everything was so clean that you might, if you were so minded, eat your dinner off the floor.

"Oh! they're all right," returned Ted carelessly.

"Indade, an' let me hear you say thim," responded Mike, who enjoyed immensely the boy's varied and extensive learning.

"Volga-Don-Knieper," answered Ted in a breath; "they're nothing to the rivers of Eurip. I've learned seventeen of them, and it's pretty hard on a fellow, but O, Mike! I could get along with the' rithmetic, sevens and all, and the jography — it's the spelling that's too much for me."

"Faith, now," answered Mike sympathetically, "I've had that throuble meself. When I writes back to my mither in ould Ireland, it's hard worruk I have to spell, but I makes out, and so will you, Teddy. Don't you go for to be discouraged. Supposin' now, I gives you some worruds to spell the whiles we're sittin' here."

"Oh! I wish you would, Mike; but you haven't any book," said Teddy.

"An' what do I want wid a book?" returned Mike. "I spells out of me head, an' so must you, Ted, an' not always be lookin' on your book. What good's your book goin' to do you if you're shipwrecked or lost at say and want to write home to your friends? No, Ted, me bye, the best spelling-book is that you've got in your own head. Thim rivers you were talkin' about — wasn't they in Rooshey now?"

"Yes, Mike."

"Could you be after spellin' Rooshey, me bye? Thry it onct."

"R-u-s-i-a," spelled Ted slowly.

"Aisy, aisy, me darlin', I see it's thrue you can't spell — but niver mind, I'll soon tache you. It's this way you'd be after spellin' that worrud: R-o-o roo, s-h-e-y shey, Rooshey; it's aisy whin you learn how."

"But, Mike, seems as though there was a *u* in it," said Ted.

"Ah! an' there ain't tho' — what would be the good of any *u* in Rooshey, tell me that now, me bye?"

"Have you been to any big fires since I was here, Mike?" asked Ted, who realized a difference between Mike's spelling and that favored by Grammar School II., though it never occured to him that his friend could be in the wrong; doubtless different systems of spelling prevailed in different places.

"Indade, we have," said Mike, "an awful fire in Mulbirry street, where there was a woman and two childer burned to death and there wasn't a bit of since in it, if the pore craythur had jist stayed in her room, instid of takin' the babbies and rushin' out into the hall where she couldn't see nothin' for the smoke. If you're iver in a fire — which the blissed Saints forbid — Teddy, and you're high up in a buildin', jist shut your door and go and stand by the windy and wait for some of our brave byes to git you out. Don't you niver go out into the dark halls where the pore crazy craythurs is all crowded togither and scramin' and yellin'; jist stay where you be, d'ye hear now? I said to meself whin I saw thim pore childer, I'll tell iverybody I know not to do that, as sure's me name's Michael Flynn of County Cork, Ireland."

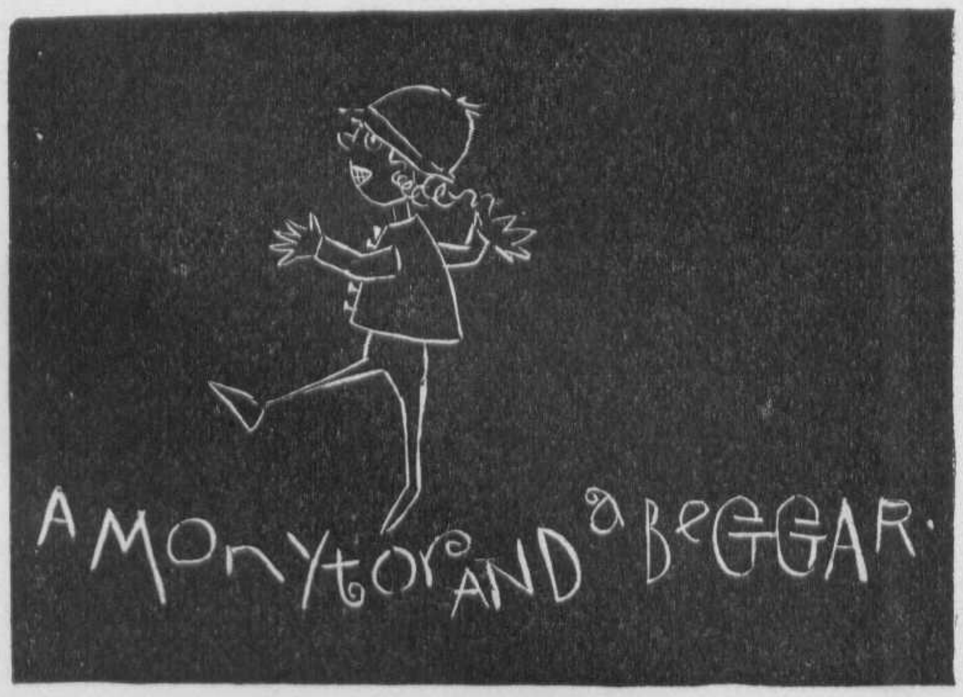
What more Mike would have said, Ted never knew, for off went the electric button and it rained men, horses, collars, harnesses, boilers and hose-carts for five seconds, and then all was still and Ted was alone on the sidewalk, though he did not remember how he got there.

Ted wouldn't have been a boy if he had not had a wild impulse to go, but he stopped to remember that attending fires would not take a man to the White House, and that the road there or anywhere else he wanted to go, led

straight through the Spelling-Book, page twenty-five, column second, and so he went home and dug his hands into his curly hair and wrestled with "*c's*" and "*s's.*"

The long weeks went by until it was almost Christmas. Ted stood well in his class, over ninety in everything except spelling, but his clothes were growing shabby and the little mother had no money laid away with which to buy new ones, and the boys seemed to make more fun of him than ever. Once or twice the thought came to him that it would have been better if he had been contented with being a messenger-boy; but he told himself he would try it a while longer and perhaps something would happen whereby he might show the boys that he was not the poor fellow they thought him and without pride or feeling.

The teacher liked Teddy, however. Often when she left the room for a moment she put him in charge. One morning she went out, leaving him as monitor. The boys were in an unruly mood; they called him names and mimicked all that he did. Finally one of the brightest stepped to the board and seizing a piece of chalk, drew a picture of Ted, in his short coat, an old hat on his head, from which hung down fiery red curls, for the boy had found a bit of colored chalk, and underneath he wrote:



When Ted saw himself standing there, the jest of the whole school, his face flushed scarlet and he started toward the blackboard; but the long years of life in which he had been learning many sweet lessons — and among them that of self-control — availed him then, for while many a boy would have been so angry that he would have noticed nothing, Ted realized that there was smoke in the room and that it was coming through the half-open door, and he stepped to it quickly and passed out, closing it behind him. None of the boys had noticed the smoke and they supposed he had gone for the teacher. The boy at the board still kept on at his work and was just about to make a scroll issue from Ted's mouth when the door opened a little and the monitor came back.

He was very pale and his voice trembled a little as he spoke: "Fellows, Miss Jones will be back in a few minutes, and until then she wants you to practice the song you were learning yesterday. James Wheaton is to lead."

Ted knew that the boys would soon hear the noise below even if they did not notice the smoke, and he hoped that the singing would drown it for a few moments until he should decide what to do, for these boys had been left in his charge and he had only one thought — to keep them safe if he could.

So he waited until James had gone to the piano and struck up the notes of the Marseillaise, and then he slipped out of the door, noticing with a beating heart that the key was on the outside and the lock an unusually substantial one, for the room contained valuable chemical apparatus; and deciding that he would be justified if it seemed necessary in locking the boys in, he hurried to the staircase.

He saw that the smoke had not increased very greatly during his absence and that he had been right in believing that the greatest danger lay in a panic. Below the staircases were black with surging masses of children, and he could see that to allow the older and stronger boys to rush upon them would be to do a dreadful thing.

Once more he hastened back to the door. The boys, suspecting nothing, were singing away with hearty good-will. He stooped and looked through the keyhole and the caricature of himself caught his eye. "I may be a beggar," he thought, "but I hope I'm not a coward," and rushed away again.

If he could only keep the boys ignorant for a few more minutes, he was sure help would come. How good it was that the Marseillaise had so many verses. But now they had come to the last. Would they begin again?

Just before the last notes died away he summoned all his strength and called out, "Once more, boys, and with more force," and then struck into the stirring strain with a voice that sounded strangely unlike his own, but no one noticed how it quavered. Some of the boys, seeing his self-control, began to be a good deal ashamed of the way they had treated Ted, and so they were all the more ready to obey him as monitor. When he was satisfied that they meant to sing it again, he rushed to the great window opposite the door, and there saw the engines and hose-carts, and foremost among them those of Engine House A.

"Oh! Mike will find us," he cried, the happy tears rushing to his eyes; but when he really saw the great red face of his faithful friend turned up from below and realized the greater need there, he shouted:

"Save the others, Mike! we're safe for a minute;" and so Mike, calling out, "Blissid be the Saints!" hurried in at a window on the floor below, and carried out to the fire-escape several trembling little figures, for the firemen had the fire under control and there was no longer any danger to those above, but only to those who might be trampled under foot.

But Ted did not know this surely; he only thought it must be so and the moments seemed years until Mike appeared at the window and caught him in his arms. "What's all this singin' fur?" was his first question.

And then Ted told him all, and Mike gave him a good hug, saying, "Shure now, you're a brave bye, and a fireman you'll make, but you better be after tillin' the byes now, an' lettin' thim go home to their payrents."

So Ted opened the door and walked in just as the last verse of the Marseillaise was finished —for this that takes so long in the telling was only a song's length in the happening. Something in his look awed the boys.

"Fellows," he said, as he walked to the platform and stood just in front of his own caricature, "there's been some trouble downstairs; it's all over now, but we're all to go home. But not a fellow goes out of that door unless he promises to go down the back way and straight home."

The boys, full of wonder, promised, and when they had come outside of the door, there stood Mike and a burly fireman or two who told them how to reach the ground.

When the last boy had gone Ted began to see the desks dancing all around the room, and then he was conscious of falling, and he knew no more until they had brought him to his little mother. He was sick and weak for a good many days, but it didn't matter much, for the fellows and their mothers came every day to see him and brought him many lovely things, and best of all, they were so sweet to the little mother.

When he had grown quite well again, one day a gentleman came and took him and his mother to a large hall, where they were placed upon the platform, and where they saw in the audience all the boys and their friends.

Almost the first thing Ted noticed was the blackboard — a small movable one — where James Wheaton had drawn his picture, and there was the picture still. Ted didn't mind looking at it now that he knew the boys liked him.

Then a gentleman rose and told all the audience how Ted had been left in charge as a monitor of the boys who had drawn this caricature of him, and of the courage he had shown in saving their lives; and he ended by saying:

"It does not, I presume, seem to any of us that this picture is rightly named, and I would like the boys to decide how it shall be changed."

After a little whispering, James Wheaton, who had a very red and ashamed look upon his face, stepped to the board, and rubbing out the last word wrote, and let the legend stand,



whereat all the boys clapped and cheered until they were hoarse, and no one ever once suggested they should stop.

And then another gentleman told of a Society which, when it heard of any very brave or generous deed, was accustomed to bestow a medal upon the doer, and that this year they intended to give it to Ted, than whom they thought there could be no braver boy in New York City.

When Ted reached home and took the medal out of its case, he found hidden beneath it enough gold pieces to buy all the clothes he could wear for two or three years.

After the medal had been bestowed the boys sang the Marseillaise, and when they were dismissed they begged that they might carry Ted out on their shoulders, and when they did so one may doubt if any President of the United States were ever so thoroughly happy as the Monitor of Grammar School II.

Annie Bronson King.

STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPE-WRITERS.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

WITHIN a few years a new industry has sprung up which has proven very attractive to a large number of young women, who have turned to it as a pleasant means of earning a livelihood. I mean stenography, or shorthand, and type-writing. Perhaps it would be better to speak of these as two occupations, rather than as one; for although it follows, almost as a matter of course, that the stenographer also uses a type-writer when she writes out her notes, it does not equally follow that every girl who uses a type-writer is also a stenographer. It is better for her if she is, as she will be very much more accurate when working from dictation, although it doesn't matter if she is only a copyist.

The great danger with this, as with so many other new avocations, is that it will become over-crowded, and as a consequence the pay will be diminished. It is one of the laws of political as well as social economy, that if the supply is in excess of demand, the value of the work is lessened. I think you can all understand this without any difficulty. And you may feel that you know one of the underlying principles of political economy; that bugbear that you hear talked about so much.

Nothing shows so plainly the number of women and girls who either need to earn money because they must be bread-winners, or who want to earn it in order to be independent, as the rush to take up any new industry that is offered. There is no thought of fitness for the work; the idea is simply that of getting employment that shall pay. The idea of special preparation does not occur to the majority of young women who undertake work of any kind, except of course a profession, where one cannot get on without work beforehand, and careful study. And right here is found one of the reasons why women are so seldom advanced in their position. They do not take up the work with the earnestness that men do; it is more often than not a temporary make-shift; a something that must be done to bridge over a certain time of waiting, usually the time that elapses between school and marriage. It is not regarded as a permanent thing, and the girl very openly says that she accepts a position of the kind only until such time as the coveted position of wife is open to her. Now in one way that is all right and natural. There is no one in the list of employments, in all that come to a woman's hand to do, so important or beautiful as that of making the home. But it must come naturally, and it must not be too openly anticipated. The work meanwhile must be just as faithfully done, as much heart and brain put into it, as if one expected to do it forever. It makes the way easier for other women who have to follow in some foot-path of toil, and it adds to the self-respect of the worker, as well as to her value to her employers. So while I would not have you look lightly upon the most royal gift that can come into your life, neither would

I have you stand in an attitude of waiting expectancy, but go on in a dignified fashion, rounding out your life in every way, until the great glory of perfected womanhood comes into your life ; then take it, feeling that it is yours by divine right.

Stenography is, in truth, a profession. It requires hard study and long practice to make one proficient. It is not easily acquired, and it is really a great memory test. Experienced stenographers say that two years is a reasonable time in which one may expect to work fairly well after beginning study. To be sure there will be work that one may do in less time, but it is not safe to attempt very long pieces of work — except of course for practice — in a much less time. To be sure some persons learn more readily than others, but I am speaking now of the *average* pupil. Now type-writing, which is a purely mechanical labor, can be learned in a few days ; and it is only a question of practice when one may become an expert. As I have said, not all type-writers are stenographers ; and in some cases there is no need that they should be. I know one young woman who can write from dictation, on the type-writer, as fast as any one can dictate, and not once in a hundred times miss a word, or make a mistake. She works entirely from dictation, and she has a salary of fifteen dollars a week. She considers this good pay. There are times during the year, when if she were not steadily employed, but worked " by the piece," she could make much more money during a week, but when the unemployed weeks and the dull weeks are taken into consideration, she really would average no more a year than she does under the present arrangement and possibly not so much. At any event, she feels much better satisfied to know that she has a fixed sum upon which to depend than to feel the anxiety, which one cannot help feeling whose employment, and consequent income, is more or less spasmodic. Right here let me say that this salary is considered large. A bright young woman, who is an expert stenographer and type-writer, tells me that the number of girls who get less than ten dollars a week is larger than those who get even that sum. Eight, nine, and ten dollars a week are the most frequent wages, while the girl who gets steady occupation at twelve, fourteen and fifteen, feels that she is indeed in luck, and that her fortunate star is in the ascendant. This young woman herself gets fifteen dollars a week, but she has a very important and onerous position as confidential clerk in a large newspaper office. You can see at once that large intelligence, with information, and clear common sense, are needed. Both the young women of whom I have spoken are more than ordinarily well educated. They are good French and German scholars, know something of the classics, and have a good knowledge of English literature and history. And I wonder if you girls, who have an idea of taking up either one or both of these branches as a means of livelihood, understand how necessary a knowledge of history and literature is to you. The better informed you are on these topics, the wider will be your opportunity. A gentleman who had been engaged on a special piece of literature, in which he employed a type-writer, said to me that he had no idea of the difference of attainment in young women who did this work until he had this experience. When he began he employed a young woman who had been recommended to him quite highly. In some respects she was very good. She was accurate in following him, but she was not a good speller, and she never knew if her employer made a mistake in date or event, as will sometimes happen to even the most careful. He had to carefully revise her work, and take out everything of which he was not altogether certain. While the work was in progress she was taken ill, and she sent him a substitute. He says that her illness was his salvation. The substitute went far ahead of her predecessor. She was quick and alert ; not only did she write rapidly, but she was ready to challenge mis-statement, and she often made the suggestion that gave a needed point. " It was a delight to work with her," said the gentleman, " and when the work was done, I paid her more than she asked, for I felt if the first one had earned that sum of money, surely this one had earned much more."

I asked one of my type-writing girls some questions, and I am going to give you her own words to me. She has been in the work some time, and has occupied her present position

over two years and is very highly valued by her employers.

"Tell you about type-writing? Certainly. Is it a good business for a girl? Well, that depends. You see it must be a good girl for the business, in order to make it a good business for the girl. There are the two sides of the matter. There must be natural qualifications, else the girl will not succeed. You don't expect every man to make a good doctor, or minister, or lawyer, or newspaper man, do you? Certainly you don't. Every man cannot succeed as a stenographer or a type-writer; neither can every woman. It requires a good memory, an ability to spell well, a knowledge of the rules of grammar and rhetoric, a generally good education, and by that I mean an understanding of affairs and a knowledge of events, especially historical, a quick eye and hand and no nerves. You see the list of requirements is a long one, and each one is imperative. Many girls are attracted to the work because they think it a pleasant way of earning money, and because it seems a step in advance of so many other things; a girl, for instance, would rather say that she was a type-writer than that she sewed in a shop. It is one of the class of intelligent professions that presupposes a certain amount of education. Not all who begin the study carry it through — this refers particularly to stenography — and many who do carry it through, getting to the end of the course some way or other, do not make it available after they finish. The fault is not in the method by which they were taught, but in themselves; they haven't the requisites. When they come to be put to practical work, they make sad failures. I am always sorry for these girls; I only wish they could have known their unfitness before spending time and money in study. Another important quality needed, especially if one takes an office position, is discretion. Naturally one hears a great deal about people, and unavoidably learns much not only of their character, but of their private affairs, and it should be understood that this knowledge is to be put out of the mind as speedily as possible. Why, a stenographer could make no end of trouble for individuals if she were not discreet. Some people seem to regard a confidential clerk as a sort of receptacle into which they may pour their real opinions about everybody with whom they are connected in a business way. When you come to think of it, isn't it queer that a man should talk in so unguarded a manner concerning any one with whom he has business relations? I suppose he realizes that he trusts certain knowledge of his own affairs to a confidential clerk, and he must of necessity believe in her integrity and honor. So you can easily see how necessary discretion is. I'm not sure but that I should have named it first in degree of importance."

I think these words from one of the workers will be better than all the theoretical words I could give you. I will add just a few words given me by Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, one of the most expert stenographers in the country. She is the woman who took down a speech of Carl Schurz, delivered in German, in English shorthand — one of the most wonderful pieces of stenographic work ever done by man or woman. She is also a teacher of stenography, in the little time left from her editorial duties. She says the reason why so many women fail is that they have not acquired, as a rule, the habit of practical thought as men have. The whole plan of woman's education up to the present time has been insufficient and superficial, while men have been trained in harder schools and more thorough methods. As a consequence, the masculine thought-habit is better developed, and the qualities most needed in this special work are more common in man than in woman. This is not the fault of women so much as it has been the misfortune of their training. That all of them have not suffered from this wrong method is proved by the good work done by so many.

The great trouble is, as I hinted in the beginning, that so many girls, impelled by the success of the few, which has become traditional, rush into the work without stopping to consider whether or not they are fitted for it. It is, as my type-writing girl said, an idea that pleases them, and they take up the business without considering their capacity. But for those who succeed, it is a pleasant employment, and as things go, fairly remunerative.

Sallie Joy White.

A JAPANESE KITE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

THERE is in Japan a toy that has reached a state of high perfection, and constitutes, so far as I know, the only apparatus that is controlable while moving in the air.

Were I to speak of a kite without a tail, you would answer, "Oh! we know what you mean, a bird-kite, like those the Chinese have." Were I to tell you that by modifying the shape of your own kites and by changing the points of fastening of the string, you could make them fly without tails, I think you would wonder what the advantages could be. Well, the advantages

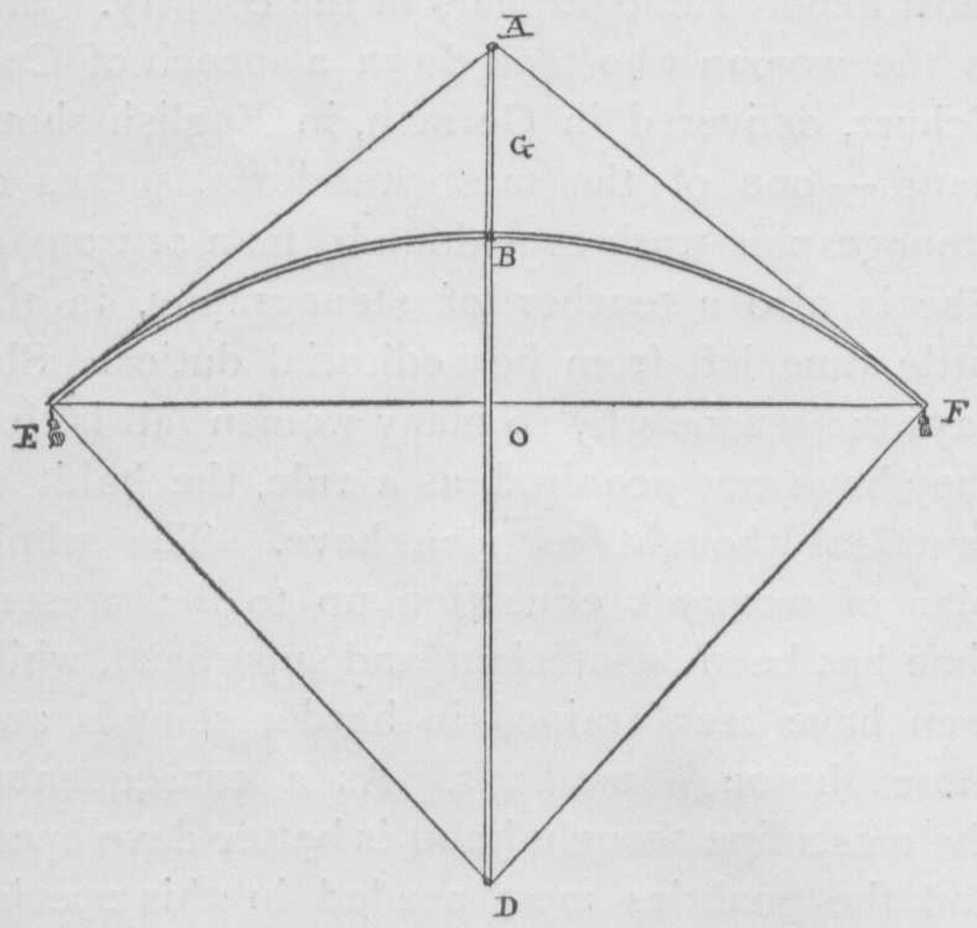


Fig. 1. FRAME OF KITE.

are not at first so very apparent. But the Japanese have discovered that by doing away with the tail they could gain command over the motions of the kite in the air, and cause it to dart off in any direction — upwards or downwards, to the right or the left — at their pleasure.

I will describe such a kite to you, tell you how to maneuver it, and give you some idea of the all-popular Japanese pastime of kite-string cutting; for no Japanese boy would be satisfied with going off by himself and flying his kite in a place where he had no chance of skillfully guiding its string across the string of some other boy's kite, and then, by dexterously hauling in or paying out, of severing his opponent's string, and of seeing his kite wobble, all limp and helpless, to the ground.

One spring afternoon at Nagasaki upon returning from a ramble over the country to the wharf off which our ship lay, I came across our carpenter's mate seated upon a piece of timber occupying his leisure hour in kite-flying. Now sailors are unusually keen in appreciating the good points of any sport, and noticing the man busily occupied with something that I had never before seen in other hands than those of native lads, I went up and asked if he had discovered anything new. "Why, yes, sir," he replied; "if you watch the way the head points and then haul in quickly, you can make the kite fly straight on that line." I took the string that he offered me and found that this was so; then I went off and purchased a kite and a supply of string, and took the measurements and made the sketches that I now give you.

My kite was quadrilateral in shape, the length of the sides being nearly equal (*Fig.* 1). The frame was made of two light sticks seized together at *B*; one of these, extending from the head *A* to the foot *D*, was straight; the other, *E B F*, stretching across the kite in a bow, was held in a curve by the string *E F*, which was made fast to it like a bow-string at its ends *E* and *F*. The points *A*, *E*, *F* and *D* were also connected by strings *A E*, *E D*, *D F* and *F A*. The dimensions were as follows: *A D*=3 ft., 6 in.; *E F*=3 ft., 8½ in.; *A B*=9½ in. The distance from *A* to *O*, where the string from *E* to *F* crosses the straight stick *A D*, was 1 ft., 7 in.

After the frame had been put together and the sticks secured in place by the strings, a sheet of paper was pasted over the whole and allowed to dry. Small tassels of colored paper, equal in size, were hung at *E* and *F*.

The next point and one of vital importance was the attaching of the kite to the string. This

was done by means of a single span *G Q D* (*Fig.* 2) made fast to the straight stick *A D* at its foot *D*, and at a point *G* near its head, halfway between *A* and *B*. The legs of the span

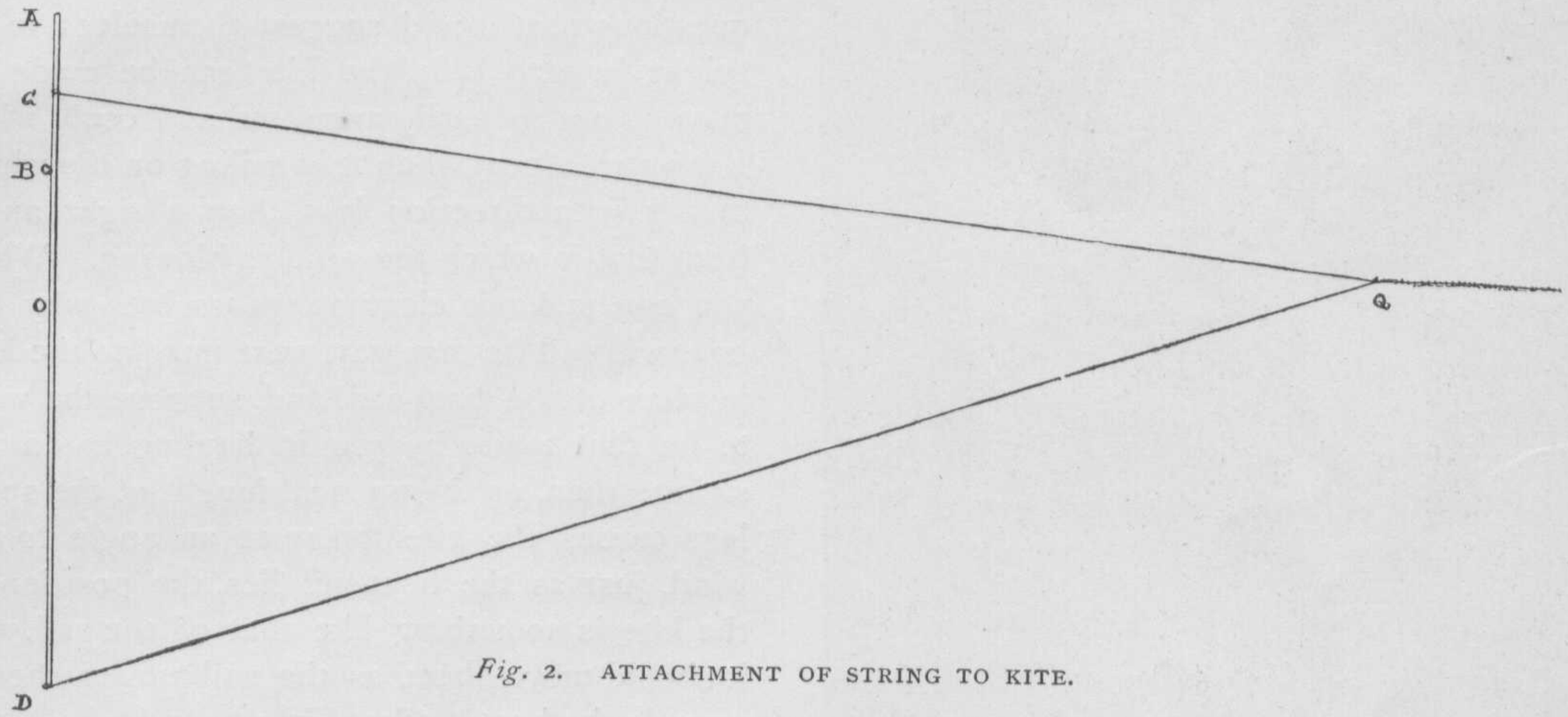


Fig. 2. ATTACHMENT OF STRING TO KITE.

were unequal in length and, calling *Q* the point where the kite string proper was made fast to the span, then *Q G*, the short leg, was equal in length to *B D* plus one and one half times *E F* (8 ft., 3¼ in.) (*Fig.* 1); and *Q D*, the long leg, to *G D* plus one and one half times *E F* (8 ft. 8 in.). I give these dimensions in full as I wish to emphasize them; any attempt at kite-making without following them, either actually or proportionally, will result in a kite that will not stand in the air, but will spin around and fall to the ground. I may also add that the smooth or paper side of the kite faced the span, the ends of which were made fast to the sticks by piercing small holes through the paper.

Next for the string itself. It was secured to the span at *Q* and was light and flimsy; inferior in quality to that used by us. But for a distance of about thirty feet from the span down the common string was replaced by another with a peculiarly rough sharp surface, produced by soaking the former in glue and than dipping it in sharp sand or powdered glass and allowing it to dry.

The kite now being complete, let us suppose it in the hands of some Japanese who has gone off with his fellows on the kite-flying holiday to try his skill upon one of the hill-tops overlooking his native town. He has raised it in the ordinary way, and soon among numbers of other oddly-painted sheets it is describing zigzags in the air. Watch it fall as he suddenly pays out string; see him catch it as the head points uppermost and with one quick pull hold it steady. He can make it go a greater distance from him, as we do with our own kites, by slowly and steadily paying out; he can turn it at will by giving the line a swinging motion, as a girl would a skipping-rope; he can cause it to dart off — upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left — by pointing it in the desired direction and then swiftly hauling in.

After spending a few minutes in watching the movements of the other kites, with a view of estimating the amount of skill displayed in handling them, he finally picks out one that is

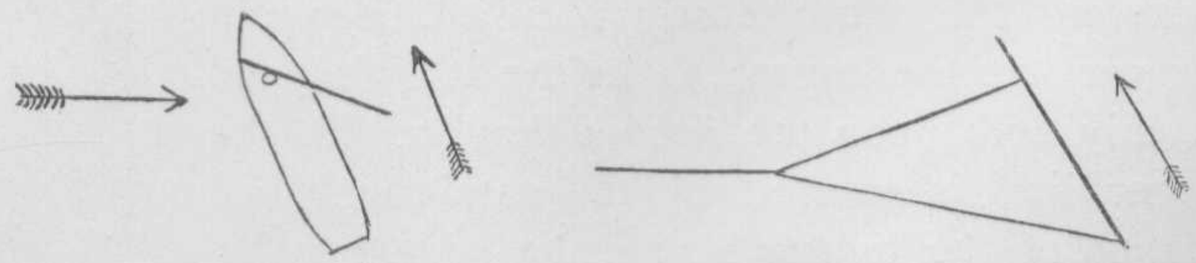


Fig. 3. SHOWING SIMILARITY OF SAIL AND KITE IN WIND.

larger than his own and hails its owner. His challenge being accepted, the two kites are darted toward each other and the fight begins. Each tries from the start to throw his line over



ASAHIMA'S SPEAR-BEARER KITE.

that of the other, for the uppermost position insures the greater freedom and rapidity of movement. Our champion having succeeded in coming out on top now suddenly pays out, causing his kite to fall; then quickly hauls in, sawing his own across the opposing string. But as he hauls in his adversary pays out in turn, and the heavier kite falling the more quickly, its owner is at length able to clear it by darting it off toward the right.

The battle now begins afresh. This time the smaller kite having the less line out, and being therefore the more easily handled, is again thrown over the larger; as before it is dropped quickly and, upon the second hauling in, the larger line is severed by the sand-roughened portion of the lighter string, the adversary being unable to clear. The big kite settles to the ground, to the delight of the victor, who claims it as his prize, secures it to his own string and goes off in search of another antagonist.

For the benefit of beginners, I would lay down the following rules for kite-flying:

I. Cross so that your line lies over that of your opponent.

II. Haul in when your adversary pays out and pay out when he hauls in.

A few words more in answer to one or two questions that would suggest themselves to all bright boys. Why the kite can be made to move is not so easily answered as I could wish. But watch a boat when it is sailing on the wind; that is, in a direction less than a right angle from that in which the wind is blowing. When you can make it clear to yourselves why the boat will sail in that way, next imagine the kite in place of the boat-sail, and suppose the wind to be that made by you in hauling in on the string; then, as the unequal length of the span-legs causes the kite to lay at an angle to the wind, just as the boat-sail lies, the position of the kite is something like that of the sail, and it should move ahead as the sail moves when it propels the boat. (See *Fig.* 3.)

If you ask me why the actual wind that is blowing does not cause the kite to move off by itself in some direction, without making it neces-



sary to haul in on the line in order to move it, I would answer that the weight of the kite, the strain on the string and the force of the wind all tend to balance the kite at the point in the air at which it rests when you hold the line fast.

Do you wish to know when the Japanese first found out how to make a kite in this way? I do not think any one can tell you that. It must have been a long time ago, for kites are now made in pretty much the same way all over Eastern Asia, from Korea to Tonquin, and news about a toy would travel slowly in countries where, until very recently, there were no lines of steamers or mail facilities. It must have been a very long time ago, indeed, if we are to believe a story in the Japanese chronicles. We are therein told that upon the summit of a lofty building in the castle at Osaka were formerly two golden dolphins. They were not of solid metal, for their frames were of woodwork, but they were covered with scales which were thick plates of pure gold. In the twelfth century a famous robber determined to steal one of them, and to effect his purpose he flew a kite over the building, guiding its string until it crossed the desired portion of the roof; and he then allowed the kite to fall on the opposite side, his intention being to use the string to haul up a rope with. His plans were discovered, however, and frustrated, and the dolphins were saved. They still exist and, although no longer in their place at the castle, are yet in the possession of the Japanese government.

I think that I have told you enough now to enable you to construct these kites and to fly them for yourselves. To close, I give you a picture of Asahima, a famous traveler and athlete of former days, clad as the people like to imagine him and flying a kite representing the herald or spear-bearer who, in feudal times, walked before the daimios, or high nobles, in ceremonial processions.

J. B. Bernadon, Ensign, U. S. Navy.

THE COW-BELLS OF GRAND PRÉ.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

ON the tenth of September, 1755, in the doorway of a small wooden hut at the extreme end of the picketed inclosure containing the new Settlement of Lunenburg, sat a young girl, sturdy, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, born of a race that centuries before had conquered the Island of Britain. And though peaceable and placid where they had been warlike and barbarous, the same dogged and firm obstinacy of purpose was in the broad strong face and round blue eyes that looked down over the Settlement, and out on the waters of the Merleguish Bay, which, in true signification of its Indian name, stretched milky and wild, and broke into white surf at the base of the rocky island near the entrance.

The girl's thoughts were not following her eyes. They were farther away than the white tossing bay and surf-encircled island, farther away than the ocean which merged its limitless blue into the as blue horizon that arched it, farther away than all these, and back to the little village of Saxenhausen which clustered about the bridge that spanned the Mayne in Frankfort, her native land.

They were fair promises indeed that the Lords Commissioner of Trade and Plantations had set forth to induce the sturdy German and Swiss families to settle in this new colony of Nova Scotia. "To each foreigner fifty acres of land free from all rent or taxes for ten years. To each member of the families ten additional acres. Housekeeping implements, implements for clearing their land and erecting their habitation, and maintenance for a twelvemonth." In all the populous towns of Germany the Proclamation was set up, and from the little village of Saxenhausen fifty-seven accepted its offers.

Ulrica Owenslaugen was an orphan. Her uncle's family with whom she lived were among

the fifty-seven. For a six-year Ulrica had been betrothed to Conrad Ludovic, a poor sick lad, hardly able to earn clothing and food from the images of white wood which he carved for the fairs on Saints-days. When the Proclamation was set up on the Saxenhausen bridge Conrad was among the number who were flushed with hope at the new life offered. All of the days and far into the night he carved at his white wood, and doubled the usual supply, that he might get the money for the passage. But the stress was too much for his weak constitution, and in two months he was prostrated with sickness, the returns for his sales scarcely paying those who cared for him.

It was then that the girl's stubborn purpose was born. She would herself take up the land for which Conrad had bargained!

As member of her uncle's family ten acres would be hers in her own right, and her own passage was secure. Why should she not? Many a day had she worked with her uncle in fashioning the ship's knees and timbers, and could swing the mallet like a man, he had often told her. In two years or less she could have the house built and land tilled. And with what Conrad could himself earn in this time she could raise money enough to send for the passage out.

It was a bold resolve, and one which the emigrants would have discouraged her from entertaining had she told them. But only to her lover did she confide it, and though he had at first objected, her hope and confidence was so bright that he at length came to believe in it, and save for the humiliating thought that she must do what should have been his work he did not oppose her.

All that first winter after their arrival the emigrants remained in Halifax, helping fashion the frames of the wooden houses which were being fast erected in the new city; and many a sixpence did Ulrica's handiness and strength add to the little hoard she was so rigidly saving. When May came there had enough settlers arrived to form the new township, and on the seventh of June nearly fifteen hundred German and Swiss landed on the shore of Merleguish Bay, the spot selected by General Hopson for the site of the town.

There was much discouragement for them. Not a tree from the hill had been felled. The whole of the coast was rocky and wild. And the thick evergreen forest, overgrown with underbrush harder to remove than the giant trees themselves, was an appalling sight to these people so recently removed from a highly cultivated and populous country, whose vast forests of oak and beech spread mile upon mile of clear, brown ground clean as a grove.

Ulrica shared the general disappointment, and in addition to this was refused the fifty acres on which she had so hopefully planned. Her ten acres, however, proved to be a town lot, and on this her small house was erected, and finished long before any other in the settlement, for several youths of the party with the secret hope that they might themselves some day share the benefit of their labors, worked at slabbing and banking it. In the same way her land was cut and cleared sooner than her neighbors, and a thrifty growth of flax and turnips and barley now grew upon it.

But in spite of all this prosperity she had been unable to raise the passage-money, and Conrad was still in the German land. Though all the past winter she had worked hard at the staves and barrels the settlers sent to Halifax, the money in return did not make up the required sum, and as she sat there on this late afternoon and thought it all over, her great stout heart was heavy within her. A new lot of settlers had arrived that morning and in the ship came a letter from Ludovic. He was weaker, and the tone was no longer hopeful, for in it he bade her a farewell.

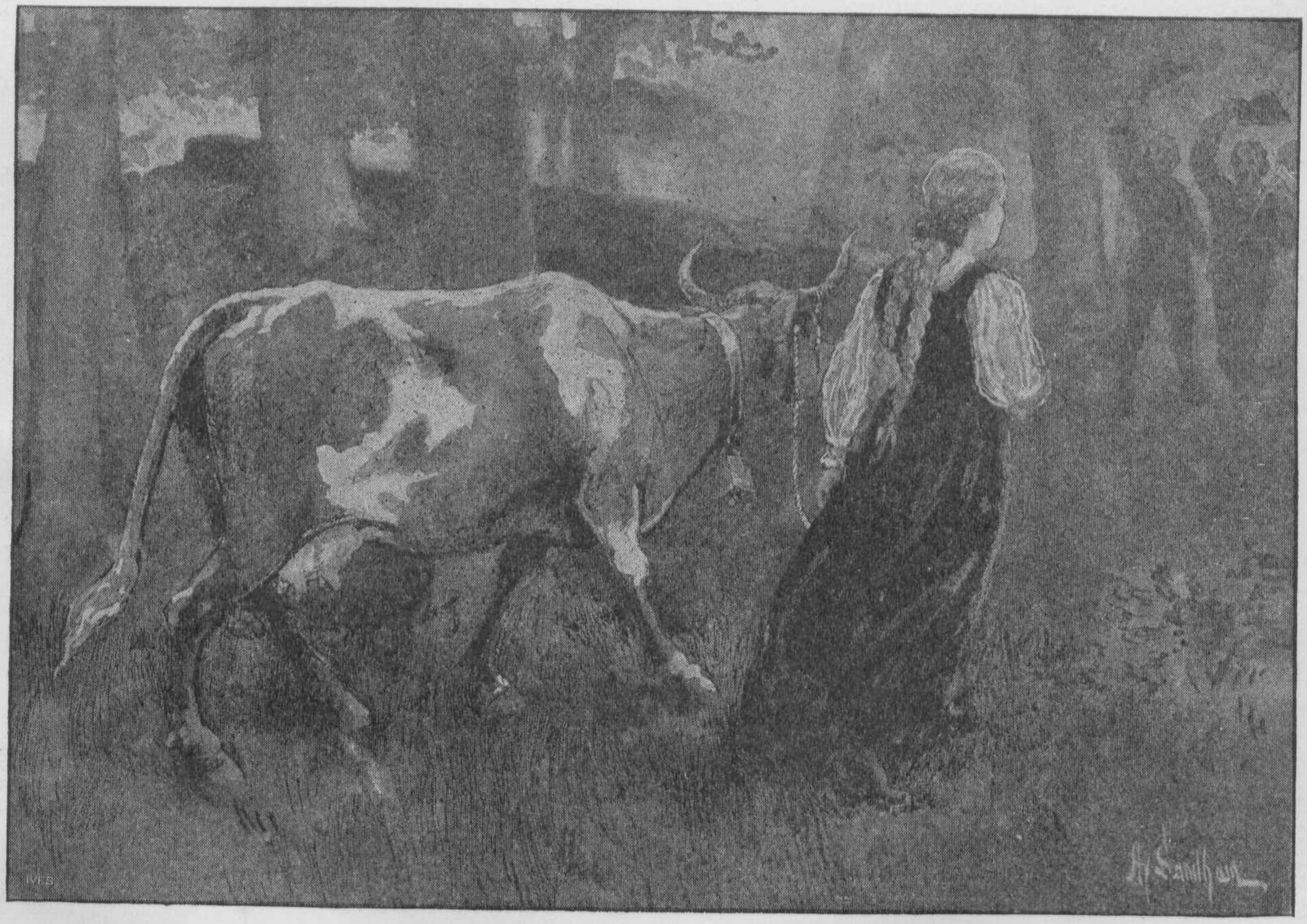
The girl was full of despair. When the ship arrived again in Germany it was to return to the new colony but once more, and that would be the last chance for his coming.

A sharp "halloo!" broke in upon her reverie, and turning quickly she saw a man approaching the Settlement over the cleared ground between the inclosure and the forest.

He was not one of the settlers, but was evidently acquainted with the way, for he made no detour from the opening in the picket defense, but came straight toward it, and making his entrance walked quickly across the garden plot and up to where the girl stood.

His rough clothes were torn, and from his shoulder swung a narrow axe. One glance at his careless, good-natured face freed her from alarm, and when he spoke in her native tongue the girl readily recognized him. He had come out with the settlers from Germany, and accompanied them to Lunenburg, but after a few weeks had disappeared.

Ulrica had never spoken with him, but knew his name was Jake Steignford, and the familiar speech and honest, careless face swept aside



A MUFFLED NOTE OF WONDER BURST FROM EVERY MAN.

all barriers; and in answer to his request for food she at once led him into the little kitchen and set about her preparation for supper.

"Get the food quick as possible, Fräulein!" said the man as he seated himself wearily on the wooden bench. "For when it is eaten and I have milked your cow for pay, I am off down the Settlement. I have news to tell."

And then to her wondering ears he detailed the story of the expulsion of the French. He had been with these people at Minas and at Port Royal for a twelvemonth, and was in the vicinity of Minas when they were taken from there. His foreign speech had protected him, but not an incident of the tragedy had escaped him.

"The buildings, barns and houses were fired and burned to the ground," he said. "Not one is standing. But the cattle and horses and sheep by thousands yet feed on the grand meadows. It is for that I have come here. By to-morrow's sunset I can raise a party of men, and we can bring back hundreds of the cattle. It will be a fortune for those who are bold enough to try it. And unless there is haste the English will have them without paying for them; but there is time yet; only last night I left them feeding by the thousands."

The girl stared as he spoke the last words.

"Only last night," she repeated. "How were you brought?"

The man glanced good-humoredly down at his thick-clad feet.

"They brought me," he said.

"But the mountains; they say there are

mountains between here and the French country!"

"Mountains have been climbed," said the man.

"And the river that is rough and deep, and the thick forest!" said the girl.

"All rivers do not run across the course," replied the man, "and trails have been blazed through the deepest forests."

And pointing to his axe, he added: "The blazings this blade cut as I came are thick as the trees on which I made them. I have crossed more forests than you are years old, Fräulein, and could always return the way I went. The sundown is hardly here yet, and last sundown I left the other end of the trail, forty miles away."

"But the way would be rough for the men who are not used like you to the forests," said the girl.

"*Ya;* the way is rough, but the Germans' legs are strong as their hearts," said the man, with a meaning laugh, for he knew the reason of her coming to the new land.

Ulrica did not reply to the raillery, but as she placed the supper on the table the words repeated themselves in her mind, and she said them to herself:

"The Germans' legs are strong as their hearts. Good! And their hearts are strong and true, that I know!"

"Now, bring up your cow, Fräulein," said the man, as he sat down to the food. "Tush! but you should see the herds that feed in the valley. Why, in a small meadow not a mile from the woods of the slope there are a dozen or more red and white creatures, tame as your own. There is no reason why we should not bring back a few hundred."

The girl went out of the house and down the pathway to the end of the ten acres where a small fenced bit of land pastured her one cow.

She was gone much longer than usual, and when she returned the man had left. By the plate was a small piece of money.

Taking up the pail from the bench, she went out into the penthouse where the cow stood. When she had finished milking she took the rope fastened to the stanchion, and coiling it closely, tied it tightly up in a kerchief which hung from her bodice.

Then she went back into the kitchen, and from a chest that stood by the bed took a bundle of old linen rags and a small lump of fresh tallow. Opening the kerchief she put these in with the rope, and adding half a loaf of barley bread tied it tightly up again, and started away from the house across the garden lot, and out through the picket inclosure by which Jake Steignford had made his entrance a few hours before.

When she reached the verge of the forest she sat down, and removing her thick wooden shoes, greased the soles of her feet and wrapped the soft linen rags about them under the coarse stockings. This done, she started into the thick woods.

She was bound for the meadows of Minas, to bring back some cows to sell, and raise the money for the passage-pass!

The first of her way lay through a dense forest of yellow pines; the underbrush was scanty and the footing easy and free from obstruction. The blazings on the trees were not far apart and in the bright moonlight she could plainly see them.

Then the trail struck the Gold River, a wild and rocky-bedded stream, dashing its water to foam in incessant leaps and whirls. For many miles she followed it, and the full moon lighting its white foaming water made her way easy to trace.

At last she began to slowly descend the mountain. Up, and over, and down the great blue hills, covered with hard wood trees of birch and oak, and dense so that they almost touched each other.

It was in these deep woods, not ten miles from the Grand Pré, that her courage first forsook her. There was a silence through them that seemed ominous, after the sighing and tossing of the pine-tops. And as the soft plumage of an owl in its noiseless flight brushed against her face she started, and made a sudden outcry.

The cry echoed and re-echoed, and in strangely varied and weird tones was repeated, till the girl was filled with terror, and sank to her knees on the brown leaves which already lay thick on the ground.

For the first time she thought of what she had undertaken, and the danger and daring of it

appalled her. All the possible perils of the way rushed to her mind — the savage Indians, the as savage wild beasts, and the danger of missing her trail in this deep dark forest out of which she could never hope to find her way unguided.

And then came a new horror. In her sudden fright she had lost sight of the blazings!

Never once before through all the night had she allowed her eyes to leave the last till they caught the gleam of the next, but in her alarm she had forgotten and removed them from the guiding line.

With tensioned sight she peered into the shadowy depths around her, but no answering gleam met her searching gaze. She buried her face in her hands, and then with rested vision strained out into the surrounding gloom — to right, to left, behind, and ahead — but in vain.

It did not occur to her fear-benumbed senses that with the daylight she could easily again find the blazings. She forgot everything but the one terrifying thought that she was alone in the great woods and lost. Closing her eyes she leaned back against the great tree under which she sat and yielded to her fears. But as her face touched the tree something rough on the smooth bark scratched her cheek, and putting up her hand to seek the cause she found it to be the blazing. In her terror she had not thought of seeking it on the tree under which she rested.

In dumb joy she sprang to her feet. Her courage returned. And keeping the white chippings well watched she set out again on her way.

It was nearly noon when she emerged from the forest into the cultivated fields of what a few days before was the quiet picturesque village of Grand Pré, with its hundreds of happy homes and contented peasantry.

Ulrica looked eagerly in the fields near by for the cattle Jake Steignford had told of, but the blazing fires and military clamour had alarmed them, and they had stampeded to the great open meadow some miles farther down. One look at the great herd was sufficient to dispel her vision of driving or leading home half a dozen of them, or of even venturing among them to select but one. On a closer look, however, she saw in a little picketed inclosure not many yards distant, a large handsome cow feeding quietly on a patch of well-cultivated cabbages.

Ulrica recognized at once that this animal was a full-blooded Alderney, such as she had seen in her native land, on the great farms of the Barons. The cow had been imported by one of the wealthy farmers. Firearms and soldiers were to her familiar sights and sounds, and this was why she had not been alarmed and fled to the meadow.

Satisfied that she could not easily break loose from the inclosure, and gaining the creature's good-will by a few kind strokes, Ulrica looked about her for a place of rest. A fear of being discovered, and a naturally morbid desire to look upon the reminders of human suffering, led her to a cellar near by, and going down into it, she seated herself on the lowest stone step and took from her kerchief the barley bread, which until now she had not touched. The bottom of the cellar was covered with ashes and brands. In the middle stood the chimney, built square and large, from the ground to the floor of what had been a farmhouse. Once in the cellar, shut out from surrounding sights, and the soothing effects of satisfied appetite coming over her senses, the tired girl fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun was not two hours high. Half-dazed with a returning sense of her situation she tried to distinguish the reality from a strange dream that seemed a part of her surroundings.

The last object she remembered seeing before going to sleep was a very red brick in the wall of the chimney in front of her. When she waked her eyes were on this brick, and in her mind was a recollection of having pulled it out of its place and found money behind it.

The trackless ashes on the cellar bottom assured her that she had not been to the chimney; but the red brick was there, and now with returning senses seemed to be not as secure in the wall as the others about it. Rousing all her courage she walked through the ashes and placed her hand upon it, and to her great astonishment found it loose. Picking it from its place she removed it, and behind it were bright gold coins.

It was some minutes before she could so far master herself as to touch them. Then, almost frightened at herself, she took them from their hiding place and counted them. There were twenty in number, but of how much value she did not know.

Reasoning that the owner was on the seas, probably never to return, she wrapped them in her kerchief and pinned it securely in the folds of her dress-waist. And then frightened at all the strangeness of her adventure, and eager to get away from the place, the girl climbed up into the open air again and looked about her for the cow. It was still in the inclosure. Willingly the great sleek creature followed the trend of the rope which Ulrica tied to her horns; and with only an hour of sunlight left her the resolute girl started out through the forest again.

Two hours before this the party of men started from the settlement. Jake Steignford had roused their cupidity, and fifty of them followed him on the doubtfully righteous expedition. All night they traveled, and about three o'clock in the morning were preparing to halt and rest until dawn, when one of the men who had gone ahead of the others returned excitedly.

"Listen!" he said.

All were silent, expecting to hear the approach of some wild beast.

"It is a bird singing," said one of the men.

"It is no bird," said Jake Steignford. "It is the little brazed bell the Acadians fasten on the necks of their cattle."

"But the French pastures are twenty miles away, man!" said half a dozen voices. "And though we have heard the signal gun from the citadel at Halifax three times as far, it is a devil's wind that can carry the sound of the cowbell through three miles of forest."

"It is a French bell," said Jake, "and I am going to overhaul it even if it should be on the neck of a witch." And leading the way he started on in the direction of the sound.

After nearly an hour's traveling the mellow tinkling on the still night air grew nearer, and more than one stout German heart began to feel the effect of nursery education in the Fatherland. Jake Steignford, however, was firm in his expressed opinion.

Nearer came the tinkling, and nearer, and then a muffled note of wonder burst from the throat of every man as they came upon the cause of the sound and saw in the depths of the forest the great sleek cow, and leading it Ulrica Owenslaugen.

For an instant no one spoke. Then the men comprehended her deed, and a murmur of applause burst from their lips, breaking into a cheer loud and long as the girl told them her adventures.

Of the gold she did not speak. They gave her food and drink, and a little after dawn she set out again on her way, and the men resumed their march.

In the bustle of getting the party off for the cattle forage, Ulrica had not been missed from the settlement, and there was much excitement when late in the afternoon she appeared, leading the fine cow.

The next morning she hesitatingly handed the captain of the ship four of the gold coins to pay the passage of Conrad.

"Spanish doubloons," said the captain, eying the girl closely, and giving her back a handful of silver in change, and two of the gold pieces. This was the first idea she had of their value.

The month of May brought Conrad, much improved in health from the voyage out. And in the little new church of Saint John he and Ulrica were married.

The small cabin was soon changed for the best house in the town, planned and built by Conrad himself.

To this day farmers in the county of Lunenburg trace back the pedigree of their best cows to this French prize of Ulrica's. The little bells that are the pride of every yoke of fine oxen in the county are made after the pattern of the one that tinkled so mysteriously in the forest more than a hundred years ago. And some of the richest families are not ashamed to trace their genealogical tree back to a peasant girl with gold coins pinned in her dress.

Grace Dean McLeod.

C. Y. F. R. U.

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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME EE

BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD



THE PERPLEXITIES OF A CRYMANGLE.—PART I.

(A Prize Anagram Story.)

(Part II., with the solution of the Anagram Letter, will be published in the August number. Five five-dollar prizes will be awarded to the subscribers sending the first five correct readings of the Letter. Allowance will be made for distance. State time taken in solving. Write "Prize Anagram" on the envelope.)

I AM a perplexed and unhappy man. I have been called in black and white a "Crymangle" and other opprobrious epithets, as you will observe if you will kindly read the subjoined letter. I may be pardoned, I am sure, for some curiosity as to the meaning of the word, and I appeal to any one clever enough to unravel this apparently inextricable tangle, to inform me:

What is a Crymangle, and why am I one?

I offer a few words by way of explanation. I am the vicar of the small parish of Slumberwell. I have one daughter, Catherine, on whom I depend for the management of my house and the minor details of parish work. Three days ago she left me to spend a week with her aunt at Cloverdale, and without her I am like a ship without a rudder (though it would never do to let her imagine this), but the fact is, that I depend so much upon her, that I am in constant fear lest any presuming youth should aspire to winning her from me. One or two young men in my parish who have seemed to cast a favoring eye upon her, have been repulsed by me with such severity of demeanor that they have not since ventured to present themselves at my house.

On two separate occasions, however, the postman has delivered letters, addressed in a manly hand to my daughter, which I have considered it my duty to peruse before allowing her to see them, consequently she is well aware of the manner in which any such communication will be received.

Last night as I was making my usual tour of the premises before retiring, I perceived a white object lying upon the balcony outside my daughter's window. On closer inspection, it proved to be a letter addressed in a hand which I did not recognize to "Miss Catherine Chester."

Supposing it to be some clandestine expression of admiration for her, according to my custom I opened it, and by the light of the candle which I carried in my hand, read it through from beginning to end — but all to no purpose. Indeed I defy any one, at first sight, to make any sense of it. After a few lines I came upon these words: "*Your good father, the Crymangle*" — which without doubt is a phrase applied to myself by the miscreant who had the temerity to climb the iron stair which leads from Catherine's balcony to the garden below, and place his anonymous and insulting epistle beneath her window.

Now, if Catherine were here, I believe she could explain it in a moment, for anything in in the nature of a puzzle is a joy to her, and she spends hours at a time poring over rebuses and those other horrible inventions in the backs of magazines — indeed she has written a book or two on that very subject, the one entitled *The Construction of the Anagram*, making quite a stir when it first appeared. I confess I have not read it, having a better use for my brain than the pursuit of useless information; but I wish that I had, for now I am lost in a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity and know not where to look for an explanation. I might write to Catherine, but as the stage goes to Cloverdale but twice a week, my letter could not reach her

until the day of her return, so I must wait with what patience I can command, unless you, my friends, can assist me.

Here is the communication:

(*The Letter.*)

"I am sending you a letter in *a rag man*, my dear *neat Chair*, knowing that the *house rats* of such learned books as yours will soon come to a *red nuts and gin* of my meaning. I can imagine the *no stern action* of your good father, the *Crymangle*, should this *early bat* of my feelings for *surly foe* fall into his hands, so I shall place it upon the *I creep safe*, where you will find it when you descend to your *quite spruce* garden.

Any of his *I hire parsons* would expect the heaviest *nine thumps* which words could inflict in approaching the *Crymangle* as the accepted *there we sat* of his only *aged Ruth*. Please advise me whether to employ a *Pliny ate no tripe* or whether to come myself with what *mad policy* I can command. To-night I shall go to the *I roar too*. I wish you might be with me to hear the new *a dry shop* performed by the *horsecart*. When I return I shall look for the light of your *nice herald* as no *moonstarer* ever looked for the light of a newly discovered planet. If it is burning, I will accept it as a sign that I may present myself as *a cat dined* for *into my arm* to your respected *norse cat*, so to call him. If you do not approve, send me word by *great help*.

I am much occupied at the *Nay, I repent it* at present. The *stain crash* have incited a spirit of *to love ruin* among the men, and one of them has been shot. I was his *go nurse*, and must attend his *real fun* to-morrow. During his last days he told me he had acquired *the law* by the sale of *oil soap* and *I, General Moore* but had used it all in trying to crush the *ten teapots* of different countries. He assured the *live agents* who visited him, that he belonged to the *best in prayer* Church, and maintained with his latest *the bar* that he had never sympathized with the *neat herds* of the doctrine of *sin sat on a tin tar tub*, but, on the contrary, thought it a *Simon Peter in tears*. Two *sly ware* of my acquaintance tried with wily *stupid tale*, and many a brilliant *hair mops*, to obtain control of his effects, but he left every thing he possessed to the *sheep at Cairo*, who attended him.

I have a ring of *thy mates*, which is of somewhat *neat leg* design. I want to send it to you, and hope soon to see it worn by my *rice soup* girl."

Dear friends, am I to be blamed for a desire to have this mystery explained?

Louise Livingston Bradford.

BLOSSOM.

(*School and Playground Stories.*)

"NO—I don't calculate to send any of my boys to college," Farmer Ellinwood was in the habit of saying. "My brother Calvin went to college, and he never could earn his living. He tried to be a school teacher and a lawyer and a minister, and he couldn't seem to make anything go. He was always coming to some of the rest of us for help, and he died poor. I haven't much opinion of this going to college."

These last words Farmer Ellinwood pronounced always in a tone of contempt.

None of Farmer Ellinwood's six boys cared to go to college until Chester, the youngest, came along. Chester loved a book from the moment that he could hold one in his chubby little hands, and as he grew older he longed unspeakably for an education; but Chester was a prudent little fellow and kept his lips sealed upon the subject that was nearest his heart.

One day when he was fourteen years old, his father came in from the barn to find the boy in a state of great excitement. "Just think, father!" he exclaimed, "Dr. Ellis is going to

give that pretty Jersey calf of his to the boy that will select the best piece and speak it the best at the close of school! There are six weeks more of school, and I wish I could get it!"

"Dr. Ellis ain't going to give away that splendid yearling" (Farmer Ellinwood pronounced the word "yelling") "of his, is he?" asked the old farmer.

"He certainly said so, father — he wants to 'raise the standard of scholarship here,' he says."

"Sho! I can't believe he'll give that calf away for nothing."

But in spite of Farmer Ellinwood's incredulity, six weeks from the very day on which he had this talk with Chester, that proud young man came home from school leading Dr. Ellis's fine Jersey yearling, "Blossom," by a halter behind him.

The old farmer was more pleased than he cared to own with Chester's cleverness.

"I'll tell you what I'll do now," he exclaimed in the excess of his pleasure; "if you do as well in school the next year as you have done the last one, I'll send you to Feltham for a year or two. I don't believe much in education, but you've done first-rate, and I'll send you jest for your pluck."

Chester was determined to do so well that his father would send him to college after Feltham — which was a good preparatory school about twenty miles away; but he kept his own counsel.

The Jersey calf became a great pet in Farmer Ellinwood's family, and especially with its anxious young owner, who consulted the best stock-raisers wherever he could find them, and studied the books and newspapers for the best methods of feeding and caring for Miss Blossom. Early and late he attended upon her, and naturally she grew and flourished.

The year passed away and Chester's teachers gave such a good account of him that his father consented to send him to Feltham in the fall.

Early in September occurred the County Fair. This was the grand festival of the country-side, and all of the enterprising farmers sent in some of their products to compete for the premiums. This year an especial effort was making to stimulate the interest in blooded cattle, and a premium of one hundred dollars for the best Jersey heifer had been announced. Chester Ellinwood's eyes sparkled when he saw it.

"I know," he reflected, "that I couldn't please father better than by getting that prize. I suppose there are ever so many Jersey heifers in the county, but I believe my Blossom is the best of them."

Then a sudden idea popped into Chester's head and made him jump about five feet into the air.

"I believe I can manage it," he said aloud; "I'm going to propose it to father some day when he is feeling pretty good, and see what he says."

Down in the meadow below Farmer Ellinwood's house was a damp, thickly-grown little basin known as the "Cream-pot." In the midst of this was a moist thicket, out of which trickled a tiny rivulet, its merry gurgle full of "little sharps and trebles." It emptied a few rods away into the pretty river which bounded the meadow's lower edge. Several great oaks rose out of the midst of the thicket, and some butternut-trees, beside hazels, alders and green osiers. There were some bunches of cat-tails, too, just at the head of the little brook. It was a sweet, tangled, ferny place, and Chester always loved to linger there, and was grateful to his father for leaving that precious little half-acre in the midst of the smooth meadow. But Farmer Ellinwood had no romance about leaving it there. He knew that the "Cream-pot" would soon be no better than any other part of the meadow if this little marshy, woody spot were not left to nourish its grasses.

Chester received special permission from his father to tether Blossom during a good many of the hot summer days down in the "Cream-pot" to a butternut-tree just on the edge of the thicket. Every moment that he could spare from taking the cows to pasture and "planting pumpkins" and "raking after" and the thousand-and-one other jobs which fall to the lot of the youngest boy on a farm, he spent down in the luxuriant green "Cream-pot" beside pretty Blossom, watching her as she nibbled daintily at the rich turf or basked drowsily in the shade of the great butternut. All winter Chester had carded her soft, fawn-

colored coat until she had become the glossiest little heifer, at least, in his own town — Chester devoutly hoped in the entire county. Then there had been the cotton-seed meal and Indian meal and "shorts," which he had fed to his pet according to the rules which the wiseacres had given him.

"At any rate," Chester thought philosophically, "if I don't get the prize, I have learned a lot about taking care of a cow, and I have had a good time seeing Blossom grow and flourish." But in his heart he expected to get that prize, and he expected something very important to come of it.

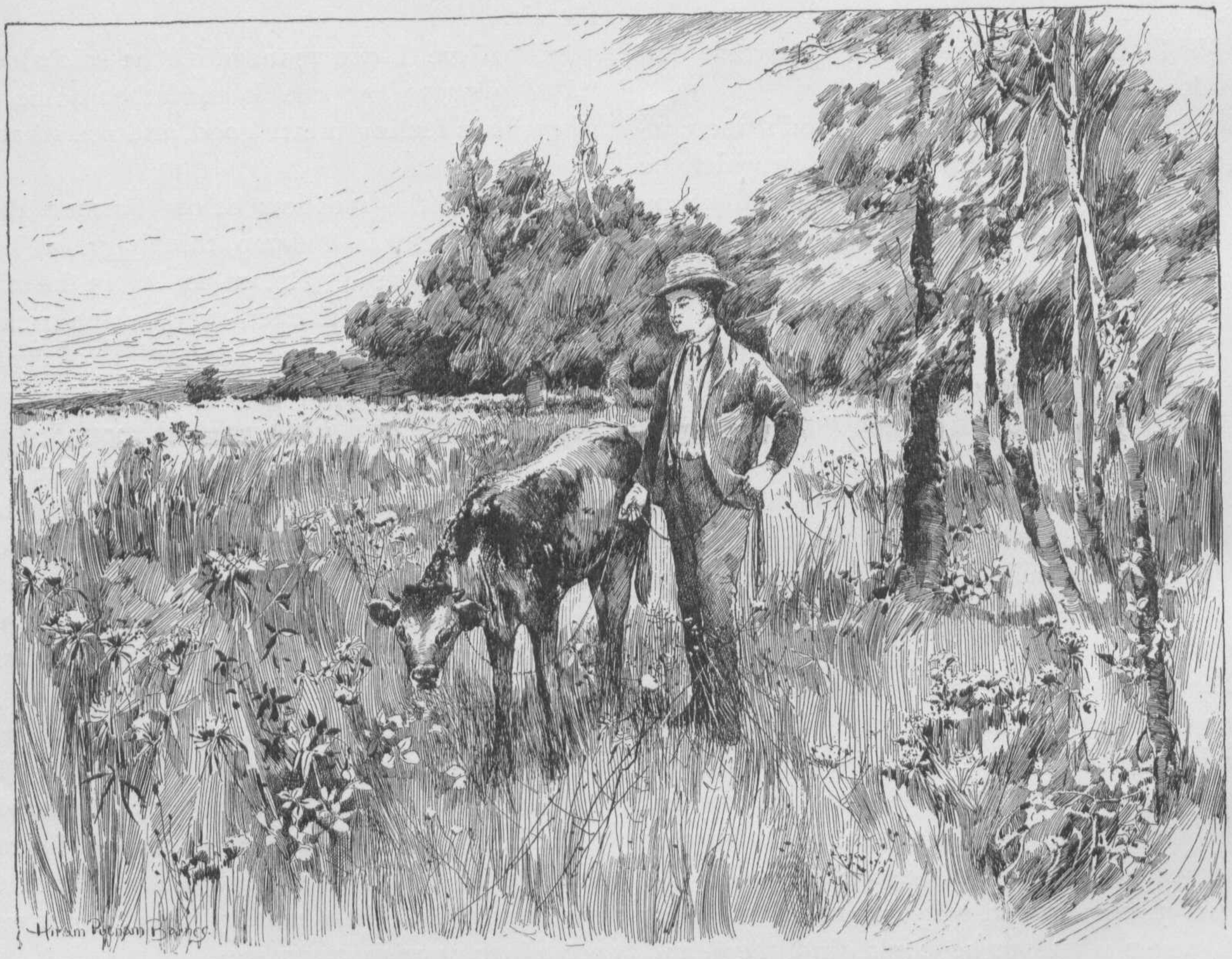
This year Farmer Ellinwood had a remarkable hay-crop. There was far more than his barn would hold, and he sold the overflow to a city dealer for an unexpectedly high price. This brought about that state of capital good-nature in him for which Chester had been waiting.

At twilight on the evening of the hay-sale the family had all been sitting out on a bench under the maples, near the house; one by one the rest rose and went away until only Chester and his father were left.

"Have you noticed Blossom lately, father?" asked Chester, seizing his opportunity.

"Oh, I don't know. Not specially. Why? anything the matter?"

"Oh, nothing — only she's growing nicer and nicer every day."



DOWN IN THE "CREAM-POT."

Farmer Ellingood only gave a good-natured grunt at this.

"I believe, father," continued Chester confidentially, "I believe Blossom would take that hundred-dollar premium that's been offered for the best Jersey heifer raised on a farm in this county. I've about made up my mind to enter her; if you don't care."

Farmer Ellinwood laughed a little.

"I 'prove your spunk, Chester," he said, "but you mustn't expect to get the prize. There are

about ten heifers in this very town going to be entered for that premium — and goodness knows how many from the whole county! Some of the men who are going to enter them are relatives of the committee, too, and such men, I'm sorry to tell a boy, often stand the best show. There shouldn't be any favoritism in such matters, but there sometimes is. Go ahead, though, if you want to. You've got a nice little bossy there, and it's well enough to show her, even if she doesn't get any prize."

"Well, father, if I should get the premium," Chester began with some little trembling, though he tried to speak as though he was not saying anything in particular, "I think you will want to do something pretty nice for me, won't you? I wish, father, you would say that if I get the prize for my Blossom, I may go to college?"

"Oh, come, now," began the old farmer, rising and shaking himself rather crossly, "I'm going to send you to Feltham this year, and that's more than I've done for any of your brothers. But I've a notion you will make something of yourself sometime, if you are not spoilt with too much education. You know, Chester, I haven't much opinion of going to college, and I don't see why you've got your head so set on it."

He went off into the house, but though Chester felt discouraged, he by no means gave up hope.

The Cattle Show and Fair came on at last.

Blossom, looking every inch the high-bred little lady that she was, with a blue ribbon around her neck, and her fawn-colored coat as smooth as hands could make it, stood in her stall on the fair-ground all of one long day, with twenty-five other competitors, for the decision of the judges. Chester had not realized before how his heart had been bound up in the matter. He could not take any pleasure in the other attractions of the fair, and it seemed to him that the day would never end. He had looked the other Jersey heifers all over, and it honestly seemed to him that Blossom was the handsomest and the best of them all — but would the judges think so?

That night it was announced that a certain "Beauty" had taken the hundred-dollar prize. There were several small regular prizes, too, but none of these had fallen to Chester Ellinwood's Blossom.

Chester managed to get home without breaking down; but once in his own stable, he untied the blue ribbon from Blossom's pretty neck, and jumped up and down upon it in his wrath; he even twitched his pretty pet hard when he tied her.

Upon this she looked mute reproaches at him from out of her beautiful eyes. Then he could not keep up any longer. He sat down on a box in the stall beside her and cried, cried, cried, as only a broken-hearted big boy can.

He cried so hard that he did not hear his father come in, and he started up as if a cannon had exploded by his ears when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and his father said, "I don't blame you, Chester, for feeling bad — I swan I don't" — Farmer Ellinwood was always much heated when he said "I swan" — "I am as good a judge of cattle, I believe, as any farmer in town, and I tell you, Chester, I liked the looks of your little heifer up there to-day. To my thinking, she beat the whole lot of them. She showed up well beside the rest. I rather expected you would come in for the big prize — or certainly the next one. I'm afraid there was some politics in the way those prizes went — but I'm going to right this thing as well as I can, my boy, hark ye! You've worked right hard, and after you've had a couple of years at Feltham, why, I don't mind telling you, Chester, you can go to college — yes," roared Farmer Ellinwood, getting wrought up by his own brave words, "you can go for ten years if you want to, and John Ellinwood will foot the bills" — and here he gave Chester a sort of a congratulatory slap which fairly knocked him off the box on which he had been sitting, and into the middle of the barn floor.

"What!" cried the astounded boy as he caught his breath and turned to face his father.

"You can go to college!" repeated the old farmer in an even louder tone than before, but trying to assume something of his every-day gruffness again. "Yes, you can, though you will probably turn out nothing but a poor country school teacher if I let you go — but you may go, and that's the end of it."

Chester Ellinwood, perhaps with a desire to strengthen his father's respect for educated men, went into a bank upon leaving college, and worked his way steadily upward, until now he is the President of a Great Trust Company in New York. He has a fondness for returning to the old home, where he never fails to pat on the head each and all of Blossom's granddaughters, and informing them that to their handsome ancestress he owed his "rise in life." He is a very rich man, and he does great good with his money.

We all know that a man's money is not the measure of his happiness. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton talks in his stinging but courteous way of "that wealth which is so attractive to the uninstructed." But it is lucky that some of our college-bred men get rich enough to show the Farmer Ellinwoods that education does not always make men poor.

The old man is greatly rejoiced at his son's prosperity — but he will not, even yet, quite give up his former views.

"It won't take the gumption out of every boy to send him to college," he says, with a wise jerk of his head, "but, as near as I can figure it out, there ain't but precious few of 'em that can stand it!"

Kate Upson Clark.

THE INDIAN GUARDIAN.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

THE ninth of May, 1745.

Already there was grass over the salt marshes and green leaves on the earlier forest trees around the Acadian Settlement at L'Equille. The winter had been very mild. For weeks the wind had blown from the southwest, clearing the ice from the Equille and Allen Rivers, and glinting into summer blue the broad beautiful Bason into which these sinuous streams emptied.

But the French inhabitants at L'Equille found no presage of comfort in the elements, nor harbingers of better times in mild winter and early spring. Louisburg, the only fortified place in Acadie held by their countrymen, was besieged by the Massachusetts Bay Colonists, and the emissaries of the French king had commanded them to furnish food and munitions of war to aid in the defense, menacing them with the destruction of their homes if they refused. The English, to whom the country now belonged, threatened with death or exile any who gave this aid. And bound further by the oath of fidelity which every man in the Banlieûe had been forced to take, these rural people, thus conquered, commanded and threatened on all sides by their fellow men, were filled with unrest of purpose and bitterness of spirit.

The only man among them who dared respond to the call of his countrymen was Jean Terriot, the hunter, hated by everyman in the Banlieûe; and there was much excitement when it became known that he would join Marin's party.

On this morning of the 9th a group of the inhabitants stood on the Equille Bridge, idly watching, as they talked, a canoe rapidly paddled up the tortuous stream. Their talk was of Jean Terriot.

"He goes on the morrow, I hear," said the Padre.

"And leaves few to mourn or miss his loss if he never returns," added Pierre Gascon, another of the group.

"But he has been earnest in raising men to aid our countrymen," said the Padre, who did not share in the hatred of the hunter. "I hear that four hundred of our people in other parts of the Province and many Indians accompany him: two sloops, two schooners and sixty large canoes embark from Port Royal."

"For all that, we like not this same Jean Terriot," put in Gascon again. "Neither French, English nor Indians can trust him; he knows too much of the affairs of each for any one of them to rely upon him. A good-for-

nothing. His English wife was no help to him, and it was a wonder he found so pretty a maiden to call him husband; but no wonder that she died at the end of a year. Where he will quarter his child while away, I do not know; it is a girl and but two years old."

"Ask him," said another of the men, "for yonder he comes!"

"'Tis little he will tell you," said Gascon, as the canoe came around the broad bend and its occupant was recognized as Jean Terriot. And raising his voice the speaker added in harsh tones: "Men who shun prisons and carry evil secrets do not talk much, nor hear any good of themselves!"

The man kneeling on the folded skins in the bottom of the canoe must have heard these sneering words, but he gave no heed to them or to the group of men who looked steadily down upon him as the little craft shot under the Bridge and out again beyond their sight amid the windings of the river.

As the canoe turned the first curve he leaned forward, and drawing aside a pile of furs in front of him, disclosed a sweet mite of a child sleeping beneath; and the hard and haughty look on his face changed to one of infinite tenderness as he gently passed his hand over the golden curls which showed the Saxon blood of the mother who had died on the day of its birth.

Up the river, in and out, around the endless flexures the canoe sped, and a mile beyond the Horseshoe Curve, where dense forests lined the shores and rocks impeded navigation, stopped.

Stepping out on the shore the man took the child and placed it on the trunk of a fallen tree, lifted the canoe from the water and stood it behind the tree, then raised the child in his arms and started on through the forest. He walked with rapid tread and soon came upon a well-beaten path that led to a clearing where many wigwams were built in the order of an Indian encampment.

Without a word or even a nod of recognition to the Indians who lounged about the trees, he went straight on to a taller wigwam farther removed from the others, and pushing aside the boughs that partly shielded the doorway, stepped in.

A light came into the silent taciturn face of the Indian who sat with crossed feet before the fire, and with an eager gesture of welcome he pointed with a wave of his hand to a higher part of the camp.

But the Frenchman did not speak, or notice in any way the salutation. He set the child down by the fire, and turned around and stood in the doorway of the wigwam. For many minutes he stood thus. Then he went in and sat down by the Indian who in all this time had known so well how to be silent while another suffered.

"Massaosit," said the Frenchman, "you know M. Marin. You may not know though that Duchambou has sent to him begging help in his great strait, for the English have besieged the French fortress. Marin is taking many men, taking your own people and mine, taking me. I have no friends — I like the Frenchmen at the Settlement not at all, I like the English less. But the child — how can I take it, yet how can I leave it or live without it? I care not to let it be with the settlers; they will say nought but bad of me, and the only being that loves me shall not be taught to hate me. You are my friend, though — if you can say nothing good you can at least be silent; will you take it? I have no knowledge when I will return; it may be one year, two years."

There was a moment of silence, and then the Indian spoke.

"Massaosit will take it," he said. "Shall he say no, when his friend ask of him? the Frenchman save the Indian from drowning once."

"You promise fair," said the Frenchman; "so do the English, yet they break their promises."

"This tree, English!" said the Indian, pointing through the doorway to the bare boughs of a birch-tree. "See, green in summer, it look fair and you not know, you think it last forever — five moons, and it fades, six moons and again it comes — that is English, always making, always breaking. Indian is fir, spruce, hemlock — once so, always so. I say I take it, I take it — twelve moons, many twelve moons, you come back and you find it. That is all I say — I have said."

"It is all I ask," said the Frenchman, as he

bent for a moment over the child, then went out of the wigwam and down to the shore where the canoe lay.

In silence the Indian accompanied him, launched his canoe, gave him the paddle and waited to watch him out of sight.

There were no more words spoken, no more charges given, no farewell between these two so widely different in race, so strangely alike in life and character. Alone, in the silence and coming night, on the verge of the grand old forest untouched by the devastating axe of civilization, the Indian stood, watching the rapidly receding canoe as it floated with the tide down the winding river. And not till it disappeared around the Horseshoe Curve above the Bridge did he turn into the forest, silent and stately as the giant trees among which he wended his way back to the wigwam where lay the sleeping child so trustingly placed under such strange guardianship.

1756, and again it was May.

The "twelve moons," the "many twelve moons" had passed, and no word came from the Frenchman. Since the day eleven years ago, when the two sloops, the two schooners and the sixty large canoes sailed out between the precipitous looming hills on either side of St. George's Channel, there had been no tidings of him. From the Indians about the Fort, Massaosit picked up the news of the fall of Louisburg. From the few who straggled back from Marin's party he learned that the fleet had been met at Cape Sable and chased by armed Provincials, met again in Ascomouse harbor and forced to land to escape capture, reaching Louisburg in July, only to find the Island Battery beaten down and the fortress in possession of the hated English. Of Jean Terriot, nothing could be heard.

But into the harbor of Port Royal on this May morning of 1756, a great ship sailed; moving majestically and slowly with the lazy wind and nearly spent tide, up the placid sunlit sheet of blue ocean water; a large ship, with storm-beaten sails, and the British flag flying at her mast head. She was not expected, and no one knew why or whence she came except as the flag indicated her nationality.

With lively interest the people watched and guessed, and hoped, and feared, till the mooring ground was reached, and a boat put off for the shore.

Among those who landed in this boat was a tall, richly dressed man, who seemed not to be a stranger, but was recognized by no one as he walked rapidly through the street with the step of one who treads familiar ground. He drew the attention of the people, but took no notice of them, calmly pursuing his way through the town and out on the road that led to L'Equille.

There were now no loiterers on the Bridge to conjecture as to his name or errand. Here, as at Chignecto and Minas, the mandate of tyrannical necessity had been well obeyed, and from every hamlet and field the helpless Acadians driven over the seas or into the forest.

Without pausing to look about him, the stranger kept straight on till he reached the rapids, then throwing off his cloak he dashed into the forest with the long stealthy step of the Indian and hunter, and the confidence of a man who knows where he is going.

The trail led direct to the clearing where the Indian encampment had been, but there was no sound of human life about, no sight of human being, and the smoke from only one wigwam fire curled up through the green trees.

At the entrance of this wigwam the stranger uttered the Micmac salutation, but not waiting for answer stepped inside and stood before the Indian who sat in the center of the camp, on a bed of boughs.

A dark scowl of suspicion came over the face of the Indian, then his keen glance penetrated the genteel dress of the intruder and recognized his friend Jean Terriot. Without rising, or laying aside his work, he said:

"Massaosit's long-gone friend welcome back," and with a silent gesture pointed to the rear of the camp where stood the child, now grown to the verge of girlhood.

Stepping eagerly forward, the Frenchman gathered her in his arms and lifted her to his breast.

When he turned around again, the Indian was sitting back to him, gazing steadily into the fire, as if from out its blazing coals could come the courage needed to make him keep his word and give up the child now dear to his heart.

The Frenchman sat down beside him and with trembling lips thanked him for his trust; told him of the voyage to Louisburg, of his transportation with the French of that city to New England, and thence to Rochelle; of the eight years' struggle for bread and life, and of the hunger of heart all this time for a sight of the child. Then he told of the fortune that finally came to him, enabling him to command the captain of a ship to Boston to sail into Port Royal. As he ceased speaking, with lavish generosity he emptied a leathern pouch of gold on the ground at the Indian's feet.

Slowly the Indian picked the glittering pieces up, held each separate one in his dusky hand, and with each look at the gold glanced across at the child who sat with troubled eyes on the ground between the two. One by one he dropped the pieces into the pouch, held it for a moment before him, then leaned forward and laid it on the Frenchman's knee.

"Massaosit need no gold, want none," he said. "He had pay every day better than gold. Every sunset, every sunrise he has looked for his friend — now he has come there will be empty camp, no shining hair, no bright eyes, no pretty voice" — and stretching out his arms toward the child he uttered a wild wail like a bereaved mother.

The child sprang to his side, and with tender words in his own tongue soothed him as she laid her soft cheek against his swarthy face and her small hands upon his brow.



THE CHILD SPRANG TO MASSAOSIT'S SIDE.

For a long time the three sat thus and talked together.

With eager interest the Frenchman listened while the Indian told him of the terrible disorder that broke out among the Indians of Isle Royal the year of the taking of Louisburg, heaping the burial mounds of their fathers high with its victims; how it spread from the Isle to the Province and swept away hundreds, coming

at last to the encampment at L'Equille and leaving every wigwam but Massaosit's empty of life. Into his dwelling the evil spirits of disease did not enter, and laying his hand on the child's head he said solemnly, "The bright eyes, the pretty voice kept them off."

With earnest words the Frenchman urged the old Indian to leave the lonely spot and go with them to France, but he would not heed their persuasions; nor would he accept gift or pay for his long care and trust.

Sunset came, and the three started out from the wigwam, along the same path the two had trodden so many years ago. And as then in silence they parted, so now not a word broke the silent gloom about, as the Indian launched them his own canoe, gently lifted the little maiden into it, bent and kissed the "shining hair" and then turned with slow steps into the black forest.

Three days the Frenchmen delayed the sailing, and each day went up the river, again to urge the Indian to accompany them to France, but found only a deserted camp and no trace of its inmate.

Then the ship could wait no longer, and on the evening of the third day set sail for France. And the Frenchman never knew that a single canoe came down the river to watch it leave, following far behind in the wake of the white trail of surf, till forced by the waves to return.

A pouch of gold was left in trusty hands at Port Royal, that the Indian need never want while he lived; and in the autumn came rich furs and broidered blancoating. He never saw them. For when the hunting moon was a slender silver horn Massaosit was gathered to his fathers, stricken with the same deadly malady that had carried his people off years before.

Grace Dean McLeod.

PRESERVES AND PICKLES.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

THE stay-at-home girl is thinking by this time, no doubt, that she should have a little attention paid to her and her special needs, so I will devote a few pages to her now. I cannot tell you how strongly this girl, or woman — for sometimes it is the mother of a family upon whom the burden of bread-winning rests — appeals to me. She is hampered by so many circumstances; she cannot go out into the world to do her work, for duty holds her where she is, and there she must stay. Consequently her choice of occupations is circumscribed; she can do only what comes to her to be done.

The suggestion I am going to make to her is embodied in the personal experience of one woman. Many, I think, may draw counsel and help from the story. But I want to say just this first: look over your stock of accomplishment and see what you can do best, and try to turn that to your advantage; see if you cannot make it *pay you something*. You will take notice that I say accomplishment, and not accomplishments. I mean literally the something that you have done, and done well, no matter how small or humble it may be, not the showy veneer that passes current, under the name of "the accomplishments." No; I insist upon the literal definition of the word in this case.

A lady whom I know tells the story of a friend of hers who was unexpectedly left in a position where self-support became imperative. For a time she was bewildered. She could play the piano, she could paint, both somewhat better than well; she was a graceful letter writer with a pleasing knack of expression that some of her friends took for talent. But she could make none of these "accomplishments" available. She could not obtain pupils enough to pay her either for her time or her trouble, and the editors of newspapers and magazines did not find the peculiar charm about her work that

her friends declared it possessed. She was almost at her wits' ends, and was really beginning to think that there was no place in the world for her, when she suddenly found her vocation. And what do you think it was? Simply this: frying potatoes. Humble enough, wasn't it? and unpromising. But a good deal came of it. She could fry potatoes in the special fashion called "Saratoga chips," deliciously, and among her own friends her fried potatoes were quite famous. One day it occurred to her to take orders for them, and see what she could do. Her friends were glad to get her delicious fried potatoes, and she had very soon a small but paying business. Then her fame went out into the large city near by, and she supplied families there. The business increased so that she was obliged to take in assistants, and she is now on the high road to prosperity, just because she could do one thing, though a very simple one — better than her neighbors. Now, I don't for a moment suppose that every woman who wishes to earn her living at home is going to preparing "Saratoga chips" for the market. I tell this only to show you what may be done when a person has one thing in which she can excel others.

Nor was it the story I started to tell you; it came along naturally, in passing, and was so to the point that I could not refrain from telling it.

My especial story is for the young woman who lives in the country, and who has an opportunity to get at berries, and small fruits; perhaps lives on a farm where they are raised, or may be, with work and care. The woman I am going to tell her of, lives on a pretty little "home farm" of a few acres just outside the busy city of Pawtucket in Rhode Island, and not far from Providence. She had been a bookkeeper in one of the Pawtucket mills, at a large salary, and had married and settled down on the home farm. Accustomed as she was to a busy life, and above all to being the mistress of a pocket book of her own, she soon found herself missing it, and wishing that she had something to do. Like the woman with the "Saratoga chips," she found her vocation quite by accident. Her mother had been a notable New England housewife, whose cooking and, above all, whose pickle and preserve-making were famous in the neighborhood. Her daughter had inherited this peculiar ability, and was as proud of her store closet as her mother had been before her. It happened, one autumn day, as she was making a special kind of pickle, which was liked by all the friends who had the good fortune to taste it, one of her neighbors came in to call. She began comment upon the pickles, bewailing her own ill-luck in making them, and ended by saying how she did wish that it was possible to obtain some. It was at that instant the money-making idea came into Mrs. Thornton's head.

"I will make some for you," she said.

"You!" replied her friend.

"Yes; why not? You want pickles, I want occupation."

And so the thing was settled, and so soon as others heard that she was willing to undertake the work they came to her with orders, and she found plenty of pickling to do. Then came requests for catsups, sauces and relishes and she filled those orders.

Her neighborhood success set her to thinking seriously, and during the winter she laid her plans. She saw friends in Providence and took orders for jellies, preserves, pickles and things of a like nature, and she made arrangements with the Woman's Exchange to send her any orders they might get, and also to take what she might have to spare on sale at their rooms. As soon as the spring opened she began her work. She looked after her strawberry beds and her raspberry and blackberry vines. She looked to see that her fruit-trees were in condition. She tended her cucumber vines and her tomato plants. Her garden had come to mean something more than merely the appendage to the family comfort; it was to be the basis of supplies for the new business.

All summer she worked; as the fruit ripened she "put it up." The strawberries, most delicate of all fruits, she picked herself, hulling as she picked, so that they need be handled but the once, and taking great care that they should not be crushed. Currants she allowed others to pick for her, and so with the hardier fruits that would not be harmed by the handling. She used the greatest care in making her jellies and

her preserves, and the results were most satisfactory. From the time the first fruit ripened, until the last pickles were made in the early autumn, she was constantly employed. It proved to be a remunerative employment. The second year her business increased, and now she has all she can do. She might enlarge it, but she does not care to undertake to do any more than she can do herself, as she fears that if any one undertook it with her the results would be less satisfactory than they are. Like a sensible woman, she concludes that enough is as good as more, and she makes sufficient money during the busy months to keep her all the year through, and let her do what she likes in the way of improvement of her place, of journeying about in her leisure season, and of having many things in the way of luxury that otherwise she would have to go without. To be sure with her the work was not a real necessity; but the result would have been the same if it had been. She had, too, the advantage of owning the place, but there are other women who have the same advantage. There is many a woman living in the country who, although not the owner of a farm, has a garden spot which she might devote to the growth of small fruits, and turn these into money by making the preserves and jellies that will find a ready market at good prices.

Mrs. Hinckley in Dorchester, just outside of Boston, does a large business. She has regular private customers whom she supplies by order every year, and the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union takes all she can spare from her private customers, and finds a ready sale for it. There is another woman in Cambridge, who does precisely the same thing, and those who know her say that she makes a very comfortable living.

Of course not every one who lives in the country even, can do this. One must have patience, and the natural aptitude for cooking, to be successful in this business. It never follows that any one can do a thing well, simply by wishing to do it, but there are enough who can do just this thing well, to make it worth their trying. It is not very difficult to find customers; the women who are never successful in putting up fruits will gladly avail themselves of the skill of those who can. Nearly every one, too, has friends in town or city, who will be glad of the genuine country fruits, well prepared, the fruit fresh, the sugar good, and with the home care that makes the difference between the work well done with good results or carelessly done with indifferent results. Then, too, the business does not last all the year around, and there is well-earned leisure for study and other work. It is absorbing while it does last, and it takes the time in the summer, the pleasant part of the year, when one feels the least like exertion possibly. But one is willing to work to reap such results. It is a good plan, if one lives near a large town, to make an arrangement with some leading store to keep the goods on sale, if one has more than is needed to fill private orders. People in towns buy preserves and canned fruits in quantities from the stores; would they not prefer, if they knew it was obtainable, the carefully-prepared home preserves, rather than that prepared in bulk at some factory, and put up by the wholesale in hap-hazard fashion? Of course they would.

Sallie Joy White.

FAIRY LAMPS.

THROUGH the dainty drops of Dew
Shine the moonbeams bright;
Each drop becomes a Fairy Lamp
To hold a little light!

M. J. H.



FOXIE REACHES THE FAR BY MEANS OF THE NEAR.

A FOX TALE.

I HOPE the printers will not misprint the last word of my title, for the subject of this article is not a fox tail, but the entire animal, including especially his cunning brain.

Well, to begin :

My neighbor Gray is a native of Scotland, although he has spent the latter part of his life in this country, of which he is a citizen. He is now well-advanced in years, well-read and well-to-do, his native thrift, I am glad to say, having suffered no check in his adopted land. He is withal a great lover of pets, whereby hangs the tale to which my title refers. Talking with him of pets the other day, "Did I ever tell you," he asked me eagerly, "the story of my pet fox?" Receiving (with satisfaction) my assurance that he had never told me, "Well, then," said he, settling himself back comfortably in his easy-chair, "I must tell you." And this is the story he told me.

"When I was a lad, sixteen or seventeen years old," he said, "I lived with my mother in Aberdeenshire, near Haddo House, the seat of the Earl of Aberdeen, whose game-keeper, one fine winter morning, was put into a stew by sundry depredations, which he laid at the door of a fox, although he had not the slightest idea as to where the door of the fox was; but he resolved to find it. So he summoned the Earl's people, and began the search, accompanied also by his dogs, and followed by a volunteer troop of boys of the vicinity, myself among them.

"The dogs soon came across the fox-hole, on the adjacent hill of Tolquhon, under a big stone, which, I might say, was the lintel of the fox's door. During the time that the dogs were scratching away at the hole, and the men standing around, afraid to reach in lest they should get bit, I put in my arm, counting on the absence of the old foxes, and sure enough, pulled out, unhindered, a little cub, which the game-keeper promptly appropriated. While he and the rest were looking at it, I put in my arm again, and unobserved brought out another,

which I slipped into the pocket of my overcoat, and presently withdrew, taking no further interest in the hunt."

As the Earl of Aberdeen and his affairs at this point drop out of my neighbor's story, I may say, parenthetically, that the bearer of the title then was in his day a man of mark, in both literature and politics, having been twice Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (settling the last time the famous Northeastern and Oregon questions with this country), and afterwards Prime Minister; while in his early manhood he achieved the distinction of a notice in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" of Byron, who referred to him as "The traveled thane, Athenian Aberdeen," and placed him "first in the oat-fed phalanx" led by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*; yet, after all, wide-awake and knowing though he was, it is very certain that he knew nothing of this rape of the fox which took place on his own premises, and, so to speak, right under his nose. However, seeing that his game-keeper, whose nose was in the fox-hole, knew as little, let us dismiss his lordship without reproach.

"When I got home," continued my neighbor Gray, whose Christian name, by the way, is George, "I took out of my pocket the young fox, which was about the size of a new-born pup, and kenneled him in the drawer of my bench (I was a shoemaker then), pulling it out, ever and anon, to give him more air and to feed him, which I did at first by filling my mouth with milk, and letting him suck it out; but in a few days he fed himself. As soon as he could walk, I let him go about the shop. He was very gentle and playful, but a true fox, nevertheless, as I found out in good time.

"Before long I turned him loose in the poultry-yard, through which ran a brook. One day, as the ducks were coming in from the water, what should he do but tackle a stout old drake, jumping upon its back, and trying his best to throttle it, but taking nothing by the attempt except a free and rather fast ride up to the door, where I had the honor of handing his little fox-ship down, as much to his relief as the drake's, for he was too young to go through with his undertaking, and too ravenous to quit it. When I mentioned this incident to an elderly friend of mine, he sagely remarked, 'Well, George, you see the best of foxes are but foxes at the best,' a remark that impressed me, for I was beginning to fancy that my fox was humane, if not human.

"He was now some four weeks old, and I established him out of doors, near the poultry-yard, fastening him to his kennel by a long but light chain. Naturally, his presence occasioned great excitement amongst the denizens of the yard, particularly the hens, all of which, followed by their broods and headed by the rooster, marched round and round him to the music of their cackling and clucking, but prudently keeping at a safe distance. This did not suit the fox, who proceeded to order things more to his liking. I had set his dinner a foot or two within the compass of his chain. After eating part of it, he left the remainder, and withdrew to his kennel-door, in front of which he lay down, having his hind-feet under him, and his fore-legs stretched out before him, with his head between them, apparently settled for an after-dinner nap, which he feigned very well, though a careful observer could see that the poise of his head was more suggestive of action than repose, and that his eyes were wide open. In this posture he awaited events. Soon one of the hens, with more zeal for her brood than discretion for herself, ventured close enough to peck at the remains of his dinner, when, as quick as a flash, he was upon her, and would have finished his meal from her bones had not his strength been absurdly out of proportion to the job. It would have been the last of her, if it had not been so near the first of him. Thereafter, the poultry, of all sorts and sizes, gave him a wide berth.

"Time passed, carrying Foxie (the only name I gave him) to the respectable age of ten months or so, in which stage of his career he often accompanied me in my rambles afield, as did also a pet deer and pet dog I had. In these excursions, if we chanced upon a dog of white color, as not seldom happened, the fox would fly at him and bite him, pressing him so hard that he would run away for good and all. Foxie, on some account or other, had a mortal antipathy to everything white, whether because it is the color of snow, the common informer against his race, or for some other reason se-

creted in his nervous structure, I am not philosopher enough to say; but I can vouch for the fact.

"Occasionally in our strolls my dog would start a hare, upon which all three of my pets would pursue it, the deer at its heels, for the mere fun of the chase, the dog far behind, and the fox last of all, being, with Hamlet, 'fat and scant of breath,' so that he almost, like Falstaff, would 'lard the lean earth' as he ran along. Since the only one of the trio fleet enough to overtake the hare was not cruel enough to harm it, the creature would get off with nothing worse than a good breathing and a slight fright.

"My fox, I am sorry to say, was an incorrigible thief, though often amusing in his thievery. A noted character in the neighborhood was one Sandie Moore, a simpleton, known ironically as 'provost,' the title of the chief magistrates of Scottish towns. Sandie, who was no stranger to my fox, used to go around with his pocket full of trumpery, to trade or sell, and at the bottom of it all a chunk of cheese, to refresh on occasion the inner man. One morning he came into my shop, and, seating himself, began to jabber in his way, which indeed was not without some touch of shrewdness — quite enough, I should say, for a country-fool, though not perhaps for his court-cousin. While Sandie was talking, the fox, who always hid himself on the appearance of a visitor, came out from his hiding-place, and, stealing up behind the 'provost,' deftly emptied his pocket of its contents, one by one, not excepting the cheese, and quietly carried them to his cover, all unseen by Sandie, but under my eyes. Among the spoil I had noticed a whip thong, and so, when the pocket was completely rifled, and Foxie retired from sight, I said, 'Sandie, have you such a thing as a whip thong about you to sell?' 'O, yes, laddie,' Sandie answered cheerfully, thrusting his hand into his capacious but vacant pocket, when, looking up in blank dismay, followed by a groan and a grin, he cried out, 'Geordie, far's the tod?' ('Georgie, where's the fox?') This of course brought on the *denouement*, and a full restitution, whereat the 'tod' showed neither discomfiture nor displeasure, but, on the contrary, turned up with a look of innocent complacency, expressive only of a sense of virtuous fidelity to himself. To him thieving was its own reward.

"In winter nights I chained the fox in the stable, along with the cow; and at times my mother, when milking the cow, would amuse herself, and gratify Foxie, by milking into his mouth at long range, a diversion that turned out an indiscretion, for, one night, his chain letting him reach the cow, he milked her for himself, with such fury that her teats were found the next morning all bruised and bitten. Thereupon, I had to shorten his chain, and my mother her diversions.

"Another stable-act performed by the fox pleased me better. He liked exceedingly to chew old leather — the greasier the better. In the daytime the cow was tethered in the adjoining lot, her tether ending in a halter, attached by a strap of leather to a wooden brank or headpiece, fastened on her head, all of which at night she bore with her into the stable, where my mother would untether her by taking off the brank, and, carrying it along with the halter end of the tether, pitch the whole as far as she could into the lot; but every morning the tether, brank and all, was back again in the stable, lying near the fox, and with the leather strap chewed out of shape. Evidently, the fox was at the bottom of the business, but how he managed it was a poser. To clear up the mystery, I watched him one night, when, to my admiration, I saw him, by dint of straining his chain to the utmost, get hold of the part of the tether nearest him, and drag it within easy reach, afterwards returning to the same point and dragging in another length, and repeating the procedure until the brank, with its coveted strap, lay beside his lair, where he at once fell to gnawing the savory tid-bit. Foxie, you will see, reached the far by means of the near.

"Sometimes, in very cold weather, I let Foxie stay over night in my shop, where I slept myself. One night, on an occasion of this kind, I was awakened by his licking my face, and, opening my eyes, saw him lying by my side, his head on my pillow, and his body stretched out under the blanket, like a human being. I ordered him out, but he showed his teeth, and I had to let him stay.

"Foxie was very fond of tallow, and I had great trouble to keep him from eating up my small stock. He knew my disposition to guard it as well as I knew his to steal it; so it was an open strife of wits between us. Shortly after rising one Sunday morning, my eye was caught by his unusual attitude in the shop, the door of which I had thrown open. He was standing in the middle of the room, with his eyes glaring at a lump of tallow lying on my bench, and glancing from time to time towards a lamp chimney set on the table near my bed, where I was dressing myself at the moment, though how the tallow and the chimney stood related to each other in his brain I could not imagine. Accordingly, I watched him. Suddenly, he made a spring at the glass chimney, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and instantly, before I could withdraw my attention from the crash and ruin, sprang for the lump of tallow, which he seized in his mouth, and flew out of the door, running away at the highest speed of which his obesity admitted. He had thrown his glass dust in my eyes, and, while I was getting it out of them, had pounced upon my tallow, and made off with it. The strife of wits was going against me. Half-dressed as I was, I immediately gave chase to the thief, and, by reason of his corpulence, gained on him so fast that he turned abruptly, and bolted into the cow-stable, which I entered at full run, just in time to see him carefully drop the tallow from his mouth into a puddle, at the edge of which he was standing, and whence he came up to me serenely, looking the picture of innocence, and wanting to play, as if nothing had happened.

"One day my mother bought a dozen flounders, and after the fashion of housewifes in that region, put them on top of a stone wall to dry. In a short time they had disappeared. She asked me if I had seen anybody skulking near her fish. I said nothing; but, suspecting the fox, went forth into a ploughed field close at hand, and soon met with part of a head sticking out here, and part of a tail sticking out there, which I had only to pull to bring up the whole flounder, adroitly buried so that nobody but the thief himself would be apt to find it. I restored the fish, safe and sound, to their anxious owner.

"Of a bright moonlight night, the fox would sit in the door of the stable, chained, and bay the moon, like a dog, barking a peculiar bark, beginning slowly and loudly, with *buf*, *buf*, and continuing, rapidly, and in a descending scale, with *wuf*, *wuf*, *wuf*, *wuf*, *wuf*. At such times he was irritable, and, if touched, would bite. I once undertook to pat him in this mood when he seized my whole hand in his mouth, threatening to bite it whenever I tried to disengage it, and held me a close prisoner for some fifteen minutes, dropping my hand at last of his own accord. It seemed as if the loss of such fine occasions for rapine put him out of temper.

"At length, when my fox was about two years old, he got free somehow one night, probably by contriving to gnaw in two his leather collar, and wandered off so far that he never found his way back. Not long afterwards it was reported that a company of women, assembled at a tea-party in a neighboring lodge, and in the full tide of gossip, were dispersed by the sudden entrance of a strapping fox, who, as they shot out screaming, helped himself to a dish of fish, set before the fire, and took his way. Another tea-party, at Sethin, about two miles off, was soon after broken up by the same intruder, I heard, although he was not reported to have stolen anything on that occasion, because, most likely, he arrived late, and there was nothing to steal. A week or thereabouts after these occurrences, I received a letter from a dear friend of mine, near the river Ythan, some three miles away, telling me how, between three and four o'clock in the morning, he had been roused by a noise in the hen-roost, and had got up, partly dressed himself, and, taking down his gun, opened the door, and gone a few steps towards the scene of the disturbance, when he saw a bouncing fox coming straight up to him, whereupon, levelling his gun, he fired, recognizing the instant after he had pulled the trigger that the fox was mine. But it was too late! He expressed the deepest sorrow; for which I will not deny that I loved him the more, paying therein a last tribute to the memory of my dear pet."

I thanked my neighbor Gray for the story of his fox, as I doubt not the reader will also.

Paul R. Shipman.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

On account of illness, the Secretary has been obliged to omit the helpful suggestions to Local Circles for June. This will give the Directors of these circles an opportunity to show their inventiveness and brightness. Empty minutes can be employed on the prize anagram.

C. Y. F. R. U. SEAL COURSE FOR 1889–90.

ORANGE SEAL. *Junior Seal Course.*	Retail price postage prepaid.	Net price by express not prepaid.	Net price by mail prepaid.
Cæsar. Abbott. Cloth.	$1.00	$.75	$.85
Seven little Sisters who live on the Round Ball that floats in the air. Jane Andrews. Cloth.	.88	.80	.88
Prince and Page. Yonge. (Macmillan's English edition. Cloth.)	1.25	.65	.73
Little Folks in Feathers and Fur. Olive Thorne Miller. Cloth.	1.75	1.30	1.53
The Flower People. Mrs. Horace Mann. Cloth.	.58	.50	.58
Lob-Lie by the Fire and other Stories. Ewing. Cloth.	.50	.38	.44
Feats on the Fiord. Martineau. Cloth.	.50	.38	.44
Being a Boy. Charles Dudley Warner. Cloth.	1.25	.92	1.00
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Young Folks' Journal, $1.00		5.68	6.45
Senior Seal Course.			
Stories from Virgil. Paper.	.25	.20	.22
Two Thousand Years Ago; or, The Adventures of a Roman Boy. Church. Cloth.	1.50	1.15	1.25
Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare. Hudson edition. Cloth.	.50	.45	.50
Life and Her Children. Buckley. Cloth.	1.50	1.20	1.32
Birds and Bees. John Burroughs. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
The Boys' Froissart. Sidney Lanier. Cloth.	2.00	1.50	1.55
Paul and Virginia. St. Pierre. Cloth.	.45	.40	.45
A-Hunting of the Deer and Other Stories. Warner. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Young Folks' Journal, 1.00.		5.20	5.71

To obtain net prices in the second and third columns the entire set of eight volumes must be ordered at one time. Single volumes sent only at the retail price in first column. If sent C. O. D. the expressage will be added, also expense of return of money.

C. Y. F. R. U. REQUIRED READINGS — BOOKS.

Junior Course.	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00
Senior Course.		
* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	.30	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR JUNE.

First Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Perplexities of a Crymangle," Part I., Louise Livingston Bradford.

Books (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters IX. and X. (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters XXVI. to XXXII.

Second Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Blossom," Kate Upson Clark.

Books (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters XI. to XII. (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters XXXII. to XL.

Third Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Indian Guardian," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters XII. to XIV. (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*, Chapters XL. to XLVIII.

Fourth Week: Readings in JOURNAL: "Preserves and Pickles," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior Course): *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, Chapters XV. to XVI. (Junior Course): *Swiss Family Robinson*. Chapters XLVIII. to LVI.

HOWLING WOLF AND HIS TRICK-PONY. By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.25. The name of Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney has been associated with some of the brightest and best stories written for young readers during the past ten years, the last of which, *Howling Wolf and His Trick-Pony*, a tale of the Far West, has just made its appearance. Howling Wolf is a Ute Indian boy of fourteen, who is the possessor of a pony which he has taught many curious tricks, and which is famous among the tribe for its wonderful sagacity as well as for its swiftness. Many of the Indians look upon it as enchanted. Howling Wolf's family is encamped near a military post, and one of the officers by a trick secures the pony and claims it for his own. It is stolen one night from the corral by its young owner, who flees with it to the Navajoes, and is pursued by a detachment of cavalry, headed by the officer, and overtaken. He soon escapes, however, and, after a series of thrilling adventures, finds himself among the Apaches, who are on the war path under Geronimo. At last he is again made a prisoner, his pony shot, and finally he is sent East with other Indian boys to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where the author leaves him. Mrs. Champney takes the opportunity to show the Indian side of the question, in which she takes strong interest. The fact that she is able to describe the country and the Indians themselves from personal observation makes the story doubly interesting.

SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND. By Mrs. C. E. Bolton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 75 cts. The publishers of Mrs. Bolton's little book have done a good thing in carrying it to a second edition. From it one learns what remarkable strides have been made in England within the past few years in the line of education for women, in institutions especially prepared or endowed for that purpose. During a two years' stay abroad, Mrs. Bolton devoted herself to an examination and study of these institutions, and the results of that study she has incorporated into her book. In the first two chapters she describes what has been done at Cambridge and Oxford in the way of affording university education to women, and the colleges that have been prepared for their instruction — Girton College and Newnham Hall at the former, and Somerville Hall and St. Margaret's Hall at Oxford. A following chapter treats of London University, where women are admitted to the privileges and lectures of the institution. Other chapters are devoted to a description of schools for women in art, in needlework, in cooking and nursing; histories of London charities, coöperative societies, homes for workingmen, and a variety of subjects of equal interest. We commend the volume as full of information which every reader ought to know.

JUDGE BURNHAM'S DAUGHTERS. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden.) Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.50. The multitude of readers of Mrs. Alden's stories will remember *Ruth Erskine's Crosses*, and will be glad to meet its principal character once more in her new character of wife and mother, ripened by experience and strengthened by trial. Her marriage will be remembered, and the radiant prospects of the future which attended it. Her husband was kindness itself, but he cared little for religious matters, and could not sympathize with what seemed to him the very ridiculous and puritanical ideas of his wife regarding many things. Still he always gave way to her. The great trouble of her new life, however, was the disposition evinced by her two step-daughters to resist her authority and cause her pain by their recklessness and disobedience. Her husband, Judge Burnham, was wealthy, and occupied a high social position. He was exceedingly proud of his family and sensitive as to his reputation. He was strongly opposed to Ruth's being actively connected with religious or temperance movements, and this fact sometimes brought them dangerously near serious misunderstanding. The pressure was constant, and made many unhappy hours for her, especially when questions of right and propriety arose between her and her step-daughters and an appeal was made to the father. Suddenly a blow fell upon the house. The younger daughter fled from home to marry a gambler and forger, and was disowned by her father and forbidden the house. A few months later the other daughter fell a victim to quick consumption, but in her later days turned to the mother whom she had disliked and disobeyed, and finally died in her arms. The story with its later incidents is a sad one, but its darkness is lighted by the surprise which awaits the reader at the close. It is written in Mrs. Alden's usual fascinating style, and like all her books, is transfixed with a purpose.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS. Selected by Grace Livingston. Boston. D. Lothrop Co. Price 75 cents. This exquisite little collection may well be likened to a bunch of pansies, whose richness of color and beauty of fragrance are perpetual delights. The selections which the compiler has made from Pansy's books show how thoroughly she has entered into their spirit, and will create a desire among readers to seek for themselves the sources from which so much that is pure and beautiful is derived.



THE PRIVATEER OF HALL'S HARBOR.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

ON the southern coast of the Bay of Fundy, about ten miles down the shore from the lofty promontory of Cape Split, there is a sudden slope of the mural cliffs of trap. In this declivity is a narrow vault-like opening extending, with but slight interruption, from the shore of the Bay, through the mountain range, to the fertile valley at the south. Midway up this vault a brook, fed by perennial springs, flows down a rocky channel to the waters of the Bay. As it nears the seaward end of the gorge its bed becomes more nearly level and the water widens into a creek up which the tide flows, making at high water a safe shelter for small craft.

In the early morning of May 30, 1813, there was anchored at the entrance of this creek a small vessel, and on an escarpment of the cliff that banked the brook on the west side stood seven men. They were not fishermen, nor was the vessel moored at the entrance of the creek a fishing craft.

The lonely boundless beauty of the blue Bay, the purple mystery of the opposite heights, the rugged peaks of Chignecto and D'Or lifting their crests above the gleaming wave, and flashing ruddy tints along their sun-bathed slopes, was no new or wonderful sight to these men who were the captain and crew of the trim cutter-like craft. Three times in the previous year had they moored the cutter outside the little creek. Three times had they slept on the escarpment of the cliff, and each time had they threaded that rocky vault through the wooded mountain and reached the fertile valley beyond.

They were in no haste this spring morning. The longest trail to the valley could be covered in four hours, and they had no wish to reach it until nightfall.

Six of these men were middle-aged, strong and burly of build. The other was a youth of about eighteen, slight, and tall, and dark of face. Without bidding, this lad started a fire among some smoke-stained stones in a sheltered slope of the cliff. When he had done this he spoke for a moment with the captain, and then descended the rocky slope to the creek where a boat was hauled up on the shore. This boat he launched, and rowed down the brook and out to the cutter, boarded her, and returned with a pail and some empty bags. The pail he filled with fresh water from the foaming mountain stream, then, going to where the men were, threw the bags on the ground.

"They light easy," said one of the men.

"And they carry easier than they'll carry this time to-morrow," said the youth with a laugh.

"Get the water heated, and be off on your hunt before the sun gets higher," interrupted the captain.

"Aye, I'll be off in time," said the lad, lacing to his ankles a pair of stout buskins he had brought from the vessel.

"No fear but he'll be willing to be off," said another of the men. "His heart will outrun them buskined legs, I'll be bound. The table-land holds a prize he is anxious to capture."

The youth's brown face flushed red, but he made no reply.

"Aye, he'll find the land all right," said the captain. "Six months make little change in a piece of ground; but girls and table-lands are not alike that way, lad, so don't set your heart too strong on seeing her as you left her last."

The lad was busy about the food and took little notice of the jesting. In half an hour the breakfast was through with, and he started away.

"It's the straightest road we want, youngster," called the captain, as he rounded the bend of the vault; "the straightest road and the fullest barns and shops. Don't venture farther down than the table-land, and remember to promise the redskins half the booty — a half promised is a quarter given, and that *Mary Jane* of ours can sail away from a hundred promises if her cabin be full of booty."

It was a few hours past mid-day when the youth returned. He found the men anxiously waiting his arrival.

"The way is clear," he said; "we are favored as we always have been. The houses are left unprotected this night, most of the men are down to the river mending the dykes, and they are going to camp on the spot. The Indians are as easy to buy as tobacco. There are only three camps where there were a dozen last year, and but three grown men and some boys about them."

"Go on," said the men; "tell us about the maiden. Are her eyes as yellow and her teeth as white as last year, or was she smiling on a brave of her own tribe?"

"She was not there," replied the youth. "She was off to the valley, they said."

"Did you leave your trinket?" asked one of the men.

The lad looked angrily at him. "What trinket do you mean?" he asked.

"Tush, lad!" said the captain, "a jest is but a jest; and we have been young ourselves not so many years ago that our eyes were not yet sharp enough to see you buy the trinket last week; and you sleep so sound you did not know it slipped from your waistcoat. I dare say the sight of it brought the Indians round so easy; last trip they were hard enough to coax. But never mind the girl now, we have our hours counted and need to be alert. How many did you say there were in the camps, lad?"

"Three, and the boys; they will go with you and lead you to the richest plunder — they say there are fifty hams in the Squire's smoke-house."

The youth was to be left behind to guard the vessel and the boat. He preferred being left, though he did not say so. It was not more than a year since he had joined the crew of the *Mary Jane*. He did his part bravely and heartily when he had to, but at each trip to the creek he had been left to guard the vessel. The rest of the men wondered a little that he should be kept from all four raids. The captain had his reasons for this treatment; there were people in the valley the lad did not care to meet, even in the night. Captain Hall knew this — and knew too more of the fertile valley than the Indians who under pretext of guides had been secured as allies; but he did not speak of it.

"Keep more than half you know to yourself," he said when he engaged the youth, "and don't let what's left of the other half slip out of your reach. These are times of war, and words are sometimes more dangerous than swords."

There was a weightier reason for staying this time than there had ever been before. In the cabin of the cutter there was a strong box. Their last sea-prize had been a rich one, and in the strong box was two thousand dollars.

Just before they started up the vault the captain rowed across to the cutter and brought back with him the treasure.

"Here, lad," he said, "*Mary Jane* thinks it's too much risk for her, considering the sudden squalls that haunt this Bay. Put it in some kind of a hole in the ledge till we are back, and once we're safe in port again there'll be some dividing as will make your eyes bulge — think of that for company while we're off!"

The youth had not been gone two hours from the encampment on the table-land, when the Indian girl returned. This table-land was a shelf-like projection that made out from the mountain on the valley side, closed from sight toward the valley but open toward the mountain. For years there had been a considerable encampment of Indians at the place; the little brook at the foot of the mountain furnished them fish, the stretches of beech woods game and nuts. But late years both game and fish were failing, and most of their number had moved farther up the valley. They were all going soon, but for one reason and another the moving had been delayed.

The Indian girl was glad of the delay. On each occasion of the other raids of the robbers

the youth had visited the table-land, and each time he had smiled on and talked with the girl. The last trip he had given her a bright coin and told her to wait until spring and he would bring her a chain to hang it on. In her wild, untaught way she remembered and kept faith in the promise. When she returned this day from her valley tramp, she was met with the news of the white man's coming ; and less welcome news than that she unwillingly heard. Her people had turned traitor to the robbers. On each of the other expeditions they had guided and assisted them, and for each service had received a reward. But the white settlers of the valley offered larger rewards. Thrice had their houses and stores been broken into, and not a night but they lived in terror of another raid. By some means they discovered that the Indians at the encampment had been allies and guides, and not daring to threaten, they coaxed and bribed the redskins to acquaint them of the approach of the robbers should they again visit the valley. Promises of corn and flour in abundance, prevailed. Meantime a company had been formed and armed, to fight, and preparations made so that with an hour's notice the men could be gathered and ready for duty.

The girl had not been acquainted with the turn of affairs, and knew nothing of it until her return from the valley this spring day. They gave her the trinket the youth had left — a shell necklet of East India make. When she had clasped it about her dusky throat and hung upon it the glittering coin, they told her of their plans and of the promise they had made the settlers, and that she must retrace her steps to the nearest house to warn them. They must be warned in time, for they had planned not to attack the robbers in the valley, but to allow them to secure their plunder unmolested and return with it to the shore. Meanwhile the armed men were to march up the mountain and follow the trail to the cove, where they would lie in ambush and wait their return. They would be weary, and careless of attack, and easily conquered and slaughtered, and the settlers could then search the vessel and take from it whatever booty might be of most value to them.

All this the Indians made known to the girl, and ordered her on her errand.

Quietly, but sullenly, she started away from the camps, her heart beating a protest to the treachery. The robbers were coarse hard men, she cared nothing for them, but the red-cheeked youth would be in their number and killed with the others.

From two places on her journey she could be seen from the camps, and she well knew her unwillingness to go had been noticed, and that keen eyes would be strained for a sight of her in these cleared spots. More than that, they had timed her, and set her return to an hour after sundown. Powerless to evade the errand the dark-skinned messenger pursued with unwilling feet the well-worn trail to the white men's habitations.

At the first cleared spot she looked back ; she saw no one of her people, but knew she was seen by them. On she went again, down now on the edge of the fertile valley, across the little brook in the meadow, and out again to the second clearing. On from that, and but half a mile to the house of the Squire.

Once there her errand was soon told, and a messenger started away for the dykes. A new thought entered the heart of the agile girl. If she reached the camp before the robbers came she might in some way let them know of the treachery of her people. The thought was like wings to her feet, and she took the trail back with double the speed of her coming, and long before she was expected, reached the table-land. The robbers had not yet arrived.

An hour or more after sundown they came. The Indians welcomed them as they had always done ; and for a while they rested and talked of the probabilities of the booty and the share that would fall to their allies. No suspicion of the treachery was in the taciturn faces of the Indians, and no thought of it entered the minds of the robbers. Three times had their raids been successful, and again fortune and night were in their favor. The men were away from the houses, the night would be dark until twelve, and after that the moon would rise and light their return journey to the shore.

The girl supposed the lad would be with the men and that she could speak with him, but as she listened to their talk she heard them tell that he had been left behind to guard the vessel.

She had been with the settlers much of her time and understood English readily, so could follow the men as they told of the way they took; now down in the vault, now up on the mountain side, down again by the brink of the brook, and straight from that to the slope of the cliff where the youth kept watch. She knew that by early dawn there would meet him men, armed and ready to torture and slay. She slipped away from the opening where she had been listening, and back into her camp, and with one hand clasping the necklet lay down with the children who were already asleep. Her quick brain had formed a purpose.

When the waning moon shone above the beech grove to the east, the girl arose and crept from the camp. The robbers and their treacherous allies had long been gone. The squaws and children were sleeping. There were no lights in the valley below. The robbers must be through their plundering and soon would be starting on the return tramp.

By another trail the armed men must now be creeping up and over the mountain side. There was a trail on the east and one on the west side the gulch; which way they had taken the girl did not know, but she knew they must be an hour ahead of her, and if she was to reach the cove before them her feet must make no tarrying. Already she was weary from her long tramp to the settlement, but lithe of limb and persistent of purpose she started forth, entered the beech woods, crossed the head of the gorge, and took the western trail.

Ahead of her, ascending the brow of the mountain, was the company of armed men. The way was new to them, they were slow in making it, they lost time. It was new to the girl; but she was not slow, and she lost no time. The moon was unclouded; native instinct guided her moccasined feet over the rough ground, and with her heart full of the purpose to save the life of the white lad who kept watch on the cliff by the shore of the Great Water, she pressed forward.

On went the armed men. Fast behind came the fleet feet of the maiden. Behind her the rough robbers laden with plunder, and behind them the treacherous Indians, intent on getting a double share of booty. All journeying to the same point, each inspired with a different purpose.

On through the forest in the quiet night went this strange procession. The armed men ahead and descending the vault, gaining rapidly upon them the brave girl, and following fast on her steps the robbers.

On hastened the armed men. They did not know their blunder: the youth, the Indian maiden and the robbers were on the west side the gorge, they had taken the east. And as it neared the shore the vault became deeper and the mountain stream grew wide and washed high against its steep rocky banks.

When morning began to dawn, a low belt of fog skirted the Bay. The lofty promontories assumed fantastic shapes. The islands presented a delusive appearance. The white mist parted them, banked them, tipped them, blent their jagged peaks with the sky. Slowly, the grayness thickened into a dull fog; the opposite shore, the bold headlands, the islands and finally the blue waters of the vast Bay were lost to view.

At the first gleam of daylight the young man had rowed down the creek and boarded the vessel. A light breeze was springing up from the east; it was the breeze they needed to take them down the Bay. Knowing this, and that the captain would sail as soon as he could get his plunder on board, the lad loosened the sails, and as far as could be done made ready to weigh anchor.

The ever-lurking Bay fog was fast gathering over the water, and by the time he had reached his outlook on the cliff, it had penetrated the woods and wrapped its gray drapery about the tall green pines, and lay like a great bank over the creek and against the steep sides of the rocky gorge.

Not a rod could his sight pierce its damp density. Walled in on every side he waited the return of the robbers. Soon the sound of voices at a distance fell upon his quick ear and he sent a shrill whistle into the dull mist. It was not answered. The voices sounded nearer, and came from the east side the gorge. He was puzzled — the robbers never went or came by

that trail; but again he gave the signal whistle and listened for reply.

Directly there came through the mediumistic mist the sharp click-click of the cocking of guns. At the same instant, out of the gray obscurity above him rushed the Indian maiden, with her long black hair tangled about her round neck and brown oval face. Panting for breath, and nearly exhausted, she did not speak, but pointed across the creek whence the sounds had come, and down to the boat on the little beach.

Vaguely the lad interpreted her wild gestures, and seizing the mute girl in his strong arms descended the cliff, and placing her in the boat, shoved off from the shore. The report of a musket came from the direction of the voices and the bullet struck the water near them.

Believing now that the girl was for some reason being hunted, and fearing to locate the boat by any noise, he allowed it to drift with the outgoing tide. The fog was their only protection; each understood this, and neither ventured a word till the rushing waves had borne them out of range of the guns. Then the girl brokenly told the lad who the men were on the east bank and why they were there.

Quickly he comprehended the situation, and with the impetuosity of boyhood seized the oars and rowed rapidly toward a rocky point at the entrance to the creek. It was in that bank he had laid the strong box, and he must secure it at any peril. The noise of the rowing located the boat, and shot after shot from the bank of fog rang out upon the stillness of the mist-laden air, and bullets skipped on the water around them. But these were sounds and sights not unfamiliar to the youth, and in a few minutes the boat touched the shore.

At the same instant the robbers burst out of the fog-shrouded forest and hastened toward the boat. They had heard the firing, and ran the last two miles of the trail.

"Valley men — Indian traitors," said the lad, and a volley of musketry from the invisible shooters echoed his words.

"Never mind the box," cried the captain, as he returned the fire. "We will come back for it if we live, and if we don't the devil will guard it forever." Then placing his gun in the boat and ordering the men aboard, he took the terrified girl in his arms and carried her to a safe place behind a great rock, pulled from his pocket a well-filled leather purse, gave it to her and bade her stay there till the fog cleared away.

Hardly had he reached the boat and the boat gone thrice her length from the shore, when the girl rushed toward the water with a wild scream. A look in her direction discovered the treacherous Indians, cautiously descending the gorge.

"They will kill me," she cried piteously. Maddened at sight of his faithless allies the captain ordered the boat back to the point. He was too late; again the roar of musketry echoed among the hills, and as they touched the shore, the Indian maiden's life-blood soaked into the salt sand, and the lad who had sprung forward to rescue her sank with a cry upon the boat's bottom.

Taking quick aim the captain fired, and laid low the foremost of the skulking savages, then seizing the tiller ordered the boat to the cutter.

From the cliff, into the immensity of the fog went volley after volley. From over the water came only the muffled sound of oars in the rowlocks, the rattling of chain, and the dull flapping sound of sails.

The breeze freshened. The dun-dripping vapor lifted — from the tree-tops — from the cliff — from the blue swishing water of the great Bay. And bearing toward the ruddy headland of D'Or gleamed the white sails of the bold privateer, filled with the wind that blows always good to some one.

Some who tell the story claim that the vessel went down in a gale that very night, and all her crew were lost. Others say she was wrecked, but some of the men were saved, and that these men came back to search for the strong box. The first settlers at the Harbor found holes digged in the banks of the brook. The holes have since been thrice multiplied — with what success is not positively known — but it is a general belief that the treasure has never yet been found. They who have searched for it tell that the *Mary Jane* haunts the creek; that when they begin to dig a white sail gleams off the rocky point, the sound of oars is heard, and six bearded men and a smooth-faced youth come up from the water and surround the place where

they are digging. None have dared to pursue the search after sight of that phantom crew.

The Indian girl was buried beneath a great pine-tree that still stands near the table-land, its evergreen foliage bright as in the days so long ago.

It is years since. But the creek still cuts into the mural cliff, the gorge still rends the wooded mountain, the purple mystery still hangs over the rugged heights.

In '34 settlers built under the shadow of the lofty cliff, and a road winds now down either headland bank. The place is known as Hall's Harbor, called after the man who seventy and seven years ago moored the *Mary Jane* in the little creek, and under guise of sanctioned warfare made a highway of the mountain gorge to plunder his native land of Acadia.

Grace Dean McLeod.

HOME-MADE GAMES.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

THE reason why we made our own "Tivoli" board and "Parchesi" board and set of "Logomachy" cards instead of buying them you may think was a purely mercenary one, seeing that it was to save money; but we don't look at it in that light. Aunt Prudence had given each of us, Susan and me, a dollar to buy something for our birthday — we have but one birth-day, let me explain, because we are twins, though you would never have suspected it from our names, would you? for most parents name twins just as nearly alike as possible, like Belinda and Melinda, and Harriet and Henriet; but we are simply Dorothy and Susan, and I call it sensible. I think it is delightful to be twins, and it is so cute that we look so alike that nobody but father and mother knows positively which is which, and I don't think they would always if it was not for what people call paternal, no, I mean parental instinct, though I think there is a difference in our dispositions, and anybody living with us all the time would see it; but at any rate, we always think alike — that is, Susan always thinks just as I do — and it is lovely.

About the games then — we both agreed, from our Mother Goose days, that we wanted books, and I don't mind confessing that our ideal was to have a room just lined with books, except of course a space for the windows, or for one great, wide, long, low window to let in a flood of light, with a real window-seat in it. And we meant and do mean still to have it, some day. I think Goethe said something about being "true to the ideals of your youth," and we are determined to be true to that one. So we have kept all the books we have ever had, even our *Mother Hubbard* and *Jack and the Bean-stalk* (because they will go into the juvenile department), and we are gaining. So, naturally, we save for books the money that is given us to spend as we please; and that is why Aunt Prudence's money which she meant us to spend for games did not go in any such way, and why I made a Tivoli board instead of buying one.

I should think any girl could make one if she really set herself about it (any boy could) though to be sure they have always called me the carpenter of the family, for I was the only one who would ever think of such a thing as mending a door-latch, or putting on weather-strips. If I had had some nice tools I think it likely I might have been quite a mechanic, but I never had anything but a saw, an auger, a hammer, a clock hammer, two blunt screw-drivers that won't take hold very well, a pair of wire nippers that somebody spoiled, and a set of gimlets which everybody was always borrowing so that now half of them are lost, and a poor plane that I can't handle very well — Oh! and a jack-knife that never is properly sharp-

ened. I always used to make all the Jack-straws — there! I mean to make a bunch this very day; I have not thought of Jack-straws for ever so long — and I made pretty good checker-boards, and crickets and little book-cases. And now they are always saying — I mean mother and the older ones — "Come, Dorothy! there is a screw loose in the extension table. Come, Dorothy, where is your tool-box? There is a pane of glass to be set. Come, Dorothy! can't you tinker up that broken door-latch? And while you are about it, can't you put on that hasp? Come, Dorothy! The tomato frames have not been made. Can't you make them?"

Well; the Tivoli board — we made it, and with that saved money we bought a beautiful *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Vicar of Wakefield*. You see we meant to have what we called an "author's classic" shelf, of the books that the best writers had read much and liked much in their youth — I mean had read much in their youth, and liked much all their days, like *Rasselas*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Arabian Nights*, and *Paul and Virginia*. The only thing I was sorry for was that they could not be in uniform color and style of binding; I do like sets of books. And I do wish publishers would not have so many colors for their book covers. Now mother is getting the "Famous Women Series," and they were all in a drab-olive till *Susanna Wesley* came, and she is in brown! I do hope mother will exchange her, for she just spoils the row.

The Tivoli board was difficult, I own, but Susan did the fine part.

("Why, no!" Susy says, "I only drew the diamond lines, and put in the pins, and did the ornamental part.")

First, I got a nice piece of planed board, and sand-papered it till it was smooth as glass. I always have available pieces of board and moldings and such things put away, everything of the kind that can possibly be wanted — I keep them in the big old cradle in the attic, and the cradle is full; sometimes carpenters give them to me, and I hoard them up. If I could only plane a little more nicely I should be glad, but then there is a planing-mill at the Four Corners and the men are friends of ours, and they are so obliging.

The piece I used was sixteen inches long and eleven wide, though it was not at all necessary that it be proportioned like that, but that was a pretty size. One end had to be curved, and I drew the line with a pencil — the curve, I mean — grooved it, and then managed to work the piece into shape by using saw, plane and knife. Then across the bottom I nailed with slim, tiny-headed nails the strip for the ledge; the strip was an inch wide, and in it I had first cut the eleven little mortises — but are they mortises? I am afraid that is not the right word, but I will look it up when I go where the dictionary is. Then I put a rim of inch-wide sheet iron around all except the bottom. The tinman gave that to me — he would not take anything for it, and he made the holes for the nails to fasten it on. A wooden hoop, a nice thin one, would have done as well. Then I whittled out the two-inch long partition pieces for the little pens that the marbles run into, and fitted them into the mortises (if they were mortises) and glued them in; then I fastened on the strips for the alleys, and then the roll-way (that is what we call it), down at the right-hand corner; last I gouged out the five cavities where the marbles are expected to come to a stop.

And then I painted it, back and front, black, the glossiest black — why, what am I saying? — I painted it black and let it get perfectly dry and hard before I put in the partitions and alley strips and roll-way, and all these and the piece of wood for the "rest" at the back I painted bright scarlet; and it was after all were dry that I fitted them in — I ought not to have told what came after until I had told what went before.

There was the board. Then it was that Susan took it. I forgot that I painted the little cavities (sometimes we call them "wells") scarlet. Susy is very nice. She measured carefully and then drew the square of diamond lines, O, beautifully! and just as accurate and true. You see ours was a largish board, and anybody can see how much more exciting the game is when there are so many pins as we had for the marbles to dodge. We had one hundred and thirty-six of those brass pins! There are not many of the Tivoli boards in the shops that have nearly as many as ours, or more than

half as many of those little stalls (that was what we sometimes called the compartments where the marbles come to a final stand-still), nor as many of the holes. Ours made a very, very stirring game, because there was so much more of it. Oh! then Susan, after she had drawn the diamond lines with chalk, drew them with a sharp point, then brushed off the chalk and painted them yellow—that was a dainty piece of work, and then she touched up the black rim with little scrolls in yellow; and then when all was dry, set the one hundred and thirty-six pins. Oh! I have forgotten another thing—the figures at the holes and over the stalls, which were also painted yellow.

And the board was done. We had a pretty poking stick, a yellow one, some gay marbles, and a cunning little scarlet bag with tassels to hold them; and we have had "solid comfort" out of that game.

I set out to tell about our Parchesi board, too, and our Logomachy, but I don't suppose there is time now.

I suppose I ought to have said that in making one, of course, it is best to have a Tivoli board to look at, as a guide, to "go by," as people say, but you need not follow it in all particulars. You can make changes that will be improvements—at least I think so—over the cheap and common ones, at any rate.

Anybody would think that we spent our time playing games, I am saying so much about it, but we can only play now and then, because we have our evenings mostly for reading and study; but when the young people come in to see us, it is a nice way to amuse them, and some need a good deal of amusing. We have a good many games, from chess to fox-and-geese; and that makes me think if I had time, and nice knives and things to work with, I don't know but I would see if I could not carve a set of chess-men. I should think that boys would; boys have more time than girls do—I mean more leisure time, for they don't have to sew and do forty things that girls do. How lovely it would be to have chess-men, or the pieces, carved like castles and knights and kings and queens! It can be done, because you will sometimes see expensive sets in ivory done in just the real shapes; and I am sure working in wood is much easier. Would not apple-tree wood be beautiful, and cherry? And they are so deliciously fragrant!

What singular stories there are about chess-men, where the writers have made them alive, and made real people play the game! Now that of Brander Matthews about "The Queen of the Living Chess-men"—isn't it interesting? And Aunt Prudence says there was one years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* that she wishes she could read again, and she never could find out who wrote it. It was anonymous, and it was called "The Queen of the Red Chess-men." I should like to read it.

Dorothy Holcomb.

HOW REBECCA HARDING WENT TO SCHOOL.

(School and Playground Stories.)

THE summer was still in its June freshness when Rebecca Harding came home at vacation time, expecting to return to school in the fall.

She was sixteen years old and thoroughly in earnest about her education. Unlike many girls who receive advantages as a matter of course, she appreciated hers and was determined to profit by them. As yet no shadow of any size had darkened her young life, and she looked forward to a successful termination of her school course, followed by travel and further study preparatory for some future work not yet decided upon.

She neared her pleasant home, in one of our pretty suburban villages, with anticipations of fun and freedom from work; for, though a thoughtful girl, she was not above enjoying a

game of lawn tennis or an afternoon on horseback.

"Hullo! Bec," was her young brother's greeting as she stepped from the car to the platform of the station.

"Oh, Geoff., you dear boy!" she cried, giving him a kiss on his sunburned cheek. Whereat he smiled grimly but, with a boyish protest against caresses in public, edged away a little from his pretty sister.

"Where is papa?" was the first question she asked.

"Well, he didn't feel quite like coming out," answered Geoff., looking down at his feet.

"Why, how strange. Is mamma sick?"

"Oh, she's not exactly well either," said Geoff. uneasily.

"Geoff., what is the matter?" cried Rebecca, now alarmed, as they walked down the shady street.

"Well, you see there's been a row."

"A row!" gasped Rebecca.

"Oh! some trouble. I think something about money."

"Money!"

"I don't know exactly. But papa is just under the weather about something. And mamma is all in a stew, and they haven't written about it as you were coming home so soon. I know it's money, for when I asked for some to buy fireworks with papa was awfully cross. He always before gave me at least five dollars without any asking at all."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rebecca. "But probably it is just some little trouble that will pass in a few days."

REBECCA PONDERS.

Everything about their pleasant home as they approached it looked so natural and peaceful in the afternoon sunshine that she could not believe any serious trouble rested upon it. But the first glimpse of her father drove the color from her young cheeks as suddenly as if a cold hand had been laid upon her heart.

He came tottering towards them from among the trees, bent like an old man, careworn and feeble. Little six-year-old Mamie clung to his hand, dragging on it in her impatience to meet her "Sister."

Rebecca could only say "Dear papa!" as she flung her arms about his neck. He kissed her and then, with a groan, put aside the loving arms and turned from his children motioning them to go on to the house before him.

"O, Becky! I am so glad you've come," said little Mamie, dancing at her side. "Everybody is so sad and now you will play with me, and tell me fairy stories, won't you?"

Rebecca could not answer. She was hurrying toward the piazza where stood good, stout Aunt Maria, evidently come

to take the helm according to her custom in times of emergency. Her face, like a withered apple which still keeps a faint bloom, wore its usual kind smile. And her eyes, apt to fill at a moment's notice with sympathetic tears, seemed to contradict the smile.

"Well, child, I am glad to see you," she exclaimed with a hearty embrace; "why, I declare, you've grown a foot at least since Christmas. Now, about your trunk," she was going on cheerfully when Rebecca interrupted her.

"Where is mamma, Aunt Maria?"

"She's up in her room. One of those headaches."

But Rebecca was half-way up the stairs. She entered her mother's room without knocking and found her stretched wan and pale upon the bed. Flinging herself beside her she burst into uncontrollable tears, and not until they had turned to childish quivering sobs could she lift her face and speak. At last: "Oh, mamma, what a strange home-coming! What does it mean?"

"It means, dear," answered her mother, stroking one hand tenderly, "that your father has lost nearly all his property, and is absolutely heart-broken about it. I did not write because the time was so short before your school closed. In fact it is only a week since we suspected this misfortune. I am ashamed to be here, in bed, but the shock brought on one of my long-prostrating headaches, and I am now trying to gain strength by keeping quiet. It is a sad beginning of your vacation, darling."

"Oh, mamma, I wish you had sent for me at once," sobbed the girl.

"I wanted to spare you as long as possible, Rebecca. I felt you must not lose a minute of your school term. I can't tell when you will be able to return, if at all." Mrs. Harding sighed.

Rebecca could not fully comprehend this. She only felt that her little world, which an hour since had seemed so joyous and secure, was now shaken to its core and peopled with trooping shadows.

"Mamma," she questioned, "how did it happen?"

"I suppose you must be told," Mrs. Harding said. "But you may be happy in this however — the trouble came through no fault of your father's. His partner" —

"Mr. Wheeler?"

"Yes, Mr. Wheeler has been weak and dishonorable. Using other people's money in speculation, and it will take all your father can command to repay this money, even in part only, leaving us very poor."

"I should think it was Mr. Wheeler who ought to pay" —

"He cannot, and has fled. Your father's honor is involved and he has stood alone and borne the shock of the whole affair. Every one respects him, and that is a great comfort."

"Oh, yes," cried Rebecca, "dear papa! I wish I could help him. In books girls always do something. But I could not be like any one of them. They make a great deal of money painting china or perhaps write a book that is successful. I wish I could write the book." Here a little pale smile lighted up both the tear-stained faces on the pillow.

"We must try to be brave and sensible," said her mother. "There is a great deal to be thankful for. We must both cheer up dear papa and help bear the blow, which is harder for him than either you or I can realize."

At this moment little Mamie peeped wistfully in at the door.

"Come here, pet," cried Rebecca, in her own kind voice. Somehow with the tears the load had gone from her breast. It left a heart thrilling with tenderest love; and, drawing the unconscious little girl close, she listened to news of kittens, and how the baby ducks had eaten up all the nasturtiums.

Mr. Harding found them smiling over some childish story. Rebecca jumped up, pulled him into a chair and perched herself on his knee, stroking his thin hair with a trembling hand.

"Do you know, papa," she said with a little laugh, "I have come home to write a book that will set the world on fire? The literary world is going to think I am a man, as they did first with Charlotte Brontë, you know. And of course I expect to make considerable money!"

"Well, since the plan is determined upon, God bless you, my darling," said her father, with a smile at once proud and amused.

That summer was different from any Rebecca Harding had ever known. Always before as soon as she came home the dressmaker appeared

and there were a number of fresh, pretty gowns made. She was invited to a succession of tea parties, picnics and other mild entertainments. There were long afternoons under the trees with fascinating books, and long family drives after tea, and lawn tennis every cool day. But this year, after the first glow of home love and the excitement incident to facing the new situation, she found that it needed more than girlish enthusiasm and a feeling of romantic self-sacrifice to carry her through the days. She discovered it a tedious matter to darn and repair old stockings and gowns, and rather trying to have no new ones, and that it was not pleasant to wear said gowns to tea parties and merry-makings, and that the girls, though kind as ever, seemed to belong to a different sphere where it was difficult for all to meet precisely as before.

Presently the housemaids were dismissed and upon Rebecca fell the dusting, chamber work and general care of the house outside the kitchen. Consequently, not being expert, there were few afternoons when she felt free to give herself up to a book under the trees in the old dreamy way. The horses had been sold which settled the question of drives after tea, and the neglected lawn made tennis an impossibility. Sometimes Rebecca longed for a day of pure girlish pleasure without a shade of care upon it. She once said to herself that her name was just like her life — Rebecca Harding! No softening vowels or pleasing grace about it.

One autumn afternoon Aunt Maria said suddenly, "Put on your hat, Becky, and go out to walk. You look too forlorn for anything."

So they started, with Geoff. and Mamie joyously carrying baskets for the nuts sure to be plentiful. The day was fair, with the thrilling beauty that comes with dying leaves, and Rebecca felt its sad sweetness to her heart's core. It seemed more in accord with her own thoughts than the triumphant glory of the summer time.

"Now," suddenly exclaimed Aunt Maria, settling down heavily on a mossy log beneath a canopy of golden leaves, "I brought you out here to talk to you. You will be sick if some one don't take you in hand. Your father and mother are too bothered to have another straw laid on them. But you can tell me all about it."

"All about what?"

"Oh, you know. It's unnatural for a girl like you to have so much put upon her all at once. I know that. You expected to go to school more and to travel and dear knows what all. It's a shame you can't — but you can't, so give up thinking about it and mourning for it. I took you in my arms when you were about ten minutes old and I've loved you like my own child ever since." (Here Aunt Maria blinked violently.) "And I speak to you now" —

"I know, Aunt Maria," cried Rebecca, with quivering lip. "But must it be like this always?"

"Perhaps so," answered Aunt Maria, like a good unflinching surgeon. "Maybe so. You had better face it. Make the best of things. Take a real interest in those children there. Teach them. It will impress upon you all you have learned. Then read carefully, wisely, every chance you can get without neglecting any duty. Get good books, all kinds, out of the library. Take plenty of walks. Whatever you undertake, if it's only sewing on a button, do it well. Make yourself bright and cheerful. What if you do lose the pleasures of girlhood? Some women do. But keep the real youth fresh in your heart. You need never lose that. There, my sermon's ended."

Rebecca rose and kissed good Aunt Maria.

"I thank you," she said simply. But Aunt Maria's words, bitter and bracing as a tonic, sank into her heart. She entered with their acceptance upon a new era in her life. At once she began to teach and guide the children patiently. She tried in housework and sewing to perform each small service perfectly and found that, so done, the commonest task became interesting.

She took from the free library in the near city, of which her father was a life-member, histories, biographies, travels, poems, good novels. There was always a book at her side to be read thoughtfully, enjoyably. Her walks became a greater pleasure. It was a new experience to be in the country all the year round. The loveliness of changing seasons and the never-ending charms of even familiar scenes, appealed to her as never before.

One day, while still striving to learn humbly these lessons, she accidentally overheard some words from her mother's room of which the door stood ajar. Aunt Maria was speaking.

"It is of no use, Anne, to shut your eyes to facts. Henry is failing every day and he will not be able to attend to any business much longer."

"I know it, Maria. I lie awake half the night thinking and planning. But what can we do?"

"Do? Why, make money somehow" —

And here Rebecca closed her door softly with a sick, sinking feeling in her heart.

Her father had taken a small office in the city and opened a Life Insurance Agency, that resort of many men of broken fortunes. It sent a pang through her soul to see him patiently plodding to and from his disagreeable business every day, his step growing slow and feeble, a pathetic look of resignation and silent suffering growing into his face. Rebecca had felt his struggle. Why were the hard, plain words needful to bring it keenly home to her! "Money!" "Make money!" How was a half-educated girl to make money? The mockery of it!

"Sister," said little Mamie that day, "what are you thinking about? I have asked you 'free' times to mend my dolly's arm."

"Well, then, darling, now I will do it," said Rebecca, smiling. "I was only trying to think how to make some money."

"Jerusalem!" cried Geoff., who was cleaning his old skates, "that's easy enough. Sell peanuts, sell ginger beer. Have a skating-rink — or say, Bec, why don't you write stories? You tell such prime ones."

Bec laughed. Nevertheless Geoff.'s idea took possession of her. She remembered her extravagant promise to write a book that would transfix the world.

"Might one aspire to writing children's stories without presumption?" she asked herself.

As soon as a leisure moment came she shut herself up in her room with pen, ink and paper. Everything at once conspired to annoy her. First Geoff. whistling and banging at the door:

"I say, Bec, sew up this hole in my pocket, will you?" When she had sent him away mended, came Mamie teasing for paper dolls and hanging around her neck for kisses. Then Aunt Maria would sing in a penetrating voice, "*No body knows the trouble I see, Lord*," creaking up and down in the room overhead. To crown all Mamie fell down stairs and no sooner had her sobs ceased, than Rebecca heard, with a pang, her father's tired, shuffling footsteps on the walk outside. Then followed at once tea and the evening when absence from the family group was impossible.

In spite of similar interruptions and drawbacks Rebecca managed to write a little every day, for she had read somewhere that, in order to succeed, one should work as regularly at the art of story-making as an artisan would at his trade. She found that it required resolution to do this. There was always a slight feeling of reluctance and self-distrust. However, when fairly seated pen in hand, some fancy, previously half-formed in her brain, took shape readily. The first rough sketch of a story was, therefore, when once started, a pleasure; the re-arranging and re-writing sometimes a painful task. The thought which had filled her mind seeming lovely and worth clothing now appeared insignificant; often her impulse was to fling the written sheets into the fire. Nevertheless she forced herself to complete, as well as she knew how, each idea.

The stories, when finished, were read to an indulgent home audience — with two exceptions entirely admiring. Mamma and Mamie were sure to be complimentary. Papa was often amused. But Aunt Maria and Geoff. were inclined to criticise.

"There is a good deal of repetition," the former would say; "and something absurdly fanciful, Rebecca!" Geoff. thought the stories "good enough for girls," perhaps, but "poor stuff for boys."

The manuscripts were sent out timidly to this magazine or that one, and promptly came back with a polite note of thanks. Oh! those notes! At first Rebecca felt crushed and mortified by them. But after a while a determination took possession of her to succeed or perish. Each manuscript returned only strengthened this resolution.

The unusual exposure to all kinds of weather which Mr. Harding's new occupation required brought on a severe cold, and, one evening in March, he came home — a sick man. The days

that followed were filled with keen anxiety and such sharp pain that Rebecca never forgot the sensations of that time. They returned to her in dreams again and again years after. The same vague terror and sickening dread. She lived, as people do, through that first strange experience of the bitterness of death. Her father, after a short illness, passed forever beyond the power of earthly joy or sorrow.

Two weeks after Rebecca was taken into her mother's confidence and told that the house was to be filled with boarders.

"O, mamma! anything else."

"But, dear, there is nothing else. We have this house and it is too large for us. We can and must take boarders."

"I think it will be jolly fun," was Geoff.'s opinion when the disagreeable necessity was made public. "Do advertise for families with boys."

The house was swept and scoured from garret to cellar, curtains freshened and rehung, furniture polished and — the boarders came. Not bad people at all; two boys among them and a baby, so that both Geoff. and Mamie were delighted and thought it like "having company" all the time.

Aunt Maria, Mrs. Harding, Rebecca and the children crowded into the least desirable rooms and life went on relentlessly in the new order of things. Twenty times a day our heroine's soul revolted against small hurts and annoyances. Her pride had a hard time of it. Still she read and wrote, in the midst of confusion, whenever she could compass a moment's leisure.

The boarders criticised "the table," patronized her mother, grumbled and gossiped. Still Rebecca wrote and sent out her little tales and still they came back with regularity and unfailing civility.

For three years this went on. But gradually she made progress. Slowly she learned to express herself clearly and in few words. With her own growth her stories gained strength and her experience force. And at last, one day, a story was accepted and paid for. Rebecca laid her head on her mother's lap, speechless, and pressed the precious check into that dear, thin hand. It was the beginning of success.

"How do you like 'going to school,' Becky?" asked Aunt Maria one day, smiling over her spectacles.

"That is the only sarcastic remark I ever heard you make, Aunt Maria," returned the girl slowly.

"Why, child," cried the good lady earnestly, "don't you know you have been going to the grandest kind of a school for four years and more? You're in a fair way to graduate with honors, too" —

"O, Aunt Maria!"

"I tell you, Rebecca Harding, you have been going to school. And taking a pretty severe course — but I think you are going to be graduated all right."

There are no boarders now in Mrs. Harding's pretty house. Geoff. is in college. Mamie is growing up a bewitching child with an immense admiration for "Sister." Mrs. Harding's face, in spite of old lines of care, wears always the reflection of a smile. Aunt Maria is as outspoken as ever.

As for Rebecca — I overheard the other day, at a reception, two people talking together. The man, one who stands high in the world of thought and letters, was speaking to an old lady:

"I have just met an interesting and lovely young woman, but did not catch her name. She is standing near the window, that tall girl with an animated face and large dark eyes."

"Ah!" said his companion, putting up an eyeglass, "that girl in white silk and blush roses?"

"Yes; but I did not observe her dress before."

"That's Miss Harding. She writes charming stories for children."

"Thank you. I have seldom seen a young woman so attractive. There is something about her at once childlike and womanly. She has evidently read, traveled, and thought a great deal for so young a woman."

"To my certain knowledge," answered the old lady, smiling, "she left school at sixteen and has had a struggle for bread and butter ever since."

"Well, then, my admiration is doubled," exclaimed he.

Grace W. Oliver.

GUIDES AND SHOPPERS.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

ABOUT a year ago people coming home from Europe had a good deal to say about the "lady guides" of London. It seems that some bright, educated women, feeling the need of earning money, had the idea of forming an association of lady guides, whose business it should be to show strangers, particularly ladies, about London and its suburbs, extending their duties even to remote points if desired, although the field which they particularly undertook to cover was the city itself. The idea proved a most happy one, and the women connected with it speedily had all they could do. In these days of electricity it takes an idea but a short time to travel; and so eager are women for all the new employments that are opened to them that they no sooner hear of any experiment in an industrial line than they go ahead to try it for themselves. The work in London was reported in New York, when straightway it was taken up there, and an association formed which is called "The New York Ladies' Guide and Chaperon Bureau." It has issued a circular which it is sending about, and I am going to quote from it so as to give the girls some notion of the work. It is even more far-reaching than the one in London, and has added quite a number of new features. The managers of the Bureau are Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Carolyn Faville Ober, and they have an office at No. 24 Union Square, East. The circular informs the public that their guides have a practical knowledge of the history of all important places of interest, and being armed with the association's badge and credentials, receive a more cordial recognition than the mere stranger. From these advantages and from the varied experience among shops of all kinds, the benefit to be derived is self-evident. The circular goes on to say:

"Our chaperons, selected with the utmost care, place at the disposal of young ladies, whose mothers or guardians are unable to accompany them, the facilities so often required of going to the theater or concert. Young ladies are escorted from and to their homes; or school children to and from school.

"We will send out home or foreign excursion parties of ladies under the care of experienced chaperons, who will attend to all ordinary and necessary details.

"We undertake to furnish choice seats for all places of amusement, to send carriages whenever desired, to direct permanent or transient guests to, or engage rooms at, the best hotels and boarding-houses; to secure railway and steamboat tickets and berths, to meet at the depot strangers coming to the city, and to make, when required, all arrangements for their comfort during their stay.

"The bureau can be used to great advantage by those living in the suburbs, expecting friends whom it is desirable they should meet. By telephoning to the bureau, a chaperon can be sent who will conduct the visitor from one station to another, and save time and money for the patron without discourtesy to her friend.

"There are many ladies living out of New York, who wish to make purchases here, but are unable, or find it inconvenient to come to the city. For such we shall be glad to execute with promptness and dispatch all shopping orders, large or small; and consequent on arrangements made, we are able, with great advantage to our patrons, to select any kind of musical instrument.

"A new and important feature of our work is to provide lady experts to assist in, or take full charge of, the interior decoration of a house; furnishing it throughout; selecting books for libraries, etc.

"Attention is paid to the receipt and forwarding of mail matter.

"Elocutionists, lady pianists and singers supplied for entertainments.

"Suburban ladies who desire to change their toilettes for city entertainments can make use of our rooms.

"There is no aid or service that one woman

may be able or required to render or perform for another, that will not be cheerfully undertaken, and the best efforts made by us to give satisfaction.

"To make the bureau really of service, charges will be moderate; the following being the schedule of charges:

"Guides for shopping and sight-seeing, according to competency, $3.00 to $3.50 and $4.00 per day.

"Guides who will act as interpreters, 50 cents to $1.00 a day additional.

"Deductions made for weekly engagements.

"Chaperonage to the theater, $1.00.

"Chaperonage of children to and from school, per week, $2.50.

"Directing to boarding-house, 25 cents.

"Securing room and board, 75 cents.

"Securing seats for the theater for one or more, 50 cents.

"Use of room for changing toilette, meeting dressmaker, etc., 50 cents.

"Physicians and lawyers recommended 50 cents.

"Type writing 5 cents per folio.

"Shopping orders executed for 5 per cent. on the amount purchased.

"Meeting ladies at station, accompanying young ladies and children, or any brief service will be charged at the rate of 40 cents an hour.

"Carriages procured, railway, steamship and berth tickets secured, and general information given, free of charge."

This circular is issued by an association; but the rules and the scope of work may give a hint to some young woman of what she herself may do. She might not be able to undertake so much, but she could select what she could do. Yet not every young woman can undertake the task of entertaining people, for this is practically what a guide must do. There are certain indispensable requisites. In the first place one must be well-educated, able to talk well, understanding all the history of places which she is to show. She must be well-bred and courteous, and she must have some knowledge of human nature. She must possess kindliness and tact. Meeting many different kinds of people she will need all these qualifications. If she is in a large city she must know what is going on at the various theaters and places of amusements, so as to know just where to take her party. She must know the picture galleries, keep run of the art exhibitions, and she must know the best shops for bargains. All this a bright, quick city woman may learn, and she may keep her knowledge at her fingers' ends.

Having these requisites, and being sure also that she has a fund of cheeriness and good temper, and is ready to meet any emergencies that may arise, she may start on her work. Of course she must find a way to gain patronage. She would do well to make friends with the leading hotel people, and the best of the shop-keepers. Let her have cards prepared, stating what she is ready to do, giving as references the name of her clergyman, and one or two men or women whose names will carry weight. Let her leave these cards at the hotels, and let her also insert an advertisement in the leading papers. Then she should be at the various hotels at certain stipulated hours to see if any one needs her. All this time friends are speaking for her, and if she has any acquaintances in outlying cities, she has asked them to recommend their friends to her care while in town. In this way it will not take long to work up a good business. Two or three young women might act together, and find enough to do. Strangers are always coming from all over the country to the various cities. Men bring their wives and daughters when they take a business trip, and they are obliged to go about by themselves while the husband and father is transacting business, or to stay in the hotel waiting until he can return to them and take them about. Now a competent and agreeable lady guide would be a "perfect blessing" to a party of this kind. All the time could be well employed, they would see just the things that are best worth seeing, and the head of the family would have freedom for his business duties, and not be concerned for the welfare of his family. Every body would be pleased, and the guide make her money easily.

It should not need to be said, but alas! the necessity does exist for saying it, the guide must take care to be well and quietly dressed. She must look and be the refined gracious woman who for the time is acting the part of hostess, and she must remember that to be any-

thing less than refined in her outward appearance would be an insult to her guest, or to the person who for the time occupies the position of guest. A dark cloth gown, tailor-made, with wrap to suit, and bonnet to match, nice linen, gloves and boots, and you are ready. Wear a bonnet rather than a hat, for it is in better keeping both with your costume and your employment. A bonnet is always ladylike; while there is an informality about a hat that is not appropriate to the occasion. Your prices you can take from the circular that I have given you. It is a fair list. Of course it is understood that your party pays your expenses, the car fares, lunches, etc. That is, she may allow you to do it, but you must keep the account and settle the expense at the end of the day.

As you will not, probably, be employed as guide constantly, you can add to your duties those of shopping on commission. In this your friends outside the city will be of great service to you. They may influence people to send to you, and thus enlarge your business constantly. When you are well established you may be able to make such terms with the leading houses as will induce them to give you a commission on sales, in addition to the commission you receive from the shoppers, and in this way you may make your income from both sides. Of course the houses would not do this until they found your business was a valuable one; unless, indeed, you should happen to know the heads of the firm, and they feel willing to do this for you to help you establish yourself.

I know one woman who makes a good income by shopping on commission, and doing nothing else. She not only shops for out-of-town people, but she has a set of families in town for whom she shops. She goes every morning to their houses, receives her commissions, and goes out to fill them. In this case she is paid a certain salary, because she must report every morning for duty whether there is anything to be done or not. Each family pays a small stated sum — two dollars or two dollars and fifty cents a week and car fares — and with several families to serve this makes a good income.

You will understand that the successful shopper must be a person of taste, must know the very latest fads and notions, and must possess good judgment in selection, and an artistic eye in matching.

Sallie Joy White.

WHERE WAS IT?



THE little student thought and thought;
A composition-theme he sought.
But after quite a weary while
He told his teacher, with no smile,
That he had rummaged thro' his mind
And really not a thing could find.
"Ah!" said his teacher, "look once more —
Don't come away and lock the door!"

(*A half hour later.*)

"What! four full pages written out —
You must have found it then, no doubt!"
"Yes," said the boy, with puzzled air,
"But why at first was it not there?"

M. J. H.

C. Y. F. R. U.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Superintendents.
Miss K. F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., Secretary.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in Wide Awake and the Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR JULY.

First Week: Readings in Journal: "The Privateer of Hall's Harbor," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Senior Course): *When I was a Boy in China.* Chapters I. to VI. (Junior Course): *Grimm's Household Stories*, to page 104.

Second Week: Readings in Journal: "Home-made Games," Dorothy Holcomb.

Books (Senior Course): *When I was a Boy in China.* Chapters VII to XII. (Junior Course): *Grimm's Household Stories*, to page 208.

Third Week: Readings in Journal: "How Rebecca Harding Went to School," Grace W. Oliver.

Books (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters I., II., III., IV. (Junior Course): *Grimm's Household Stories*, to page 310.

Fourth Week: Readings in Journal: "Guides and Shoppers," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters V., VI., VII., VIII. (Junior Course): *Grimm's Household Stories*, to the end.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[Note.— These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quotations appropriate to Fourth of July.

II. Map Drawing, Bay of Fundy and vicinity; ten minutes allowed for this exercise, which is to be done from memory.

III. Singing, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by the club.

IV. Quiz on *When I was a Boy in China*, or on *Grimm's Household Stories.*

V. Recitation, "The Declaration of Independence."

VI. Paper, "National Festivals in Different Countries."

VII. Singing, Patriotic Songs.

VIII. It would add to the interest of the meeting if each member should represent one of the thirteen original States. Dressing appropriately in patriotic colors — wearing the motto of the State, appropriate products, etc.

Second Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by favorite quotations.

II. Spelling Match on words from Required Readings.

III. Music.

IV. Short description, in turn, of that part of the week's readings most interesting to each member.

V. Quiz on the Map of China, or on "The Brothers Grimm," in C. Y. F. R. U. Journal for May, 1888.

VI. Recitation: Selected.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by giving the membership of leading religious denominations — see any encyclopædia.

II. Pronunciation Match.

III. Music.

IV. Map drill on Syria and Arabia, or on Germany, the home of the "Brothers Grimm."

V. Recitation: "Ahriman," from *The Talisman.*

VI. The following exercise will be found a very pleasant one for C. Y. F. R. U. clubs: Two words, as "lack" and "bead," are chosen, "lack," to be changed to "bead," by altering one letter at a time and yet making a word in each case, for instance, lack, back, beck, beak, bead. The object is to accomplish the result with as few changes as possible. Of course the words chosen must contain the same number of letters and the longer the words the more difficult the exercise.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by naming the principal lines of ocean steamers, the ports to which they sail and some of the characteristics of each line. New York papers contain advertisements of all leading lines and any of the steamship companies will send circulars upon application.

II. Short papers on "Richard the Lion-Hearted," and "The Crusades."

III. Music.

IV. Quiz on *The Talisman* — each member bringing five questions.

V. Descriptions of Characters in the first eight chapters of this book. The names being omitted and the members guessing the characters.

VI. Recitation: "War," Shelley. (In Bryant's Collection of Poetry and Song.)

C. Y. F. R. U. REQUIRED READINGS — BOOKS.

Junior Course.	Price by express not prepaid.	Price by mail prepaid.
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Jane Andrews.	$.80	$.88
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.	.45	.50
A Family Flight Through Mexico. Hale.	.75	.91
Biographical Stories. Hawthorne.	.15	.17
The Swiss Family Robinson.	.40	.50
Grimm's Household Stories.	.80	1.00
The Story Lizzie Told and Six Little Princesses. Prentiss.	.60	.65
Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. Ewing.	.30	.33
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00
Senior Course.		
* Plutarch's Lives.	.60	.68
Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.	.30	.35
A Christmas Carol. Dickens.	.30	.35
Stories from Livy. Church.	1.00	1.10
Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal.		1.00

* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

C. Y. F. R. U. SEAL COURSE FOR 1889–90.

ORANGE SEAL. *Junior Seal Course.*	Retail price postage prepaid.	Net price by express not prepaid.	Net price by mail prepaid.
Cæsar. Abbott. Cloth.	$1.00	$.75	$.85
Seven little Sisters who live on the Round Ball that floats in the air. Jane Andrews. Cloth.	.88	.80	.88
Prince and Page. Yonge. (Macmillan's English edition. Cloth.)	1.25	.65	.73
Little Folks in Feathers and Fur. Olive Thorne Miller. Cloth.	1.75	1.30	1.53
The Flower People. Mrs. Horace Mann. Cloth.	.58	.50	.58
Lob-Lie by the Fire and other Stories. Ewing. Cloth.	.50	.38	.44
Feats on the Fiord. Martineau. Cloth.	.50	.38	.44
Being a Boy. Charles Dudley Warner. Cloth.	1.25	.92	1.00
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Young Folks' Journal, $1.00		5.68	6.45
Senior Seal Course.			
Stories from Virgil. Paper.	.25	.20	.22
Two Thousand Years Ago; or, The Adventures of a Roman Boy. Church. Cloth.	1.50	1.15	1.25
Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare. Hudson edition. Cloth.	.50	.45	.50
Life and Her Children. Buckley. Cloth.	1.50	1.20	1.32
Birds and Bees. John Burroughs. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
The Boys' Froissart. Sidney Lainer. Cloth.	2.00	1.50	1.55
Paul and Virginia. St. Pierre. Cloth.	.45	.40	.45
A-Hunting of the Deer and Other Stories. Warner. Paper.	.16	.15	.16
Wide Awake, $2.25, or Young Folks' Journal, 1.00.		5.20	5.71

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The Publishers congratulate the many thousands of readers of WIDE AWAKE on the literary and pictorial feast to be spread before them in this new volume.

Especially do they desire to remind every reader that the new serial, "The New Senior at Andover," will undoubtedly be the most interesting to young Americans, most faithful in its details, of any story of school life that has been written. Every incident, every little touch of nature, will appeal to our schoolboys — and schoolgirls, too — as no story of school life in other lands can do.

The literary world has been on the *qui vive* for this serial, "The New Senior at Andover," the first written by its author, Herbert D. Ward, to whom it will be remembered that a favorite WIDE AWAKE contributor, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was married recently. The story is the only serial ever written of school-life in the famous town of Andover — a life as unique in its way as school-life at Rugby. The boys, the professors, the boarding-houses, the lodgings, the fun, the school-work, all are drawn from the real Andover. The "New Senior" is a fellow one is glad to know. *The illustrations will be made at Andover.* (Mrs. Ward also has a story in hand for WIDE AWAKE.)

In the latter part of the serial one installment is largely given up to the annual base-ball game between the Andover and Exeter nines, and it is safe to say that in vivid rendering of the dramatic movement of the game, the rival enthusiasm, the academy cheers and "cries," it has no parallel in young folks' literature.

By a singular coincidence the editors have in hand a remarkable short story by Mrs. Knight of Exeter, which turns on a great foot-ball game between the same two famous schools. This story will also be published in the number that contains the "base-ball installment" of the serial — which thereby chronicles the victories of both schools. In addition to the usual illustrations, life photographs of typical elevens and nines of the two schools will be given.

FATHERS — MOTHERS:

Make this a happy summer for your little ones, by subscribing for the three best Children's Magazines in the world: *Babylana*, *Pansy*, and *Our Little Men and Women.* Send postal to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for their book catalogue.



THE PERPLEXITIES OF A CRYMANGLE.—PART II.

(The Mystery Solved.)

THIS morning Catharine returned from Cloverdale. As the stage drew up to the gate our young neighbor, Dr. John Lamson, descended from it, and then handed down my daughter. Imagine my horror at seeing him offer her his arm, which she accepted, as they approached the house where I stood at the door awaiting them.

In a few words Catharine explained all. John had long been a suitor for her hand in secret, and my daughter would ere this have consented to marry him, had she not been fully aware of my deep-rooted dread of her leaving me. In order to overcome her scruples, if possible, John had communicated with her in that dreadful sort of cipher, of which Catharine possessed the clue; the letter which had fallen into my hands had been written in anagram. Knowing my custom in regard to letters of persons of the masculine gender, he had not ventured to entrust it to the postman, but mounting the iron stair, or fire-escape, which leads down from my daughter's balcony, had placed it where he imagined no eye but hers would discover it — outside her window — where I had found it as heretofore related.

Receiving no reply, as Catharine had already left home, John made inquiries among her friends, and finding that she had gone to Cloverdale, mounted his horse and started in pursuit. There the young people found time to arrange an affair of long standing, and Catharine promised to marry John on condition that my consent could be obtained.

I feel myself to be no match for a young man and woman of such extraordinary powers, and rather than see my daughter whisked away before my eyes, as I have no doubt I should do if I refused, I have consented as gracefully as I can on condition that they make their home with me. I do not want a son-in-law, but if I must have one I prefer John to any other, as he is a young man for whose talents I have unbounded respect. As for myself, I hope to remain the "Crymangle" of this parish for the rest of my days.

(The Letter Translated.)

"I am sending you a letter in *anagram*, my dear *Catharine*, knowing that the *authoress* of such learned books as yours will soon come to some *understanding* of my meaning. I can imagine the *consternation* of your good father the *clergyman* should this *betrayal* of my feelings for *yourself* fall into his hands, so I shall place it upon the *fire escape* where you will find it when you descend to your *picturesque* garden.

"Any of his *parishioners* would expect the heaviest *punishment* which words could inflict, in approaching the *clergyman* as the accepted *sweetheart* of his only *daughter*. Please advise me whether to employ a *Plenipotentiary* or to come myself with what *diplomacy* I can command.

"To-night I shall go to the *oratorio*. I wish you might be with me, to hear the new *rhapsody* performed by the *orchestra*. When I return, I shall look for the light of your *chandelier* as no *astronomer* ever looked for the light of a newly discovered planet. If it is burning, I will accept it as a sign that I may present myself as *candidate* for *matrimony* to your respected *ancestor*, so to call him. If you do not approve, send me word by *telegraph*.

"I am much occupied at the *penitentiary* at present. The *anarchists* have incited a spirit of

revolution among the men, and one of them has been shot. I was his *surgeon* and must attend his *funeral* to-morrow. During his last days he told me he had acquired *wealth* by the sale of *sapolio* and *oleomargerine*, but had used it all in trying to crush the *potentates* of different countries. He assured the *evangelist* who visited him that he belonged to the *Presbyterian* Church, and maintained with his latest *breath* that he had never sympathized with the *adherents* of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, but on the contrary thought it a *misrepresentation*. Two lawyers of my acquaintance tried with wily *platitudes* and many a brilliant *aphorism* to obtain control of his effects, but he left everything which he possessed to the *apothecaries* who attended him.

"I have a ring of *amethyst* which is of somewhat *elegant* design. I want to send it to you, and hope soon to see it worn by my *precious* girl."

Louise Livingston Bradford.

CY HOPS'S VICTORY.

(*School and Playground Stories.*)

THE Lakeville Academy for boys is situated in one of the most beautiful regions on the Canadian shores of Lake Erie, and maintains a high reputation for scholarship and popularity among its students; Professor Collins, its president, being careful to select as associates those who, like himself, combine the qualifications of natural sympathy with pupils, and thorough teaching ability.

One autumn, among the new arrivals at this school appeared a young Micmac Indian, whose father had become suddenly wealthy, by discovering a gold mine near his home in Nova Scotia.

This red man, a chief of his race, named Hops, decided to give his son Cy all the educational benefits that money could procure. After several years in study near home, the lad had come to Lakeville for college preparation. To the academy boys, the youthful representation of America's ancient people seemed a sort of human curiosity. For, while Indians are still numerous in Canada, few of them ever enter the higher institutions of learning; and this youth had the honor of being the first of his race to pass Professor Collins's searching examination.

Although but fourteen, the boy presented a figure lithe and well-developed. Naturally, one of such appearance would be expected to take part in sports; and Charlie Greene — the acknowledged director of these amusements — while talking with Will Hanks and several other crack lacrosse players, admitted that the dark-skinned "Blue-nose" would give him a hard task to retain his position.

But, to the astonishment of everybody, Hops did not show the slightest interest in games, and devoted himself to study with such intelligence and patience that from the first he made progress, and before the term ended obtained and held the first place in his class.

Of course this style of doing things made Cy Hops unpopular among his schoolmates. In almost any institution a lad who is nearly a dunce, and still good at base-ball, cricket, or lacrosse, passes for an excellent fellow, and exerts more influence than those far ahead of him in book-learning. Expressions of disapproval were not confined to words. On several occasions when Cy happened to pass near the playgrounds, the ball came flying in his direction, and once struck him squarely between the shoulders with a force that would have made almost any other lad wild with pain and resentment. But Cy took it with that peculiar calmness which is so marked a feature of Indian character. With other like annoyances it went for an accident; but no doubt he saw that it really came about, as the boys say, "accidentally on purpose."

When winter set in with its snow-ball battles, fresh attempts were made to ascertain whether

there was any genuine boy in the young Micmac. As he could not be induced to take part in these contests, his figure became the common target for snow-ball shooters whenever an opportunity offered. Even this indignity proved insufficient to disturb his stoical calm, and the entire school came at last to consider him a coward.

However, before spring something occurred that showed a boy may be very hard to provoke, and still possess high abilities, physical as well as mental.

Unusual warmth continued through January and February with little chance for sleighing or sliding, and no good skating. This last deprivation proved a special disappointment to the young athletes, as the lake when covered with clear ice afforded unlimited facilities for that noble exercise, nowhere practiced with more zeal and proficiency than upon the great lakes and rivers of Canada.

Every winter before the academy boys had, under Professor Collins's direction, indulged in a grand skating-match, the distance being ten miles; five miles up the lake and return. Canadian boys of fifteen think nothing of going at racing speed even much farther when the ice is fair and their skates are sharp.

In early March the weather remained very cold for several days, without any fresh snow, and Lake Erie, for more than a mile from shore, became covered with thick ice, reasonably level, and so strong that heavily-loaded teams could pass along it with safety.

Preparations for the annual contest were now hurried forward, as no one could tell how soon another thaw might set in to spoil all chances for the fun. The school numbered over two hundred boys, all between fourteen and eighteen. As every one of them knew something about skating, to prevent too large a field, a trial-race occurred one week before the day of the match; the distance being five miles — two miles and a half and back. The twenty boys coming in ahead were to have the honor of contesting at the match for an elegant gold cup, given by Professor Collins and his assistants.

This gold cup represented the championship of Lakeville Academy, and the one winning it three times (three years being the length of the school course) was entitled to hold it as his personal property. But as the Freshmen were very seldom strong enough to win a position among the twenty, no one had yet carried off the trophy more than twice in succession. Now, however, Charlie Greene had come in ahead his first winter after a desperate race with older boys, and the second year had won also by nearly half a mile. This year he was almost a man in stature, and remarkably fleet and enduring. So there seemed little doubt of his securing the prize.

Nearly one hundred came forward to start in the test race; among whom, to the surprise of everybody, appeared the Micmac.

While the others wore various styles of patent club skates, this son of the forest had strapped on his feet a pair of old-fashioned runners, curling up in front, with points ornamented with brass knobs. As most boys know, modern skates are fastened by steel springs, and easily adjusted; but the cumbersome variety which was in general use twenty or thirty years ago, is kept in place with leather straps which cross the foot in various directions, and often prove not only inconvenient, but painful to the wearer.

A rope had been stretched on the ice squarely across the course, and the racers, while waiting for the signal, stood with one foot touching this line. All being ready, Professor Collins fired a pistol-shot, and about half the company sprang forward at full speed, each working as though he intended running away with the race from start to finish. The others, who, from experience or good sense, had some idea of what a five-mile race meant, went off at easy pace, and were soon left far behind by the spurters.

A strong wind blew directly in their faces, and before two miles were covered those taking the lead had become exhausted and given out, or else had fallen in the rear until keeping on was useless, while the more careful lads had settled down to the actual struggle.

Only forty were able to turn the two-and-a-half-mile flagpole, and start for home with any prospect of winning. When about half a mile from the finish, Greene, who had secured a good lead without special effort, looked back to see who were likely to dispute his taking home the beautiful emblem.

Some fifty yards behind were eighteen lads, all in a bunch, and at first sight no others could be seen, except a second cluster so far back that he could not recognize them. But, as he turned to brace himself for a final spurt, he noticed a skater far out toward the open water almost abreast with himself, coming forward with long, easy strokes.

Charlie at once discovered that this person was governing his motions by his own, and that although he himself was going as fast as he dared to without revealing his best points, their relative positions did not change. Coming in diagonally, so as to cross the rope according to rule, this contestant, who proved to be Cy Hops, reached the line second, only twenty feet behind Greene.

Such an unlooked-for performance caused the boys to forget the Nova Scotian's former lack of interest in sports and supposed cowardice; but they could not help remembering the manner in which they had treated him, and, with a desire to atone for the past, and also to be on the side of one having some chance of becoming champion, a large number praised his splendid skating, and publicly proclaimed his chances for winning the ten-mile race.

Perhaps some of these cheers were prompted by jealousy of Greene; for no one can be the leader of two hundred boys without eliciting envy from those who would like to be in his place. Several of the fellows, however, were above such motives, and offered their friendship to the young Micmac from pure admiration of his speed and endurance. Toward these the frigid youth displayed sufficient cordiality. He received their attentions genially, and quietly listened to all their suggestions.

During the intervening six days many opinions were hazarded as to the probable victor. Neither Greene nor Hops having done his best, no one could say which was the faster skater. But the fact that Charlie was several years older, and to all appearance much stronger than his opponent, seemed to argue in favor of superior staying powers, and a large majority finally concluded he would be first at the goal, although all agreed in pronouncing the Indian a wonderful "flyer," very likely to beat the world when grown up.

The important morning arrived, with a strong west wind and many indications of an approaching thaw; but as the temperature remained below freezing, and the ice firm as ever, after prayers Professor Collins announced that study and recitations would be suspended for the day.

The boys made a hasty breakfast, and then rushed for the lake, where men hired for the purpose had already got everything in readiness for the start, to be made promptly at ten o'clock.

Greene and his white comrades were dressed in ordinary clothing, with the exception that closely-fitting jerseys took the place of their coats. Not so with the Micmac. Having at last met an occasion that brought out all the latent enthusiasm of his nature, the lad appeared to ignore his intercourse with civilized people, and only remembered himself as the son of a chief, descending from a long line of royal ancestors, any one of whom would have considered defeat an irreparable disgrace. Visiting the cabin of an old half-breed who lived near the academy and earned a living by weaving baskets, he procured a full outfit of Indian garments, and came to the race with deerskin shirt and leggings, and cap made from untanned moose hide ornamented by eagle feathers.

At the start the twenty racers went away even more leisurely than in the shorter contest. Each knew he was working against some of the best skaters among the boys of Canada, and while going up the lake with a half-hurricane at his back, felt the need of husbanding his strength for the battle on the home stretch, when he would have five miles of hard racing with the severe gale disputing every inch.

As the contestants became scattered, Greene gradually increased his speed, passing one after another who were finding the pace too hot to hold, and when he turned the half-way position, only six lads were still ahead. He felt pretty certain not one of these could last it out, and visions of the grand reception he was sure to receive when returning to his frontier house in Upper Ontario, bearing the third-won token of Lakeville Academy's Skating Championship, opened before his mind as the tough-muscled fellow began to call upon his reserve force in order to quickly gain the first place, and glide

home with a long lead. The Indian had only been in sight for a short distance at the start, and Charlie concluded this racer, whom he feared more than all the others, must have given out, or sustained some accident.

But the Micmac, following his course of a week before, at the beginning skated well out on the smooth, thin ice, near the open water. Running at a rate he could have held for a hundred miles, he kept nearly parallel with Greene until opposite the turning, and then, losing some distance and time in order to reach the flag, started for home not more than sixty yards behind the champion.



THE INDIAN BOY WENT AHEAD.

Only seven skaters were now in the race, and to partially escape battling with the wind, they ran in close to land, Cy, too, having to abandon the glare ice and take his chances with the rest.

While breasting the wind, Cy had a manifest advantage over Charlie, the latter being two inches taller and much broader-shouldered, thus offering more surface for the gale to strike — a circumstance which the boy from Acadia perfectly understood.

After Greene by extra effort had successively passed all those ahead of him at the turn, he skimmed along with slightly easier strokes; but suddenly the clear ring of skates rapidly approaching from behind caused him to look around and discover the buff shirt and tossing feathers which at that moment were the last things in the world he wished to look upon.

Hops came on with the same mechanical but graceful motion that had characterized his work at the start; and Charlie perceived at once he must do his level best to retain the lead during the four miles still ahead. Even his last effort of skill and grit might not be sufficient to keep that dusky face and the flashing black eyes from going to the front. Before he got fairly settled down to this terrible race, the Micmac stood on even terms with him; and skating as though their lives depended on the result, the plucky boys kept side by side for three miles, each straining every nerve and neither gaining an inch.

But such a fight could not last to the end, and when less than a mile away the test proved too much for the champion; at this point, in spite of his desperate and truly heroic exertions, the Indian boy went ahead, and amid a perfect storm of cheers from his comrades and hundreds of spectators, jumped the line eighty yards in advance, just fifty-five minutes from the second

of starting — the best time on record for one under fifteen years of age.

For the remainder of his school course Cy was as faithful a student as during the first year. But he found time each winter to re-win the cup without being forced to beat his record.

The accounts of his marvelous fleetness brought many flattering offers for him to become a professional skater; but upon the young Indian's steadfast nature nothing of this kind could produce the slightest effect. Graduating with honors, he returned to his ocean-bound home, to receive the congratulations of his venerable father and all the tribe-men in that part of the province, the old chief being especially pleased with the gold cup, and the fact that his son had won victories on the crystal race-course against the best of Saxon youth.

Cy is now at college, preparing to become an instructor of his people, over three thousand of whom reside in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island. These aborigines are unrivalled hunters and excellent fishermen. Many of them possess comfortable homes and well-cultivated farms, and while jealously maintaining their tribal organization they willingly obey the laws of the land, and prove themselves peaceable, well-disposed and thrifty citizens.

H. C. Chipman.

A GAME OF THE SENSES.

(*For Young and Old.*)

WHEN you go to your room at night, can you walk directly to the match-box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you at night walk among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden path as directly as you would were it daylight?

If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it?

If you are a boy can you calculate by yards; if a girl, by feet?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight? The size of anything that is deceptive because it looks larger or smaller than it really is?

Can you calculate the weight of a book, a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut can you tell what kind of a flower is put to your nose? Do you know the difference between the odor of a leaf from a rose-bush and one from a maple-tree?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you by listening tell what kind of vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four hoofs and by eight?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only can you tell which material is cotton, which is woollen? Can you from a bunch of different-colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

Can you by the taste only tell what kind of meat you are eating? Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of soda water? Does a rose-petal taste like that of a violet? Do hard water and soft water taste alike?

In short: do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then remember what you observed?

The new methods of education are taking care

of eyes and hands used together, but what classes are there for your nose, your ears, your touch, your sense of weight? Where do you go to school to learn to see in the dark, to smell fire, to hear flies sneeze? Do you not perceive that this education you must give yourself? You can train your senses every moment you are awake. At this moment what do you see, hear, smell? Are you sure you really see, hear and smell what you think you do? Suppose you make a game of "The Senses," and see how many come nearer the Booby prize than the first one?

If you could bring one of your favorite Indian heroes out of a book — materialize him, you know — and have him join you in the Donkey game, don't you believe he would get the tail somewhere near the right place? He would not be fit for an Indian hero if he could not walk straight with his eyes shut.

And as I like to give my text at the end instead of the beginning, here it is:

That you are not yourself, but only a fraction of what your Heavenly Father meant you to be, unless you have the full use of the senses which he gave you.

Louise Stockton.

THE STORY OF BLOODY CREEK.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

TWELVE miles above the old Fort at Port Royal, the Annapolis River makes a bend of its clayey banks toward the south, to receive into its tawny waters a clear mountain-stream, up which the Bay of Fundy tide urges the turbid waters of the river for a distance of half a mile. At the confluence the banks of this stream are low and level; above tide-reach they are high and precipitous, and extend in a gradual rise to the irregular upheaval of granite and slate that forms the range of hills called South Mountain.

For one hundred and eighty years this stream has been known as Bloody Creek. Its waters are not more tawny than the river which receives them, nor are its banks more ruddy, but for nearly two centuries it has borne this sanguinary appellation.

In the autumn of 1710, Port Royal was besieged and gallantly taken by the English. The Fort was in a wretched broken-down condition, and the English captors at once began the work of facing it with pieces of round timber six or seven inches in diameter. But the unusual severity of the winter, and a terrible disease that broke out among their troops, killing more than three hundred of the five hundred soldiers left in garrison by General Nicholson, had retarded the progress of the work; and in April of 1711, the Commander gave orders for the French settlers in the Banlieue and up the river, to immediately furnish the truncheons needed for its completion.

One reason and another was urged by the French as excuse or delay, and the order was not obeyed. In May the order was changed to promises of high prices for all who would bring the batons; still there was no response. The offer was changed to a threat, followed by force, and when resistance was made to the force, five of the chief men of the habitants were arrested, put in irons, and held as hostages for the good faith of their countrymen.

Two weeks elapsed; the inhabitants were full of perplexity and despair. Their chief advisers had been the imprisoned men; their priest, Father Justinian, a Recollet friar, had been seized by the English early in January and sent to Boston to be imprisoned; communication with the Settlements about the Basin and the head of the Bay was cut off, and they were without counsel. As day succeeded day, and one expediency and another failed, a new spirit began to be manifest, that of submitting for the sake of their imprisoned countrymen, and yielding to the command, which they well knew was

but one step removed from the hated and avoided yoke of allegiance. This feeling culminated on the twenty-eighth day of June. Early that morning a report had reached them that if the batons were not brought to the Fort before noon of the thirtieth, new and effectual means would be taken to compel compliance.

Did the threat mean that the five innocent hostages would be executed? This was the thought that rushed to the heart of every one as he heard. There was earnest talk among them, and but two of all the habitants held to their idea of continued resistance. These were two young men, sons of Pierre Landrie, one of the prisoners at the Fort. At sundown they were seated in the doorway of their house; they had met with hot speech the hopeless words of their elders, but as they sat apart in the quiet of the hour, their own courage was fast forsaking them.

A movement in the bushes on the little hill above them attracted their attention, and both looked at once in the direction of the noise. Down one side the hill the trees had been partly cleared, and in this cleared space stood a woman bending over a grave. The golden bars of sunlight slanting through the dark spruces flecked the white headstone and the bare brown mound it marked. The blood sprang to the faces of both men as they looked.

"When I see that grave," said Pierre the younger, "I would dare a thousand deaths rather than soil my lips with the form of a British oath."

Presently the woman turned, and walked down the little slope and into the path that led to the house. As she crossed the road that led to the Fort she paused for a moment and gazed intently down it, then pursued her way. When she reached the young men she said, "That man must be killed; if you do not do it, I will," and hurried past them into the house.

The men's eyes followed her gaze down the fortress road, and they saw walking leisurely up it a stranger; not one of their countrymen and evidently not an Englishman.

"If Father Justinian was not behind iron bars I could swear it was his gait," said Pierre.

"Would Heaven it was!" said the other. "We would not be a minority with him to lead, but they have threatened his life if he comes here again. It is very like him, but not more so than our mother's face was like his as she stood there by the grave; I could easily have taken her for him had she been in his priestly robes."

The stranger approached them and nodded carelessly as he met their gaze.

"I am no Englishman, and I would die sooner than submit to the cursed dogs," he said. "Is my speech strong enough to convince you I am no enemy?"

"It is strong enough to keep you inside the fortress gates if they inside heard it," said François.

"I have been inside them not an hour since," replied the stranger calmly, "and I came out as easily as I went in — but I used no such words while in" —

"And you think to carry back some words of ours," interrupted Pierre hotly, rising as he spoke.

The stranger gazed quietly and steadily into his eyes.

"I carried nothing in," he said, "I carried much out. To-morrow, at midnight, eighty picked men of the garrison will march up the river to the Creek, burn down your mill and the houses of your people settled near it, and take every man, woman and child prisoner. Something must be done, and at once."

"Nothing can be done," replied the young men, "there is no spirit left; the people will submit to this as they have to other things. Except we two, all are determined to obey the order; there is no leader to urge them, and the men are all such as need to be led."

The woman was standing in the doorway, behind the young men, tall, and pale, and calm as stone.

"If it is a leader they lack, lead them!" she said. "The Landrie blood in your veins, your father their prisoner, your sister their victim, is not this enough to incite you? — that man must be killed; if you do not do it, I will!"

The words were hot and passionate, but they seemed to proceed from lips of stone, as she stood, statue-like, in the dim light.

The stranger started with surprise when she spoke, and as she passed out of the house and

disappeared in the dusk that was fast gathering among the great trees that bordered the little graveyard on the slope, he turned inquiringly to the men.

"What does she mean?" he asked.

"It is a long story," said Pierre, "and I have neither heart nor will to tell it all — my only sister lies up there in that burying ground. She died because she believed the lying words of an English officer at the Fort, who told her he loved her. She died in May, and since then my mother has been as you see her, her last words are always as you heard them, and since they have taken my father prisoner she has been like one in a dream. Every day she goes up there to watch for Father Justinian — she says he is coming, and if we hold out till he comes the English tyrants will be killed — I have thought so too, but the priest cannot now get here in time to save us."

"There are twenty-four hours of time left," said the stranger. "I came here to tell you the message. If the priest comes in that time he will have bloody work on hand. I am going to the Indians up the river, they may like to know what I have told you."

"You!" cried both the men, "what can you do? How can you go there unguided? The Indians do not like to see men in your garb, we will go too, they know us."

"Stay where you are," said the man, "and in some way get half a dozen of your people to follow you. The English will send all their strong men on the march; they must be caught and killed, the Fort will then be easy of capture. But the killing must be done by the Indians, and on the shores of the Creek. They will do the fighting with half a dozen Frenchmen to lead them on, and these French leaders you must in some way get — I am not used to parley, a little earlier than this time to-morrow I will meet you here."

And not pausing for further words he walked down the path to the fortress fork, where he disappeared a few moments in the clump of trees. When he emerged again on the path he carried on his stooped shoulders a large bundle, and walking rapidly he crossed the meadow-road and disappeared in the thick woods to the south.

When dawn rimmed the hills behind the encampment at the head of the Creek, the Indians were already up, and moving about from camp to camp. Word had come from Gaulin, the "warrior priest" at Placentia, for them to repair to the head of the Bay, to assist and encourage the French to resist an expected attack of the English troops on the Settlements. As they went about their camps, busying themselves in the preparations for departure, Father Justinian suddenly appeared in their midst.

They had not seen his approach until he stood among them. In the dim dawnlight and shadowed by the great trees, he seemed an apparition, and many of them fled as they saw him.

He had changed in the six months' imprisonment. His hair was no longer tonsured, nor was his face shaven. But the large loose covering on his head, the gray garment of serge, girdled with a knotted cord, and the wooden sandals, were the habiliments of his Order; and his voice at once assured them of his identity, as calling several of them by name, he began to speak to them in a patois of French and Micmac much used by the missionaries after long association with a particular portion of the tribe.

He was weary and in want of food, and while he rested and ate he told them of his escape from prison, and his secret journey back to his people. Then quickly following upon this, he told them the English soldiers were to march to the mouth of the Creek that night, and at daylight attack not only the settlers, but their own encampment as well.

The Indian blood was fired; and stimulated by the presence of their spiritual leader, they were hot for assault. All the morning the priest remained with them. Upon the soft ground at his feet he drew the plan of attack, showed them how they must march down the Creek to within half a mile of its mouth, where the banks on either side were high and precipitous. There among the dense woods they must secrete themselves to wait the arrival of the soldiers who would march direct up the dark road to the Creek, where they would probably rest before advancing to the houses of the settlers.

On a sheet of bark he drew a similar plan, and dispatched a runner, fleet of foot, to the encampment up the valley, with orders for the Indians at that place to lose no time in coming to their aid.

When he had fully explained to them the plan of attack, he told them he must leave, and go to the settlers at Port Royal to incite them to join in the fighting. This, the Indians strongly opposed. They felt a superhuman aid in the presence of their trusted priest, and only consented to his departure on condition of his returning with a dozen or more of the Frenchmen to aid in the battle. This condition the Father promised to fulfill, and it was not far from mid-day when he started away from the encampment.

True to his word the stranger was back to the house on the slope as early as sunset rays tipped the columned hills across the river.

No one seemed to be about the place and supposing the young men would soon arrive he sat down upon the door-stone to rest. He had waited some time when the tall woman suddenly came down the path from the hillside and approached him.

For several minutes she did not answer his inquiry for the young men, but stood gazing steadily at him. At last she said:

"They have not been here since morning; they are in the dungeons at the Fort, they were taken as they started out to raise volunteers to help the Indians."

While she said this, the woman was rational and natural, but almost immediately the strange apathy and calm came again upon her, and she turned and went into the house.

The stranger followed her. He was hungry, and she gave him food, and told him that the young men believed him to be a spy from the garrison, that the people generally believed the same, and would kill him at sight. Then she became again statue-like, and would not utter another word, but gazed out upon the hillside where the grave was shadowed by gloomy firs.

"I am rested," said the man, at length, "and I am going up the river again to the Indians. I promised them aid, and I must go and give what help my two arms can afford. This night must be a bloody blow at English tyranny." And the strange man started away into the dusky woods.

As he hurried along the dim pathway, he heard a footstep behind, and the woman came up beside him. Over her face was the strange, passive look, and in her hands a long naked French rapier.

"That man will lead the soldiers," she said, "he must be killed; if no one else does it I must!" and passed on ahead.

The man grasped her shoulder and stopped her, she wrenched herself from his grasp and pursued her course, and he was forced to quicken his steps to keep up with her rapid pace.

At the garrison all arrangements were made, and the troops ready to march.

The day before there had come into the Fort a stranger, who said he was a soldier from New England and claimed to have been with Phipps in his capture of Port Royal. He seemed to know the country round about Port Royal well, and described the Creek and the bridge across it and the lay of the land in the neighborhood. The commander had him map out a line of march in the most direct route and at his own request assigned him a prominent place in the expedition.

But when the soldiers marched out of the Fort at midnight, this strange volunteer was not with them. His line of march, however, was confidently followed by the commander as he led his troops through the dense forest, in the dim starlight, to the designated place of attack.

Before dawn they reached the brow of the hill that banked the west side of the Creek. As they crossed the brow the creeping wind of day-dawn stirred the still night air, rustled in the tree-tops, soughed in the firs, lingered in the pines, and swayed the slim underwood. The soldiers shuddered — it is a saying, that they who shudder at this wind will never live to hear another.

Down the hill they marched, to the bottom of the valley, and on to the bridge across the Creek. "On the other side we will rest," said Captain Pujeon, as he led the way.

Most of them rested before the other brink

was gained. For without warning cry, a score of savages burst from the thick woods and rushed down the steep incline behind them; another score came down the eastern bank and on to the bridge; and packed in that narrow defile, with the rushing water on either hand, and beneath them, the savage butchery began.

Cries of pain, and dying groans, mingled with wild war-whoops, and the crimson blood of Old England and New flowed into the clear waters of the Creek.

Leading the redskins, regardless of flying bullets, was a tall man in the garb of a wayfarer. Armed with a long, straight blade, and cool in the midst of such terrible confusion, this man seemed to head every onslaught upon the entrapped soldiers, but not once did his glittering French rapier, except in self-defense, draw blood.

Aloof from the fight, on the east side the Creek, clad in priestly robes of gray serge, stood a tall form, waving on with silent hand the death-dealing savages, who obeyed every sacerdotal gesture with wild yells of confidence.

It was quick and bloody work. In less than twenty minutes most of the Englishmen were bleeding, dead or dying, for the murderous tomahawk left no wounded victims. Its blow was unerring and deadly, and the savages took no prisoners except such as seemed to promise a ransom.

The Major of the company, a young, handsome man, had been taken prisoner, and as the Indians were binding his arms, the tall, robed figure cried: "That man must be killed!"

The savage captors hesitated; he would bring a handsome ransom. Again the order rang out, clear and calm:

"That man must be killed; if you do not do it, I will!" Still no hatchet was raised to execute the solemn order.

The gray-robed figure hurried forward, seized from the belt of an Indian a bloody tomahawk, and dashing it into the head of the prisoner, fell prostrate on the ground, as if dealt, instead of dealing, a blow.

At this instant the tall man who had led the Indians came up to the group. The dying Major cast an inquiring glance upon him.

"It is the New England soldier!" he muttered, "he led us into this cursed trap!"

The tall man spoke in French to the gray-gowned figure reverently upheld by the Indians.

The blood came to the pale face, and the eyes opened and gazed around as if in search of some object. At last they fell upon the form of the dead Major; then the lips parted, and clear and calm came the words:

"Holy Father, he is dead, I killed him!" And flinging back the gray robe, the tall straight form of the insane Frenchwoman stood among the bewildered savages.

There was wild excitement for a moment. Then the strange leader took the garments from the ground and put them upon himself, straightened his stooped shoulders, and spoke to them by name and in their native speech, and they saw that it was Father Justinian himself who had led the bloody fight.

It was soon explained. He had escaped his captors in Boston, and dressed in disguise as a New England soldier had easily made his entrance to the Fort at Port Royal. So completely did he deceive the garrison that they made known to him the secret expedition. His quick mind prepared a plot, and in pursuance of this he drew up the plan which would carry the soldiers to the only place on the march where they could be successfully attacked.

He had daringly carried his sacred habiliments with him, in a bundle, and before he arrived at the Indian encampment had put them on, and again packed them when out of their sight.

As the woman accompanied him on the march through the woods, her strong resemblance to himself, which he well knew before, suggested the idea that he might dress her in his robes, and let her personate him in the fight, while he could himself lead, in place of the expected and promised Frenchmen. He disclosed his identity, and she acquiesced to the proposal and gave him her sword. In the heat of the attack the Indians did not closely scrutinize, and the darkness aided the ruse.

The news of the massacre spread to the town. There were not twenty soldiers left in the Fort. In the consternation at the terrible tidings the

imprisoned Frenchmen readily escaped, and they and their countrymen at once blockaded the Fort. Message was sent to Gaulin to come to their aid with his warrior Indians, but while they waited his arrival four hundred New York troops reinforced the garrison, and they were compelled to abandon the investment and wait a more favorable opportunity.

Father Justinian, though openly charged with the instigation of the attack, managed to escape arrest and punishment, and for many years remained in the Province, encouraging his people to disobedience of the English rule, and inciting the Indians to frequent depredations. But never afterward in the history of the country was there chronicled so deadly and daring a massacre as that at Bloody Creek.

At sight of the grave on the hillside, the woman's reason again left her, nor was she ever afterward rational, or sensible of the event through which she passed. The story of her personation of the priest became known, and until she died the white-faced wandering woman was everywhere called The Friar Marghette.

Forty rods above the bridge that now spans the Creek, the stringers and abutments of the old French bridge can still be traced.

The east bank is cleared and cultivated, and on either side, and above and below, stretch green fertile meadows. Up from the meadows slope the wooded ranges. Only in the name that yet clings to its dashing waters is there trace of that bloody fray.

Grace Dean McLeod.

HOME-MADE DOLLS' FURNITURE.

(Ways To Do Things.)

OF course, all little girls have a doll of some kind, and many of you Little Women, I doubt not, are the heads of large families. Well, are your children supplied with all the home comforts you can possibly give them, or have you four dollies, and only one chair, so that three of them are obliged to stand up or lie down all their lives?

I am going to tell you how with very little trouble you can have a supply of the most tempting easy-chairs.

The first thing you need is a piece of cork, and probably mamma can find you any quantity of old empty bottles with corks left in them that will just answer your purpose. For small chairs those in quart bottles will be of the right size, but for large chairs you will need corks of about the size of the ones in the vinegar and molasses jugs. Cut these into slices about half an inch thick, and you have a very good foundation for the seat of the chair.

Now, ask mamma or sister for some bits of gay silk, or the velvet that came off your last winter's hat, and you will have the material for a covering, fine enough for the most elegant drawing-room. Now cut out a round piece of the material, somewhat larger than the cork, and lay it smoothly over the top, then draw it down over the edge, and fasten securely with stitches to and fro across the under part. You find the edge is in wrinkles, but that makes your chair none the less fashionable, for much of the modern furniture has puffs around the edge.

Next, you will need to have two sizes of pins —four large ones for legs, and about five smaller ones for the back. (I am taking it for granted that we are making a small, plain chair.) Stick the four large pins into the under part of the cork, at about equal distances, to serve as legs (being careful to have them of the same length, that the chair may stand evenly); then stick the five smaller ones into the upper part to serve as a back, putting them in a row, only a little distance apart, and having the top of the second pin just a little higher than the first, and the third still a little above the second, the fourth, to correspond with the second, and

the fifth, with the first. This makes the middle of the back higher than the sides, and is rather prettier than to have the row straight across the top; however, this is a matter of fancy, and can be varied to suit any little girl's taste.

You now have quite a comfortable seat, but of course you do not wish all the dollies who come to call, to find your family sitting upon pins; therefore we must hide them from sight. To do this, you must have some embroidery or knitting wools, but you will require so little, and so many colors are pretty for this purpose, that I am quite sure mamma has some bits and ends she can spare to you. If your seat be blue, you may choose to have the back and legs yellow, in imitation of gilt; or if it be red, a russet brown will look well. After you have selected the wool, tie the end round the bottom of one of the legs (as near the head of the pin as you can) and wind round the pin until you have covered the whole, then fasten it on the under part of the seat by means of a needle. Wind each of the legs in the same way. Now all that remains to be done is to cover the back, and it will be completed. To do this nicely, you will have to begin at the seat, fastening your wool by a stitch to the under side and put the thread over the first pin, and under the next, and then over again, and so on, carrying it back and forth, without breaking, until you reach the top — then fasten as neatly as you can, and you will have a chair sufficiently elegant for the most fastidious doll.

Very pretty tables can be made in the same manner, by covering cork with brown, red or green woolen cloth, and winding two or three pins together for legs; and by a little ingenuity in cutting out the foundation and arranging the pins, you can easily make bedsteads and sofas to match.

M. C. S.

PROFESSIONAL MENDERS.

(*Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.*)

IT is time to turn again to that class of workers who do not want, or cannot take, steady employment away from home. The plan that I am going to suggest may mean absence from one's household a few hours at a time, but so much may be done at home that the other hours do not really count. The work is a homely one, but it is extremely useful, and is in the interest of economy. The stock in trade is a capacious work-basket with scissors, thimble, thread, silk and cotton tape, buttons all kinds and sizes, and all the other little appliances that naturally belong to such a basket, deft fingers, and an unlimited stock of patience. With these at hand, you may set yourself up in business as a professional mender, and if you manage it properly, you will soon have a large class of customers and plenty to do. It was only a day or two since that Miss Josephine Jenkins, whom probably you all remember as writing that very clever article on "Aprons" in a recent number of the WIDE AWAKE, wrote in the *Boston Herald:*

"With all the wish in the world to earn money, women let many ways of doing so escape their notice simply because they are lacking in practical application. Here, for instance, is one means by which an honest penny, if not an entire support, could be obtained: It is to become a visiting mender. And what does that signify? asks the impecunious seeker of fortune. What is the 'visiting mender'? Nothing more nor less than an angel with a thimble, and who is skillful with the needle, who goes from house to house to mend the family stockings, sew on buttons and repair whatever needs repairing in the week's wash. That is the visiting mender, and a much-needed individual in hundreds of households, where the mother would rather pay fifty cents for a quick morning's work than to waste her own precious time taking stitches. A regular seamstress is, perhaps, too expensive, but the visiting mender, deft of hand, comes within the possibility of the average household. Any lady who understands the art of darning and mending would soon find this sort of business paid. Such a vocation may be humble, for it

does not demand a 'higher education,' but it is one to command respect, and would certainly be appreciated by many women whose own employments give them no chance to apply the stitch in time that is believed to save nine. Young mothers who would like to keep up with the procession, but find the mending-basket an obstruction, and the gayer butterflies who have no taste for replacing missing buttons on their boots and gloves, are some of the people who would bless such a visitor as the professional mender."

Now Miss Jenkins knew what she was talking about; she knows it by experience, just as I do, just as all women do who lead busy lives, and have to let some things go because they cannot possibly attend to every thing in the world. You and I both know that bright women may do a good deal, may, in fact, almost achieve the impossible, but there is, after all, a point at which they must stop. I remember once looking over all my dresses to find one to put on. Something was the matter with every one, and the trouble finally resolved into the puzzle of which could be made ready to put on with the least outlay of time. A friend, who was the art critic on one of the leading Boston dailies, was waiting for me. As she saw my despair deepen, her own feeling found expression in words.

"I would give a good slice out of my salary, and so would you," she said, "to find a woman who would come with scissors and thimble once a week and put us in order. Who wouldn't ask a single question, but would go through closets, and drawers, and stocking bags, and shoe bags, and would mend the holes and sew on the missing strings and buttons, replace the bit of frayed braid, sew up the rip in the pocket, brush the flounces, and make everything ready to put on. But such a woman isn't to be found. I have tried and I know. I have suggested it to half a dozen or more women who have come to me wanting something to do, and such a sniff of disdain as I receive. They all want to be companions, or copyists, or something 'genteel,' until I am so tired of them and their mock pretentions that I don't know what to do. They are dying to get something to do; work is a necessity; they appeal to my sympathy, and yet when I show the work that lies right at their hand they refuse to see it, and make me feel as though I had insulted them by the mere proposition."

And that has been so much the case. I know my friend was right because I have had a like experience, and it is the testimony of many other women. It is annoying to a busy woman to have to stop to sew on the missing button when she is in great haste and her work of the utmost importance. It is aggravating beyond measure, when she is so tired after a day's hard mental labor that she can hardly see, when every nerve is quivering under the lash of stimulation, to make a longer day with the needle in repairing something that must be made ready for the next day's wearing. Oh! if the other woman could but be found to meet this woman's needs. I have not exaggerated; every woman whose days are filled with mental labor will tell you the same story. There is a disinclination to manual exertion, that becomes positive physical pain, after a day that has been so wearing alike to brain and nerve. And the worst of it is one can never make the rest of the world know the absolute torture that she is suffering, at the very thought of physical exertion. And it is the help that comes in ways like this, that one is so ready to pay for, if one can only get it, that makes the real rest.

And there are men that feel this need as well as women; young men who live in boarding-houses, and have no one to look after their clothing and make the needed repairs. They would make a good and a willing class of customers; it could be easily arranged that the work for this class could be taken to one's home, and then returned when it was finished.

A young woman in New York, who evidently took the sensible view of things, already has a very good and paying business among just this class of persons. She has made her own way, and has been very successful. I have had one or two women tell me that they tried to do this work, but they could not get it.

"How did you try?" I asked them.

"Oh! I put an advertisement in the paper, but nobody answered it."

Well, that isn't so very strange. An advertisement of that sort gets easily lost to sight in the midst of so many "wants" as appear in the papers. Personal endeavor is what is needed, and that was what won for the New York girl of whom I have just spoken. Perhaps you would

like to know just what she did, and how she did it. You know, in this world, we all build our own endeavors upon the lines of some one else's success. It is perfectly natural. Life is, after all, a sort of serious game of "follow my leader," and what is already done or achieved, it is quite a matter of course that some one else tries. And so for the way in which the girl I have told you of went to work. In the first place she didn't advertise. She got some cards printed with her name and address, and her business on them. These she took to the large stores and gave them herself to the clerks, at the same time explaining her project. She then said she would call at a stated time for the work. Of course it was an experiment; she did not know how it would succeed, but she felt that it was worth the trying. I wish I could remember the list of prices that she gave on her card, but the only thing I can remember was that the stocking mending was from five to ten cents a pair, according to the amount to be done. Of course all the prices were small, but the aggregate she thought might be good. She came for the bundles at the promised time, and the very first day she had her shopping bag, a good-sized one, much more than full, so she had to have a separate parcel made. These she returned at the promised time, and the next week she had a still larger quantity, so that she had to have the bundles sent by a messenger boy. Her work has increased until now she has a boy constantly employed to get and return the parcels, and has two assistant menders. Now what one woman has done, another may do if she will only go to work in the right way.

This occupation rightly managed need not be an unpleasant one. To one who loves her needle, it may be very delightful. The art of mending, in our day, is a much neglected one, but it was one of which our grandmothers were very proud. Fine mending was a species of exquisite needle-work, and it ranked with embroidery in nicety of detail. The old-time gentlewoman could mend any thing, from household linen to lace; she darned stockings until it was a delight to see the fine stitches, and she set a patch absolutely by the thread. The mending-basket was an indispensable article, and it was always well-stocked. Did the least bit of wear show itself in the table-linen, it was taken in hand at once and darned to a new strength. Did body linen wear, a patch was set in so neatly that the garment never had the appearance of an old one. To mend well was an accomplishment of which every woman was proud. The advent of the sewing-machine, while it was undoubtedly a great saving of time to many women, did, nevertheless, do more than anything to lessen the respect for hand sewing. Still a few old-fashioned people have always insisted that certain parts of the sewing shall be done by hand, so that a few have kept up the practice. In the cities the teaching of sewing in the public schools has made good needle-women of the girls who are coming now to take their places among the world's workers, and with the knowledge of the work has come a respect for it that is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The girls in the schools are taught to mend and repair, as well as to make garments, and many of these may find a way to a pleasant support through the medium of her little shining implement of industry. The mending is recommended to her notice as something well worth thinking of.

There are families who need such work done for them as well as the army of single men and women. Many a tired, overworked mother dreads the sight of the weekly mending-basket, and would be very glad if she could get a few hours' help each week from somebody. I have heard many a woman say this, but she always ends by saying that she can find no one who will do it. She can easily get a seamstress or dressmaker by the day; but she can't afford to pay their prices for the work she wants. If she could employ somebody by the hour, who would go away when her work was done, and go cheerfully because somebody else was waiting for her, it would be the greatest possible comfort in the world. There is the same difficulty here that so often exists; that of getting the employer and the worker together. "I know just what I want to do," said a woman to me the other day, after detailing a plan of work, "and I also know that there is somebody in the world who wants done just what I can do; now why won't some person set us toward each other, so that we may meet?"

It is hard to answer that puzzle; but usually the only "setting towards" is done by the worker, and it must be confessed that sometimes even with trying the result is long in coming. But there is also another thing, which may partially offset the slowness of attainment; when once success has crowned effort, it is apt to increase, for when one gets the first chance, others are sure to follow. So in starting in as "visiting mender," or as the mender who takes her work home, you must recognize the value of the first patron. One brings another always, and if your work is done well, you will find your patrons increasing.

Sallie Joy White.



THE SCARECROW.

IT was a regular Scarecrow-man,
Made on the old and well-known plan:
A cross of sticks in a garb forlorn,
That stood on guard in the field of corn.
And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile
As he put it up and whistled the while;
It would look to the crows so very ferocious,
So truly astounding and atrocious
That it tickled his fancy to think how they
Would catch a glimpse and flutter away.

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree,
And the young crow said to the old one, "See!
Now, what is that frightful thing out there?
It's enough any honest crow to scare!"
But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise,
Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes;
Something tickled him, but if 'twas a joke
His voice didn't show it a bit when he spoke,
As looking down at the younger crow
He said, "'What is it?' Ah! don't you know!

"Why, that, as we wise ones all suppose,
Is the special patron saint of the crows!
We watch for his coming every year,
To tell when the Feast of the Corn is here.
See how he stands with his arms stretched out!
He is calling the crows from all about!
Such a kind invitation is most alluring —
So very cordial and reassuring!
I think we had better accept — don't you?"
And down to the field of corn they flew.

Wallace E. Mather.

C. Y. F. R. U.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Superintendents.
Miss K. F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., Secretary.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in Wide Awake and the Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball, Buffalo, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR AUGUST.

First Week: Readings in Journal: "The Perplexities of a Crymangle," Part II., Louise Livingston Bradford.

Books (Junior Course): *Biographical Stories*, Chapters I., II., III., IV. (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters IX., X., XI., XII., XIII.

Second Week: Readings in Journal: "Cy Hops's Victory," H. C. Chipman, and "A Game of the Senses," Louise Stockton.

Books (Junior Course): *Biographical Stories*, Chapters V., VI., VII., VIII. (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII.

Third Week: Readings in Journal: "The Story of Bloody Creek," Grace Dean McLeod.

Books (Junior Course): *Biographical Stories*, Chapter IX., and *The Story that Lizzie Told.* (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII.

Fourth Week: Readings in Journal: "Home-Made Dolls' Furniture," M. C. S., and "Professional Menders," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Junior Course): *Six Little Princesses.* (Senior Course): *The Talisman*, Chapters XXIV. to XXVIII.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[Note.— These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Week:

I. Roll Call: Readings of original solutions of "Perplexities of a Crymangle," prepared by members of the club.

II. Quiz on *The Talisman* or on *Biographical Stories.*

III. Music.

IV. Short papers on favorite characters, each making his own selection and detailing the qualities of his hero.

V. Recitation, "Harmosan" (*Dana's Household Book of Poetry*).

VI. Game — Verbarium (described in March Journal).

Second Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by locating important cities in the Holy Land.

II. Quiz on required readings.

III. Spelling Match on words in required readings.

IV. Short papers on "The Crusades," or The Stories of "Johnson," "Cromwell" and "Franklin" (Junior Course).

V. Music.

VI. Recitation: "The Arsenal at Springfield," Longfellow.

VII. *Game of the Senses.* The suggestions in the article in the Journal may be carried out with pleasure and profit as for instance, estimating in feet and inches the size of any object, or the distance in feet, across the room, etc. Matching colors from memory is an admirable exercise, and by means of bits of ribbon of varying shades can easily be tried.

Third Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by "The Story of Bloody Creek," told in turn.

II. Quiz on Required Reading.

III. Map drill on the Holy Land or on "The Country of Queen Christina."

IV. Short paper on "Physicians in the days of Richard I." Some very interesting facts will be found in the encyclopædia on this subject.

V. Recitation: "Is it Come?" Frances Brown. (*Dana's Household Book of Poetry.*)

VI. Music.

VII. Adjective Exercise. Children as well as grown people are apt to make a few adjectives do duty for a great variety of nouns. The proposed exercise will help club members to discriminate in the use of words. Let some character be selected, as Richard Cœur de Lion or Cromwell, and each member write all the adjectives that may appropriately be ascribed to him. These are then read and any adjectives which do not properly apply, stricken out.

Fourth Week:

I. Roll Call: answered by quoting familiar English sayings or proverbs. Lists will be found in the back of any large dictionary.

II. Pronunciation Match.

III. Recitation: "Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old," Frances Brown. (*Dana's Household Book of Poetry.*)

IV. A summary of *The Talisman.* The condensed outline of the story brought by each member, the club

deciding which is the best. The briefest account which omits no important event should be the one approved. The same plan may be tried with any of the Junior Course readings.

V. Music.

VI. Pictures from *The Talisman* or *Biographical Stories*. A series of tableaux representing scenes from one or the other of these books. By bringing out the chief incidents a very interesting review of the books can be made.

Reports from clubs and individual members show that good work is being done all through the ranks of the C. Y. F. R. U. A member from Kansas who was a little delayed in finishing last year's readings reports her intention of persevering through the four years. A little invalid reader, ten years old, is finding much pleasure in the books and WIDE AWAKE, and a member from the "Southland" writes, "If at any time I can be of use to you and the 'Union' in questions about this section of country (Arkansas) or any other subject, I will gladly contribute."

From the Newark, N. J., C. Y. F. R. U., Matthew A. Wylie, secretary, comes this encouraging message: "Our Union has seventeen members now. We have finished over half the year's reading, and are getting along first-class."

Wyoming, Ohio and Florida readers write of possible clubs in these sections next year. Wherever our young folks go to work with a will there can be no doubt about the result.

Clubs at Raleigh, N. C., and Berwyn, Pa., report additions to their membership. Nine more members from South Africa have also joined the ranks and a fine organization of twenty-eight members from Livingston, Alabama, gives promise of much good work. Now let us hear from the clubs and let us know what each is doing. The roll is becoming a long one.

C. Y. F. R. U. members, and their friends, can save $1.65 by taking advantage of our clubbing rate for WIDE AWAKE and *Scribner's Magazine*. WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 and *Scribner's Magazine* is $3.00 a year, but by a recent arrangement we are able to offer both for $3.75 — less than any one of the other three great magazines alone. Present subscribers to WIDE AWAKE may avail themselves of this great offer by extending their subscriptions another year.

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Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Wright.	1.00	1.12
When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee.	.50	.56
The Talisman. Scott.	.65	.75
In His Name. Hale.	.30	.34
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* The lives of Coriolanus, Fabius, Sertorius and Cæsar only are required this year.

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To obtain net prices in the second and third columns the entire set of eight volumes must be ordered at one time. Single volumes sent only at the retail price in first column. If sent C. O. D. the expressage will be added, also expense of return of money.



MY FRIEND, AH GING.

(School and Playground Stories.)

MR. ROBERTS, our teacher, was out of the room some time that morning, I remember, for Carling, the boy that sat behind me, ate all the pears and figs he had, and was just beginning on a box of strawberries when the door opened and in popped Mr. Roberts, and behind him came a Chinese boy.

At the first glance I thought the boy a servant with a message for one of the boys, but when I looked again I saw he was dressed in silk and carried a little skull cap, the kind that only the rich Chinamen wear; however, before I had time to guess who he might be, Mr. Roberts spoke:

"Young gentlemen, this is Ah Ging, who will study mathematics and English with you for two hours every morning."

With that Mr. Roberts put Ah Ging in a front seat across the aisle from me and went to the board to explain the problem we were working. You never saw such astonished faces as we boys had. If Mr. Roberts had exploded a Chinese bomb instead of introducing a Chinese boy we could not have been more surprised.

Dr. Lawler, our head-master, and Mr. Roberts, had not lived very long in San Francisco, and they had many odd notions as to how Chinese should be treated; still, they must have known even then, that it was a risky thing they were doing when they put a Chinese boy right in with us. They don't have Chinese in the public schools, and our school is private and not so very far from Nob Hill.

Well, not one of the boys paid any attention to the board; every one stared and a great many glared, too. Carling took out his strawberries and began to finish them up, chopstick fashion, with a pen-holder and a lead-pencil. Mr. Roberts turned around and caught him at it, all of a sudden.

"Stop that," said he, short and sharp; "if I see you doing or saying anything to offend the new pupil, I shall send you to the Doctor, and what I say applies to you all, understand. You lose your marks for this lesson, Carling."

"Yes, Mr. Roberts," says Carling, smelling his salts. He's awfully odd; I like to watch him, and was watching him then.

"Turn around, Van Dorn." My goodness! Mr. Roberts was after me.* I flopped around like a salmon just out of the water, but I caught it just the same.

"What do you mean, sir, turning around in that fashion, and staring out of countenance a boy who has just been reprimanded? Your actions annoy me. Where did you learn your manners?"

He is always asking me that — I don't see why, when the rest of the time I am told I haven't any. And as for my actions annoying him, it isn't my fault. He will have me perched up in that front seat.

When Mr. Roberts had smoothed down a little, I looked over at Ah Ging. He had a very good-natured face, and altogether I thought he was as good looking as any fellow in the class, from his shaven head to his sky-blue slippers spattered over with gold roses. I tried to catch his eye, for when I go to a new school it makes me feel more natural if a fellow will wink or grin at me, and Ah Ging showed that he knew the class did not like his being there. He seemed very much astonished when at last he looked over and I smiled. In spite of his shyness, he answered the two questions put to him

* My name's Van Dorn.

and multiplied fifty-four by seventeen without seeming to think much about it. I saw Mutton Head Jackson (his name is Marion Hunt, but the boys say M. H. stand for the other name) stop the calculations he was making on his cuff and open his mouth, quite confounded, when little Ah Ging chirped out :

" Nine hundled eighteen."

During the English hour Ah Ging did not shine so brightly, but he was funny enough. Mr. Roberts read over a paragraph first and then Ging read it, mimicking Mr. Roberts's voice exactly, even giving the little " hem " way down in his throat, just the way Mr. Roberts goes when he is raising the wind to go sailing through a paragraph.

After the lesson was over, and Ah Ging had made a regular swell bow and said, " Goo'-by," Mr. Roberts made a speech. There's nothing he likes to do better. I yawned twice and got asked as usual who taught me my manners. The speech was about Ah Ging. It was not expected, Mr. Roberts said, that we were to make a chum of Ah Ging, but we were expected to treat him civilly. His father was a Chinese merchant and was anxious that Ah Ging should learn English. Dr. Lawler had been willing to take him, and if people would look at the matter sensibly, they would see no harm could come of such an arrangement though it was unusual in a San Francisco school. If our parents disapproved, they were to call and the facts would be more fully explained. Then it was twelve o'clock and we were dismissed.

The boys that went home to lunch ran to tell the news while the rest of us sat around on the benches in the school-yard talking over the affair while we ate our lunches. Ah Ging and the Chinese generally were roundly abused.

" I tell you what," Billy Boyden said, " there'll be no chance for us white fellows if once a coolie squeezes in."

" You're right," Mutton Head Jackson piped out; " a fellow that is mean enough to do all his arithmetic and algebra in his head won't leave any chance for you and me and the rest of us."

Lots of the big fellows from upstairs came to listen or to talk and the little boys would scream out, " The Chinese must go ! " whenever there was a pause. There was quite an excitement until one of the teachers came around, silenced the chief speaker and sent us to the sand-lot next our school to play foot-ball.

When the rest of our fellows came back from lunch the game was stopped while one of the big boys made another speech. I climbed up on the fence that separates the sand-lot from our school-yard and called out that Ah Ging wasn't so bad as he was said to be, and then Billy Boyden shouted back :

" Get off that fence, Van Dorn — you have got to be on one side or the other. If you are with us, jump down here, and if you are not, just over with yourself, will you ? Now then, one, two, three ! "

I jumped into the school-yard and before the bell rang Carling and four other fellows came bouncing over.

Going home from school that afternoon, I thought it would be better to wait till dinner before I said anything about Ah Ging, for then my sisters (I've five) would all be together and I could show them for once I had some news to tell. It isn't so very often I get a chance to surprise them. I feared even then that Bel would be hanging over the banister ready to sing out as soon as I got into the hall :

" O, Tom ! do you like the Chinese boy in your class ? " Luckily, she had not found it out; but when the soup was served and just as I was ready to astound them all, my father spoke to me :

" Tom, Mr. Roberts called this afternoon to tell me about the Celestial you have in your class." I found afterwards that he had called on all the boys' fathers down town that afternoon.

Well, mamma said so long as Ging did not live in an opium joint or a gambling den, she did not mind, and papa said if I behaved as well as that boy he would ask no more. The girls thought it was " lovely."

" Because, you know, Tom," Bel said, " that when you are quite well acquainted you can ask him how those little candied oranges are made, that we get Chinese New Year, and perhaps we can make them."

The next morning at school Mr. Roberts looked anxious but got quite serene again when he saw only one or two absent. I don't think

either he or the Doctor would have been very greatly surprised if half the class had "boycotted" the school. Really it was surprising that so little fuss was made.

To be sure one of our fellows was removed to another school where he could not be "contaminated by association with an ill-bred heathen," and little Pablo Yedriguez brought a note from his mother asking to have his seat changed for one a little farther from Ah Ging's.

These were the only rows I remember, and these were not serious when you consider that the "removed" boy was the next worst-behaved one in the class; and that little Pablo Yedriguez had his seat changed in a way not bargained for — into a lower room; everything was finally settled with very little trouble, and Ah Ging came, regular as clock-work and as solemn as an owl, for the two hours every morning.

For all that most of the boys disliked him then, they had to acknowledge Ging was clever. And yet he was stupid in one thing. Do you know he didn't have sense enough to keep him from taking me for his model? Now the very reason I have a front seat is because I am not a model. And I never have learned why it was Ah Ging took it into his head that everything I did was right.

Once we had a rule to recite in algebra. Mr. Roberts had not called upon us for rules since Ging had been in the class, so that it was a new proceeding to him. This rule was a hard one, and to make us remember it, each fellow in the class had to rise and recite it in turn. Now fully three fourths of the class had recited before it was my turn, and I leave it to any one if Ah Ging could not have watched the other boys and could have seen that what I did was no part of the rule. Before I got up I took a Chinese nut Ah Ging brought me that morning — one of that soft-shelled kind with a thing like a raisin inside — cracked it and ate it, and then said off the rule. (Mr. Roberts wasn't looking, but Ah Ging was.) He never once glanced at the fellows that recited after me, as he should have done, but when his turn came, he took a nut, cracked, and ate it, in Mr. Roberts' very face and eyes, and recited his rule as innocently as any parrot. Mr. Roberts stared, but didn't lecture farther than to say Ging was the victim of the reprehensible practice of some misguided boy. Ah Ging looked so crushed over it I felt ashamed really, knowing I was to blame.

It didn't seem to me I was acting honestly; while he was giving me jars of ginger preserves, and heaps of nuts, I only got him into trouble. I believe in fair swaps in things beside pen-knives, and to show Ging how to act right in school was the best I could give in return for his kindness. He was trying to make some sort of a standing among us, and it would be mean if I shouldn't let him; so as sure's my name's Van Dorn I never cracked another nut in school that year. I flattered myself that after two or three weeks of a good example Ah Ging would be broken in; but bless you, not he! He never felt himself above copying after me, and I actually had to play that model game during the whole two hours he was in school, day after day. I got so stiff it was no joke.

Sending him books and answering his questions was another way I found of repaying him. His questions were always about the simplest things. It took him so long to understand what a pig-pen was. First he asked Carling who told him it was a pen a rare kind of learned pig wrote with; but Ah Ging saw that was chaff. I drew one for him then, and Carling, who thinks he can draw, drew one too, but his and mine were so different that to satisfy Ging, we three made an excursion, one Saturday, in search of the genuine thing. Way down on the San Bruno road we found it, and Ging learned, through at least four of his senses, what he wanted to know.

On our way out some hoodlums had jeered at us, because, you know, it is a very uncommon sight in San Francisco for two white boys to be seen walking with a Chinese boy. When we were ready to go back Ah Ging would not go with us for fear we would be hit with the stone meant for him. It was more dangerous for him to go alone, but he would not listen to us, and marched off another way, plucky little chap! When he was lost in the fog Carling says to me:

"He's so awfully grateful, Tom, for the little we have done I'm never going to mix him again when he asks me questions, if it is such fun."

In February, at Chinese New Year, it took more than the fingers of two hands to count Ah

Ging's friends. Of course he knew why he was so suddenly popular, but it didn't make the slightest difference to him; he gave every fellow in the class a present and asked us all to go to Chinatown during any of the three days he was away from school celebrating. That's more than I would have done.

I went down the first afternoon. Ah Ging's father has one of the biggest warehouses in Chinatown, wholesale tea, silks, ivories, mattings, and goodness knows what else. It was just crowded with Chinese and Americans, and every one of our fellows standing one side in front of Ah Ging, who was giving away all sorts of fireworks, beside bonbons, nuts, and oranges as big as foot-balls. When he saw me he asked me if I would go with him to his father. I said I didn't care if I did, so we pushed through the crowd into the office, where Ah Ging's father was entertaining his friends. Mr. Roberts was in there too, drinking tea out of a little cup, natural as life.

Ging's father was an immense swell, with his diamond ring and finger-nails three inches long, and he spoke English better than Ging. He took me into an inner office, where they had been burning sandal wood for incense, and although I tried to make him stop he gave me ever so many fans for my sisters, and handkerchiefs, and a carved ivory box with tea in it, beside lots of little Chinese acrobats of ivory. At the last he took out a little white and gold tea-pot with a cup and saucer, both on a red, inlaid tray, and put this beside a bronze pagoda with an idol in it; then he said:

"This is a gift for you especially; it is best that you choose which you will have of the two."

I chose the tea-things, because they were easy to carry. (I never found out till I got home that they were real Satsuma and very valuable. I am not allowed to have my hands on them, if they are my own.)

Ging's father seemed very much pleased with my choice, and said I had the "true artistic sense," not found very often in the American boy. He said, too, that, with my permission, he would send the things home for me, so I might just as well have chosen the pagoda and jolly little god, if they were not so artistic.

After New Year, Ah Ging, knowing we were all friendly, seemed to do better and better. It was a pity he did not stay until school closed, for I am quite sure he could have taken a prize; but, three weeks before the end, he told me that his father was called home suddenly, and he was going with him to see his mother and brothers in Canton. When Mr. Roberts was told, he didn't let so good a chance to make a speech slip, and complimented Ah Ging so that, poor fellow, he got a streak of bashfulness, and stood first on one foot, then on the other, for all the world like me when I was on the stage in the French play and didn't know my lines.

Luckily, the *City of Canton*, Ging's steamer, sailed Saturday, so most of us, Dr. Lawler and Mr. Roberts too, went down to the wharf to say good-by to Ging and his father. Ging sailed in April and our school closes the last Thursday in May for the long vacation, and on that day the prizes are awarded. Dr. Lawler gives prizes for every single study, and I had been to the school three years and never a prize. My father promised me the best gun in San Francisco if ever I took a prize in anything — he didn't care what, so long as it wasn't one for running with an egg in a spoon. (I took a prize for that once, not at school, though!)

Papa said to me the morning of the last day when he was going out of the dining-room:

"Tom, shall you have the pleasure of picking out your gun to-morrow?"

Bel giggled then as usual, and I told her I thought she had heard that joke often enough to get used to it. I didn't go home to lunch that day and squeeze myself into my dancing-school suit, as I had done for the other last days.

"What was the use," I thought, "of forever getting ready for the prize I never got?"

Carling and I had seats together in the big recitation rooms, in the afternoon. We didn't take much interest until it came to our class. Our prizes were all books, bound in full calf, Carling said, to order, by special request, to match the chaps that won them.

We both had an "honorable mention" in Latin, and that was more than I had hoped for, at any rate. When I thought they were all through with our class Dr. Lawler rose to speak:

"Hitherto we have not considered it neces-

sary to offer a prize for good conduct, in a school where the boys are so noticeably well-bred; yet there is one boy here who has exhibited such true manliness, without any seeming encouragement, that we feel sure the reward he is to receive will not be considered amiss."

Here the Doctor paused, while we wondered who it was.

"It must be you, Tom — Roberts was always struck with your 'manners,'" Carling whispered to me.

Then the Doctor went on:

"Appreciating his efforts in defending one who came to us a stranger and a victim of prejudice, we have concluded to award this book to — Thomas Van Dorn!"

I was half-stunned. I don't know how I ever got up to the platform nor how I managed to hold the book, *Opinions of Confucius*, while the boys clapped away like mad. I got my gun the next day.

And now, though I thought there was not a river long enough nor wide enough for Mr. Roberts and me to fish in, at the same time, I really am camping with him and a party of our boys up in the redwoods. We are having no end of a good time, and it's too bad June is nearly over. Last night, around the camp-fire, I read aloud a letter from Ah Ging, forwarded to me from the city. He isn't coming back next year, as his father has engaged an English tutor for him. We were all sorry to hear this, but gave three cheers for Ah Ging that went echoing up the cañon, and I fired off the gun I never would have gotten if it were not for the prize-book Ah Ging made me win.

G. Adams.

SUMMER EVENING DIVERSIONS.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

SUMMER evenings at country resorts by the seashore or in the mountains frequently hang heavily on one's hands unless some bright boarder comes forward and provides recreation for the miscellaneous people brought together by the season. Here are some pleasant diversions for such evenings.

I. — A COBWEB PARTY.

To present this entertainment successfully requires some little expenditure of time on the part of the hostess, but she may easily find willing aids at this season of leisure. Let her first request a dozen or more of her friends to prepare some simple, inexpensive article of fancy work, or a small gift which may be purchased in a small country store, and let this be wrapped up carefully in a paper parcel or box. The only other requisite of the game is a supply of rather strong cord in long pieces. Several balls of cord or twine may doubtless be found at the village store. Tie one of the prize packages firmly to one end of the cord, and, having secured a room which need not be opened until the entertainment begins, conceal the parcel in some easily-found nook, perhaps behind a picture or under the table, or underneath the chair seat, taking care to fasten it well in its place of hiding. Now, as your ball of cord slowly unrolls, wind it about chair legs, door knobs, to the chandelier, the tops of picture frames, to curtain cornices and lambrequins, anywhere at all, but let it extend to all parts of the room and when the line is of good length, fasten the end to the door-knob, for convenience, until the others are arranged. If you have several colors of cord, so much the better. Treat each package, whether full or empty, in the same way. A half-dozen ladies will arrange the cords together, and when you have prepared as many cords as you have invited guests, twining and intertwining them in every possible and impossible way, the room will look like a labyrinth of strong cobwebs. Very great care must be taken to secure the cord to the package and to

tie or otherwise safely confine it in its hiding-place, otherwise your labor and the pleasure of your guests will be lost.

When a number of cords, twenty-five or thirty, we will say, have been arranged, they may be kept together in a variety of ways until needed. The room may suggest the best arrangement for each hostess. If each is, in turn, wound around a reel or large spool, or if all be wound together on one ball, they may be easily unrolled. When the door is opened for the guests, to each in turn is given the end of a cord, and he is directed to follow the line, winding as he goes, until he reaches the end. When twenty or thirty people are thus engaged in disentangling and uncrossing so many cords the room presents a lively appearance. Each is intent on finding his own prize, and all sorts of amusing mishaps occur. When a package is found, all the seekers are allowed to pause in their task to inspect it and congratulate the finder. A player who has finished his own cob-web, is at liberty to pick up any other which may have been dropped inadvertently. Rules are flexible and may be greatly varied to suit the occasion and the age of the participants. Any one may intimate to the hostess to whom the cord leading to her prize shall be given. When the room has been arranged by skillful fingers, the disentangling may occupy two or even three hours.

II. — THE SEER.

This simple trick is often a source of great wonder, and may be easily invested with profound mystery. Two persons must understand the game, and the only properties needed are a quantity of slips of paper, and as many pencils as will be conveniently used by the company. The Seer offers to read, with closed eyes, any word that may be written by the persons in the room, by passing the paper containing the same over her forehead once. Small slips of paper, as nearly alike as convenient, are distributed to the guests (who must be seated) and any word whatever may be written on each. The Seer's assistant also takes a slip of paper just like the others, and either leaves her paper a blank or else writes a pre-arranged word, or one of a specified series which is known to the Seer. When the slips have been collected by the assistant, she places her own at the bottom of the pile, takes her place behind the Seer, and passes over to her one of the slips, with the writing downward. The Seer takes it, her eyes being closed, and moving it carefully over her forehead, slowly spells out a word, "crabbing" for example, if that is one of the words agreed upon, and says, "Who wrote 'crabbing'?" Or, a whole sentence may have been agreed upon, and the assistant will write the words in turn. If "crabbing" is the first word of the sentence which is known only to the two confederates, the assistant has already written it, and so may truthfully answer, "I wrote it." As the Seer removes the word from her forehead, she casually glances at the paper as if to reassure herself of its correctness, and finds written there some word, perhaps "destiny," which she takes care to remember, and quietly, while talking with the others, or in some way directing their attention from herself, tears the paper in two, throwing the scraps in a basket or hat, or some receptacle provided for the purpose. It is not strictly necessary that the paper be torn, but it prevents close inspection. The Seer is now prepared to slowly spell out from the next slip handed her by the assistant, the word "destiny," and of course, some one in the room owns to having written the word. As she destroys this paper, she notices on it the word "Nebuchadnezzar," with which hard spelling some one has thought to puzzle her. But she can, of course, read it with perfect ease, and even describe any peculiarity in the handwriting, which still further mystifies her audience. As the last paper contains the word agreed upon between the Seer and her assistant, the game comes to a happy conclusion and the spectators are urged to examine the slips and verify the reading. There are various ways in which the secret may be detected, but if carefully managed, it will furnish amusement for a considerable time.

III. — A CONVERSATION PARTY.

A Conversation Party is not such a formal affair as the name might seem to imply. The properties are a number of cards of any con-

venient size, correspondence or visiting cards will answer; a small pencil attached to each by a bit of narrow ribbon, if convenient, otherwise a basket full of pencils may be passed around; any convenient little tokens, equal in number to the number of participants in the game, such as small tassels, tiny bells, decorated cards, etc., and two pretty prizes. If an equal number of gentlemen and ladies are to take part in the game, those representing the gentlemen may be distinct. The company is divided into two sections, one consisting of ladies the other of gentlemen. If there is a sufficient number of each, to each side is distributed a set of the cards, tied with red and with blue ribbons, or any two contrasting colors may be used to designate the opposite parties. On each card is written a time-table corresponding with the hour decided upon for the beginning of the game; for instance, 8, 8.05, 8.10, 8.15, 8.20, 8.25, 8.30, 8.35, etc.; as many numbers being given as there are couples in the room.

When the cards and pencils have been passed in a be-ribboned or otherwise ornamented basket, the gentlemen, or those who are so designated, solicit from the ladies engagements to spend five minutes in conversation, and each writes the other's name against the time agreed upon on the card. When the cards are filled, the hostess, watch in hand, takes her place at a small table at the head of the room, and when she strikes the call-bell, each gentleman seeks the lady named on his card for that hour, and they may talk on any subject which occurs to them for five minutes, at the end of which time the hostess inexorably strikes the bell and the gentleman yields his place to the next talker. The game continues until the allotted time is exhausted.

To each lady is then given a small souvenir of any sort easily procurable, and to each gentleman, if possible, a tiny bell. The ladies are directed to bestow their token on the gentleman whose conversation has been most entertaining, and, similarly, the bells are given by each gentleman to the lady by whom he was most agreeably entertained. The lady who receives the greatest number of tokens is called the belle of the evening, and is awarded the ladies' prize; the fortunate gentleman also receives a prize. Of course the conclusion must be kept a secret until the conversations are finished. The game is an exceedingly entertaining one, whether the participants are brilliant or not. Sometimes only three minutes are allowed for each engagement. If desired, a general topic for conversation may be selected at the beginning of the game, or one may be placed against each hour on the cards.

IV. — A BLIND AUCTION.

This is another game which never fails to create great amusement, and is not difficult to manage. A variety of small parcels containing articles of every possible description are collected, and arranged in parcels of very different shapes. A few parcels are empty. Let the shape of the packages suggest nothing with regard to the contents; for example, a celluloid thimble from the village store may be snugly bestowed in a bandbox. Twenty-five beans are given to each member of the company and the auction begins. A wide-awake young man usually makes the best choice for an auctioneer, but the jolliest one that I ever saw was a Methodist bishop in his seventieth year, who happened to be staying at a little country hotel by the sea, and who entered heartily into all the amusements provided for the company. Each spectator uses his own judgment as to bidding, sometimes making very shrewd bargains and again being greatly deceived. As the supply of beans is not replenished during the auction, one learns to husband his resources carefully. A bright auctioneer will add many embellishments to the game.

Helen M. North.



JAPANESE MASKS AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.
(*From the Morse and Weld collections.*)

THE WILD POSTMAN.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

SEPTEMBER 5, 1775.

That day the sun shone on the breeze-ruffled Basin of Minas and the dwellers along its borders, gladdening the hearts of as contented and prosperous a people as ever lived together. Up from the wide-throated chimneys of their hundred houses curled the blue smoke of clean hardwood fires, and healthy happy children surrounded as many breakfast-steaming hearthstones.

Sea and land were the free heritage of these rural French Acadians. Out of the rivers and ocean-filled Basin they drew the finest of fish. From the fields on the sunny hillside they gathered apples and wild fruit. On the rich grass of the salt meadows their cattle thrived, and no blight fell upon their abundant harvests. The friendly wild men of the woods brought them the choicest of venison, and looms and flax-wheels furnished comely apparel for old and young.

On this fifth day of September, early in the morning, a barefoot sturdy boy, about twelve years old, strolled along a path through the woods. He had been sent by his father, a rich planter, to an Indian encampment a mile or more distant, to get what was called in those days a potato basket, such as the Indians made for the farmers. Like most boys, he loved to roam the grand old woods that then covered the hills of Acadia, and this bright autumn morning he lingered along the path that wound among the great trees, and stoned squirrels and birds, and gathered nuts, till late in the forenoon he reached the camps, and found the Indians in great alarm, preparing to break up and leave. From them the boy learned that British soldiers were marching upon the French villages, and would likely kill the people.

Afraid to return alone, and lured by boyish love of adventure, he was easily persuaded to go with the Indians to a place of safety in the wide forests to the South. The next night they saw from their camp on the mountain-side, the fires of burning buildings, and a few days later they learned from fugitives to the woods that the houses and barns were burned, and the men, women and children had been taken prisoners and huddled on board vessels and sailed for no one knew where.

There was now no alternative left the boy but

to remain with his present protectors. Years passed away, and no tidings of his parents reached him. He grew to manhood, large and strong like the great trees among which he lived.

The Indians had from the first, for some meaning of their own, called the boy Jincharles, and by this name alone he was known in the Settlements, where he spent much of his time and learned to speak the English language. At the Fort he often staid for weeks at a time, vying with the soldiers in military art, and soon gained great skill in the use of his gun and other arms.

No man in the country could load his piece so quickly or shoot with such deadly aim as Jincharles. From the soldiers he learned also to read and write in English. His native speech he remembered, so that he could speak three languages and read and write one. This, with his knowledge of the woods and well-known intrepidity, made him a valuable guide and interpreter to the many sportsmen who came to the country to hunt in the great forests. So at the age of thirty years no man was so well-known to whites and Indians as Jincharles, and few men were more fully trusted as a friend or dreaded as a foe. Erratic as the woods he roamed, and stern as steel to every purpose his name was an "open sesame" to any door, and the grand houses of the rich, the humble cot of the poor, and the bough-thatched wigwam of the forest-dwellers were "open house" to Jincharles the white wild man.

No one could tell like he adventures with such flavor of wild reality. Was some important message to be sent through the woods to a distant Settlement, Jincharles was the only man who could be depended upon to get it through. Did bears harass a neighborhood and kill the farmer's cattle, Jincharles was notified, and soon the pelts of the thievish brutes were stretched to dry on the sunny side of a barn. Did children stray away and get lost in the great forest, no one was more willing to search or so likely to find as Jincharles. Were unfriendly Indians making dangerous encroachments, the sight of Jincharles was always sufficient to put them on their best behavior.

In the summer of 1775 the Revolutionary War of the colonies broke out. Nova Scotia remained loyal to the king; and the British Government found it of great military value as headquarters for the recruiting, equipment and transportation of soldiers, and the building and fitting out of vessels.

The confiscated farms of the evicted Acadians had, some time before this, been occupied with British subjects invited thither by a free grant of the land. The only communication by land between Halifax and these now prosperous settlements, was a military road from sea to sea, a distance of about fifty miles through an unbroken forest. It was in this summer of 1775 that the British Government decided to have a weekly carriage of mail matter over the road from Halifax to Piziquid, now the town of Windsor.

The distance could be covered only on horseback or upon foot. There was no habitation of white man on the road, and the journey was beset with dangers from storms and wild beasts and unfriendly Indians. There was but one man in the country equal to the task, and that was Jincharles, and to him the contract was given. Ten years he traveled this road once in a week. Strapped to his back in a great leather-locked knapsack was the mail, and on his shoulder always his loaded gun. Tireless as a hound and faithful to his trust, he pursued his lonely journey, among the leaves in summer and over and through the snow in winter. Not once in all that time did he fail to deliver at each end of his route the weekly mail. Nor was a single letter or parcel ever lost or missing, after once it reached his hands. Often he carried large sums of money for merchants and traders, and always accounted for every penny on call.

One day in October, 1785, there came to that part of the settlement of Minas that used to be the French Village, an old man, with hair well-streaked in gray, but stout and sturdy, and dressed like a farmer. He put up at the only inn in the village, and paid for his meals and lodgings as he took them. With no one did he seem to have business or hold conversation. His time was spent mostly in walking about the Settlement, and along the shore of the Basin and over the great meadows.

A stranger thus conducting naturally aroused

the curiosity and suspicion of the settlers, and they resolved to have him interviewed by the wary Jincharles when he next came with the mail. But the very day the Postman was to arrive, the old man was suddenly missed from the inn. Since supper the night before he had not been there. During the early part of the forenoon it became generally known that some time in the night an earthen crock containing money had been dug up in the garden of one of the settlers. The crock, and a gold coin found near the spot, indicated that the unearthed treasure was of great value.

There was no doubt as to who was the lucky finder; it must have been the Stranger. But where had he gone, was the general inquiry. There were in the harbor boats and fishing vessels coming and going. There was the road, considerably traveled, leading to Port Royal; and the pathway through the woods to Halifax. By one of these ways the old man had very likely ieft the village, and something other than idle curiosity prompted inquiry as to which.

Late in the forenoon, three well-known Indian scouts of dangerous character, started in search of him, on the road to Halifax. They struck his trail, and before night overtook him. They were large men, armed and savage, and there was no use in resistance. They stripped the traveler of his clothing, and robbed him of his money which was all in gold. Then they divided the gold equally, and tying their victim to a tree, held a council to decide his fate.

At last the largest and most excited of the three savages rose from the ground, seized his tomahawk and walked toward the naked traveler tied to the tree. A wail of despair from the tortured man rang through the woods as the Indian raised the murderous weapon to strike him to death. The same instant came the sharp report of a gun, and the Indian threw his tomahawk in the air and with a savage yell of pain fell dead to the ground.

In the direction of the report stood Jincharles, deliberately reloading his gun. In a few minutes he had disarmed the other savages, and cut the terrified old man loose from the tree. The Indians knew with whom they had to deal, and offered no resistance.

The bold Postman gathered up the traveler's clothes and assisted him to dress; then asked him in which direction he was traveling, and learning it was toward Halifax, at once started back with him toward the city, carrying the bows and arrows of the three savages, and leaving the two living ones disarmed with their dead companion.

The old man did not dare to tell his rescuer of the gold the Indians had taken from him, lest it might be cause for killing on his part.

Night came on, but the Postman feared to camp lest the savages should be re-enforced and follow him to revenge the death of their brave. Near morning, however, they came to a clearing in the woods, about five miles from Halifax; the old man was very tired, and here his rescuer made for him a bed of fir-boughs and bade him lie down and rest. This he gladly did, and in a few minutes slept as only a tired healthy man can sleep. His only covering was the far blue sky, and the only light was from the still farther away myriad stars. This light fell full on his tanned, time-furrowed face, as he lay upon the fragrant fir-tips.

On a "cradle-hill" near by, with gun across his knees, sat the intrepid Jincharles, ready to bring to the ground the first savage who might emerge from the woods. Often he looked inquiringly into the upturned face of the sleeper, and as the slumber grew deep there seemed in the soft uncertain starlight to come over it a shadowy face, dim as an almost forgotten dream. As he gazed upon it long, line after line became distinct, and the features of a face that was one of the recollections of his boyhood, was now the face of the sleeping stranger.

That face was his father's — smooth, and ruddy, and pleasant as memory had kept it through the effacing mist of years. Slowly he recalled the scenes of his child life, so many years ago, and the phantom face became real, and he was about to speak to it, when the whir of wings above his head startled him. He looked up, and saw a bird flying rapidly toward the east. At the same time he saw that daydawn had dimmed the stars. It took but an instant to do this, and turn again to the face his eyes had just left. The light of dawn was on it, and he saw only the hard time-worn features of the man he had saved from the tomahawk,

sleeping soundly, with the dew upon his iron-gray hair. Had he dozed, and dreamed? There seemed no other satisfactory explanation, and he reluctantly accepted the too practical suggestion of his healthy brain.

Ashamed of his weakness he arose, and awakened the old man; gave him a slice of bread and cold meat, and without waiting for him to eat it, started again on his journey; there were five miles yet to travel. The Postman led in silence till they came in sight of the town, then he turned his face scrutinizingly upon his companion and asked his name.

"John White," was the sharp reply.

Not another word was spoken by either till they entered the tavern. There Jincharles ordered breakfast and rum. After eating, and drinking, the Postman lighted his pipe for a quiet smoke before starting back on his now doubly perilous mail-route to the Settlement.

While thus engaged some man present entered into conversation with him in French. Either this or the rum made the old man confidential, and he spoke to the Postman in French, telling him that his home was once in Minas, that he was taken prisoner with the rest of his countrymen and carried away to strange lands where he had since lived, and had now after thirty years been back to see his native hamlet, and that his French name was Jean Le Blanc, which was the same as John White.

The Postman had paid silent attention up to this point, then he took the arm of the old man and led him into a private room.

"Had you a boy named Charles?" he eagerly asked. "Yes," answered the man, "but he was lost or killed that day the British soldiers took us prisoners."

"I am that boy," said the great sinewy man before him. "I was lost to you, and you to me, but we are both found now — father!"

The last word broke the old man's firmness, and tears rolled over his weather-beaten face. But neither man was emotional, and the exchange of homely greetings was soon over. Then the father told his son about getting the gold he had buried at the time of the expulsion, and its robbery by the Indians. How easily it could have been recovered the day before when it was on the persons of the dead and subdued savages, had the old man only told his rescuer; but no word of upbraiding was said.

It was a large sum of money, and must be got back from the wild robbers, but how, was a problem for the cunning of the brave forest rover. He knew too well the character of the Indians to undertake by force to despoil them. Before another day the whole tribe would know that Jincharles had shot and killed a Micmac brave, and that is all they would know of the affair. The fact of the gold and robbery would not be told, nor would the robbers likely part with any of the gold soon.

Whatever was to be done he must first have rest and sleep. So engaging a room and bed for the old man, he went to the governor and threw up his contract to carry the mail, and then to his quarters and slept most of the time till the next morning. Then he laid his plans to get from the Indians his father's hard-earned money.

To despoil them at the burial-ground was the only feasible scheme. The third day at sunset they would bury the dead brave. The two robbers were the only witnesses of his death, and they must for that reason be at his burial. The chief of his tribe, and the medicine-man must be there also, to perform the rights of burial. Others there might be, but the place of burial was far from any encampment, and it was seldom that an Indian went to a funeral when it was not his duty so to do.

Within the limits of the burial-ground an Indian would not take his gun, or bows and arrows, or kill anything. All this his life among the Indians had taught him, and now he was about to avail himself of this knowledge. But should he succeed in getting the gold from the Indians in their disarmed condition in the graveyard, how was he when once outside the sacred limits to save himself from the savage avengers? There was but one effectual weapon to use, and that was the red man's most fatal slayer — the white man's "fire-water." With this he hoped to overpower the Indians and get safely away with the money. It was hazardous, but he was brave and strong.

Pursuing this plan he stowed in his knapsack four bottles of the newest and strongest rum to be had, and late in the afternoon, with his gun,

and the bow and arrows of the dead Indian on his shoulders, he started out on the most perilous undertaking of his life. The distance to be traveled was thirty-five miles. Taking an untraveled trail, and timing himself, he reached just before sundown the great hill where the red men of that part of Acadia had been for ages laid away to rest.

Cautiously approaching he saw the funeral attendants. There were the four he had counted upon, and a great fierce brave brother of the dead man. Keeping concealed he saw that a shallow grave had been dug, and that they waited for the sunset hour. It came soon, and the dead warrior was placed in the earth, and with him his pipe and tobacco. Here there was a sad halt in the ceremony: the bow and arrows of the brave should be placed beside him, but they could not be had.

Anticipating this, Jincharles stepped inside the limits, and with the unstrung bow of the dead man in one hand and his quiver of arrows in the other, he walked deliberately to the grave, placed them beside the dead brave, and sat down upon the ground with the others.

Dark scowls was all the greeting he received. He did not expect more, although he knew the act he had performed was the only possible expiation of the crime he had committed.

The simple symbolical rites of burial were soon completed, the grave filled in, and the customary mound of great stones closely packed over it. Then the chief lighted his pipe, smoked a little, and handed it to the white man. It was an offer of peace, and he gladly accepted it, smoked and returned the pipe to the chief, who handed it to the medicine-man. He smoked and passed it to one of the robbers, who refused to smoke, and so did the other two. This refusal was a declaration of war to the death, and only the sacredness of the place restrained them from deadly encounter.

Now came the white man's turn to try for peace. Taking from his knapsack one of the black bottles, he drew the cork, tasted, and handed it to the chief. The old man tasted, smacked his lips in approbation of the quality, then took a hearty drink and passed the bottle to the medicine-man. He drank, and passed to his next companion, who hesitated an instant, then took a long drink, as did the other robber. But when the bottle was handed to the brother of the dead man, he dashed it to pieces on a rock, and scowled defiance at the owner.

Not a word was spoken. The red man's thirst for fire-water was now aroused, and his white assailer produced another bottle and sent it on its round. When it reached the last Indian it was empty, but he dashed it to pieces as he had the other. It was now only a question of quantity. The knapsack held two more bottles, and one of them was quickly in the hands of the chief who was already beginning to feel the effects of the fiery quality of the liquor. It was drained, and shared at the hands of the last savage the fate of the other two.

The cool white man now brought out the remaining bottle, but there was no use for it. The savages had already quaffed too deeply and were tumbling over, senseless, on the ground. The old chief was the last to succumb. The big brother of the dead man now rose to his feet. This was Jincharles' only chance for life, and he acted promptly. Soon as the Indian took the first step toward the place where he had left his gun, he sprang to his feet and grappled the great warrior. The struggle was a fierce one; both men were strong, and about equally matched. One was urged on by hate and thirst for vengeance, and the other struggling for his life.

Finding that he could not by strength and skill in wrestling, gain an inch of vantage, the white man suddenly released himself from the clutch of his powerful antagonist, and taking a step backward dealt him a tremendous blow in the forehead, with his bony fist, and the great savage fell to the ground, senseless as if struck with a sledge-hammer.

It was now but the work of a minute to bind his hands and feet with strong thongs. This done, a few minutes more sufficed to find and get possession of the gold on the clothes of the drunken robbers. Jincharles was now master of himself and the situation. He placed the remaining bottle of rum where it could be easily reached by the first Indian who should revive from the drunken stupor; then going to where they had left their arms, he cut and took away the bow-strings, and removed the flint from each

gun, and shouldering his own, started on the long trailess tramp through the forest to Halifax.

All night without halt he walked, guided by the stars, and his knowledge of hills and valleys. Near noon the next day he reached Halifax, and went at once to the Soldiers' Barracks. Here he was safe from any lurking Indian who might be anxious to avenge the death of the buried brave, and the desecration of his burial-place.

There was in the harbor a vessel bound for Boston, and under cover of the darkness, he went on board and in the morning had the old man join him. The next day the vessel sailed, and Jincharles never more roamed the forests of Acadia, but his name has ever since been borne by one or more of the Micmac dwellers therein.

From Boston he made his way to Louisiana, where for the last thirty years had been the home of his father. There he lived till the old man's death, a short time after. Jincharles was sole heir to his father's property, but money had no charm for the wild woodsman. He had no use for it and did not care to make one. In a short time he went up the Missouri River to a small settlement of French Acadians, near where is now the city of Madison. Here he laid out all his money in wild lands, and then wandered away into the old timber woods about the great lakes, where for many years after he was known as the Acadian hunter and famous for his great strength and daring deeds. At last he was seen no more in the settlements or the forests about them. No tidings of his death came to any one. Nor did sign of his living meet the eye of settler or forest ranger.

Years of time greatly increased the value of the land he had bought, and men wished to purchase it, but no title could be given. If the owner was living no one knew where to find him, and if he was dead his heirs were unknown. So the valuable unimproved land still stood upon the records and in the speech of men as belonging to Jincharles.

In the summer of 1816, there died in the city of Philadelphia a man named Charles Le Blanc. Little was known of the man in the place where he died, beyond the fact that he was a French Acadian who owned landed property of great value, and left no near relatives, nor had he made a will.

About a year after his death, descendants of one Pierre Le Blanc commenced suit in the United States Circuit Court, to establish their title as heirs of Charles Le Blanc. During the twelve years this suit was in the court, evidence was collected from nearly all over the continent, and the result was most singular. From the testimony of many very old French Acadians, it appeared that Pierre Le Blanc was a paternal uncle of Charles Le Blanc; that he had ten children, who were the only next of kin of Charles Le Blanc at the time of his death. It also appeared that there was another Pierre Le Blanc who was a paternal uncle of Charles Le Blanc, and who had ten children, only next of kin of Charles Le Blanc. It further appeared that six out of the ten children of each family had the same christian name; that each Pierre Le Blanc was a French Acadian, and the father of each was named Jean Le Blanc. The claimants through each Pierre Le Blanc sought to get the same property.

Were there two Charles Le Blancs? If yes, then which one owned the property? If there was but one, which of the Pierre Le Blancs was his uncle? And who of the descendants of Pierre Le Blanc were the rightful claimants? So the paradoxical inquiry continued. And the inheritance remains undisturbed.

Is it possible that this historic tradition of Jincharles may furnish a clew to the legal tangle of more than half a century? Will it turn out at last that the dualistic Charles Le Blanc, so difficult of identification, was none other than the Wild Postman of Acadia?

Grace Dean McLeod.

REAL ESTATE BROKERAGE.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

PERHAPS a recent experience, related by a friend who bears "the girls" and their welfare quite near her heart, may show why it is that so many fail to make a good living in the world as independent workers, and become the grumblers and the hangers-on to the skirts of skilled labor. This friend had the misfortune to lose the secretary who had been with her for some time, and it became necessary to fill her place. One would think that out of the army of waiting and wanting women this would have been an easy thing to do; but not so did she find it. She wanted a young woman who could do type-writing, write from dictation, copy legibly, and answer business letters. "Not a difficult position to fill," do I hear some of you say? Well, so she thought when she began her search, and so I thought, too, when she told me of her need. But she changed her mind before she had been long searching, and I had occasion to indulge in some serious thinking when she gave me the benefit of her experience.

She had interviewed over half a hundred applicants for the position, but without success. One girl had never run a type-writing machine, but thought she could learn to use it in time by practice; one had been a housekeeper, but had an idea she would rather be a private secretary, although she wasn't much used to writing. But the most of them were utterly without an idea of what would be the duties, and were hopelessly ignorant, not only of those requirements, but evidently of every other so far as work was concerned.

One young woman came who said she needed a position; she had finished school and wanted something to do. She must have it, indeed, as her people could not afford to let her be idle. She was young, prettily dressed, and had rather pleasing manners, and my friend was really in hopes that here at last she had found what she needed. She defined the duties.

"But I cannot use the type-writer," was the first comment.

"Are you quick to learn?" queried my friend whose interest and sympathy had been awakened.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I might try."

"Can you write from dictation?"

"What's that?"

"Can you write when one tells you what to say?"

"I don't know; I never tried."

"Can you write a business letter?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, supposing you were my secretary, and I had a letter come from a publisher, asking me if I could do a piece of work, and how much I should ask for it, and I told you to say that I would do it, and gave you the price I should demand, what would you say?"

"Why, dear me! I don't know. I never did such a thing in my life," was the reply.

Plainly she would not do as a secretary, but, having a soft heart for winsome girls, my friend thought perhaps she could help her by giving her employment in another direction; there's always enough in a busy woman's household to be done, so she said:

"Can you sew? Could you make some underclothing for me and help my dressmaker about my spring dresses?"

"O, dear, no! my mother hires all my sewing done for me."

"Well, can you assist about a house? can you cook?"

"O, no! I don't know anything about housework; that is, not much. I set the table sometimes."

She was given up as a hopeless task, and my friend is still looking for a secretary.

Perhaps this may seem exaggerated, but I assure you that it is not, and it is only one of several similar experiences.

And with no better equipment, girls confidently seek for places and then wonder that they do not get them, or that having secured them they do not succeed in keeping them.

Now a young man would hardly venture in

business life without some idea of what he was going to do, and he would expect to give some time at learning the profession that was to give him a livelihood. Why should a girl expect to come at once into a position that it would take a boy some time and a good deal of work to attain?

Please don't jump at a wrong conclusion now and think that I am making the sweeping assertion that all girls are unprepared for their work; this is a very great mistake. I know that there are girls as well prepared as boys, but I know, too, that they are the exception rather than the rule. Girls don't take the idea of business so seriously as boys do. It is not the great thing for them; it is not the life work. And yet it may be. No girl can tell when she begins at what time she may leave off. And at any event, to make success sure for herself, and the way easier for other girls who come after her, she should see to it that she does her work with care and with interest. You and I are not doing our work solely for ourselves; there is something beyond individual interest, even if we refuse to recognize it. Our success or failure is not ours alone; it is that of every other woman who shall come after us, working along the lines in which we have worked. What we do makes it either more difficult or more easy for them. We cannot afford to be selfish in our way of regarding this question, and to think that it makes no matter how we do, it is our loss and gain. If it were ours alone, we might; but it is that of every other woman worker. Earnestness and determination are necessary to success, no matter on what line our work may be done.

If I had been given the opportunity to speak to the young girl my friend told me of, I think I should have said to her that she would find it very hard to find the congenial work to do until she had proven that she could do well what came to her. If it was the housework assistance to an over-tired mother she should do that, and in doing it cheerfully and well she would find that she was ready for the next step, and the way would be opened for her to take it. There is really work enough in the world to do; the trouble is to find the competent workers.

But I started to make a suggestion, and I have had so much else to say that the thought almost was overlooked. A business that women are taking up, and are succeeding well in, is that of real estate brokerage. It certainly has no features that women would find difficult or unpleasant. There are two in Boston vicinity, who are doing remarkably well, and I think there are others in other cities; but these two I know personally, and I know just how successful they both are. One is Mrs. Woelper of Boston, and the other is Mrs. La Coste of Malden. Both of them were in other business, and came into this gradually, and, from the nature of things, inevitably. Mrs. La Coste kept a fancy goods store in the city of Malden, but her health failing, she was obliged to get some business that took her out of doors, and some friends gave her some houses to manage. She sold her own business, and managed so successfully with the estates in her hands, that others gave her opportunities, and now she has all she can do. Mrs. Woelper is a Southern woman, born in New Orleans, but of Northern parents. Her husband was connected with one of the New Orleans papers, and when he died she found that she must look out for herself. She was given a position in the post-office in New Orleans, and she was an expert at deciphering illegible writing, so that her position was one of great responsibility. But she could not endure the confinement and all the time her heart was going out to New England, the birthplace of her ancestors. She had a little property in New Orleans, and she managed it so wisely that it yielded her a good return. She liked the work of looking after it, too, and when finally she made up her mind that she would give up her position and come North, she also made up her mind that she would go into the real estate business. To think and to act were simultaneous, and she speedily found herself in Boston, where she took an office, and began to advertise. She had a few friends, they helped her what they could, but the greater part of her work has been done by sheer persistent and untiring effort.

There is a very good story told of her, that will bear repeating, since I am sure it will be new to you all; and it will prove just what kind of a worker she is, and show the spirit which

she has manifested all the time since she set out in her new business.

It happened during the somewhat dull season of two years ago. A gentleman was talking with a real estate dealer quite prominent in Boston.

"And so you say business is dull?" said he.

"Yes; there doesn't seem to be any one doing a thing except ourselves and that fellow Woelper, down in the Equitable Building," was the reply.

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "is that so—by the way, do you know 'that fellow Woelper'?"

"Never saw him," was the answer, "but I tell you he's a 'hustler.'"

"Well, I know him; supposing we go down and make him a call."

So off they went, and you can imagine what the man thought when he found that his "hustler," "that fellow Woelper," was a very pretty, quite young woman, with refined manners, and a head as keen for business as his own. To use his expression when speaking of it afterwards, you might have knocked him over with a feather.

Mrs. Woelper is an enthusiast in her business. She says it is hard work, and carries a weight of responsibility with it, but it is pleasant, profitable and healthful. It compels the person who follows it to be a good deal in the open air, and keeps her well in spite of herself. Of course a woman must have business ability; she must have the tact that shall enable her to meet people pleasantly, and adapt herself to them. She must have a knowledge of market values of buildings and lands. She must understand all the laws that relate to the governing of real estate; of the conveying of mortgages, and all the other business technicalities. She must be up in the science of drainage and ventilation, so that she may be able to judge of the sanitary conditions of a house; but this is something that every woman should understand, in order that she may protect herself and her family against the dangers that come from bad drainage and poor ventilation. There is nothing in all this that a bright woman may not learn, and learn very readily. It sounds much more formidable than it really is. Neither Mrs. Woelper nor Mrs. La Coste have found any difficulty whatever in acquiring all the knowledge needed. They did not gain it all at once; it has come by degrees as the need of it has been felt. Women are adaptable, very much more so than men, as a rule, and since this is true, there is no reason why they should not succeed as real estate brokers, since one of the greatest needs is that of adapting themselves to the persons with whom they come in contact. They must be as deeply interested in the man or woman who has a small place for sale, or who desires to purchase a cheap house, as they are in those who have the larger commissions for them. It is Mrs. Woelper's plan that every customer shall bring another, and she works constantly with that end in view. And, my dear girls, who purpose to go into business, that is a good plan to go on always. Said a merchant to me one day, after he had reproved a clerk for carelessness and inattention, and had met with the excuse that all the woman wanted was a paper of needles:

"It isn't the value of the sale; it is the fact of the sale. A woman comes here for a paper of needles; if she is made to feel that it is a pleasure to serve her, she is coming again; not only will she come herself, but she will send others. If I lose her because the needles are given her as though she had insulted the store by making so small a purchase, it is a pretty expensive paper of needles for me; I don't care to pay the price."

And that is true of all sorts of business transactions. If it is made pleasant the result is sensibly felt, and if it is made unpleasant, the result is just as apparent, and not satisfactorily so. Just bear that in mind, girls, and you've learned one lesson in the economies of business, and have obtained a principle that will be a help to you all the way through.

Sallie Joy White.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D. SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books complete each annual course. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *twenty-five cents* to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, BUFFALO, N. Y., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

C. Y. F. R. U. READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER.

First Two Weeks: Readings in JOURNAL: "The Wild Postman," Grace Dean McLeod. "Real Estate Brokerage," Sallie Joy White.

Books (Senior course): *In His Name*, one half. (Junior course): *Daddy Darwin's Dovecote.*

Last Two Weeks: "My Friend, Ah Ging," G. Adams. "Summer Evening Diversions," Helen M. North.

Books (Senior course): *In His Name*, last half.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMMES FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

[NOTE.— These programmes have reference to the readings for both the senior and the junior grades, but circles composed of one grade only can easily adjust the programmes to their needs.]

First Two Weeks:

I. Roll call; answered by naming and describing different crosses — Greek cross, Maltese cross, etc.

II. Quiz on *In His Name.*

III. Recitation (selected).

IV. Quiz on the story of "The Wild Postman," including questions on the geography of the story.

V. Music.

VI. Memory Exercise. Let some member of the club bring a photograph of a church or other building. Place this before the members and let them look at it carefully for a few minutes. Then take away the picture and let each draw the main outlines of the building from memory. This will cultivate both the memory and habits of observation. The club should vote which is the best drawing.

Last Two Weeks:

I. Roll call; answered by describing characters in the Required readings of the year, leaving the names to be guessed.

II. Quiz on second half of *In His Name.*

III. Recitation: "The Song of the Violet of Gold."

IV. Grand Review. Let each member bring three questions on each book of the year and these may be asked in the form of a question match.

V. Music.

VI. Tableaux illustrating scenes from *In His Name.*

The coming year in the C. L. S. C. ('90–1) is known as the "English Year." This means that the chief subjects of study are to be English History and Literature. The C. Y. F. R. U. which is a sort of preparatory course to the C. L. S. C., follows in general the subjects of the C. L. S. C. course.

Boys and girls in the C. Y. F. R. U., if they are like their fathers and mothers in the C. L. S. C., are very apt to have their hands full of all sorts of undertakings, and find it quite easy to fall first a little behind and then a great deal behind in their Chautauqua work. This is of course a sad state of affairs, but still there is hope for even the most belated young Chautauquan if he will hold fast to his motto "Aim High" and let patience and perseverance carry him up to the goal. Let every C. Y. F. R. U. make a determined effort to finish his work during this month of September.

C. Y. F. R. U. members, and their friends, can save $1.65 by taking advantage of our clubbing rate for WIDE AWAKE and *Scribner's Magazine.* WIDE AWAKE is $2.40 and *Scribner's Magazine* is $3.00 a year, but by a recent arrangement we are able to offer both for $3.75 —less than any one of the other three great magazines alone. Present subscribers to WIDE AWAKE may avail themselves of this great offer by extending their subscriptions another year.

Subscriptions must be sent direct to D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Remit by P. O. Money Order, Bank Check, Draft or Express Order.

HOWLING WOLF AND HIS TRICK-PONY. By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.25. The name of Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney has been associated with some of the brightest and best stories written for young readers during the past ten years, the last of which, *Howling Wolf and His Trick-Pony*, a tale of the Far West, has just made its appearance. Howling Wolf is a Ute Indian boy of fourteen, who is the possessor of a pony which he has taught many curious tricks, and which is famous among the tribe for its wonderful sagacity as well as for its swiftness. Many of the Indians look upon it as enchanted. Howling Wolf's family is encamped near a military post, and one of the officers by a trick secures the pony and claims it for his own. It is stolen one night from the corral by its young owner, who flees with it to the Navajoes, and is pursued by a detachment of cavalry, headed by the officer, and overtaken. He soon escapes, however, and, after a series of thrilling adventures, finds himself among the Apaches, who are on the war path under Geronimo. At last he is again made a prisoner, his pony shot, and finally he is sent East with other Indian boys to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where the author leaves him. Mrs. Champney takes the opportunity to show the Indian side of the question, in which she takes strong interest. The fact that she is able to describe the country and the Indians themselves from personal observation makes the story doubly interesting.

SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND. By Mrs. C. E. Bolton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price 75 cts. The publishers of Mrs. Bolton's little book have done a good thing in carrying it to a second edition. From it one learns what remarkable strides have been made in England within the past few years in the line of education for women, in institutions especially prepared or endowed for that purpose. During a two years' stay abroad, Mrs. Bolton devoted herself to an examination and study of these institutions, and the results of that study she has incorporated into her book. In the first two chapters she describes what has been done at Cambridge and Oxford in the way of affording university education to women, and the colleges that have been prepared for their instruction — Girton College and Newnham Hall at the former, and Somerville Hall and St. Margaret's Hall at Oxford. A following chapter treats of London University, where women are admitted to the privileges and lectures of the institution. Other chapters are devoted to a description of schools for women in art, in needlework, in cooking and nursing; histories of London charities, coöperative societies, homes for workingmen, and a variety of subjects of equal interest. We commend the volume as full of information which every reader ought to know.

JUDGE BURNHAM'S DAUGHTERS. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden.) Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.50. The multitude of readers of Mrs. Alden's stories will remember *Ruth Erskine's Crosses*, and will be glad to meet its principal character once more in her new character of wife and mother, ripened by experience and strengthened by trial. Her marriage will be remembered, and the radiant prospects of the future which attended it. Her husband was kindness itself, but he cared little for religious matters, and could not sympathize with what seemed to him the very ridiculous and puritanical ideas of his wife regarding many things. Still he always gave way to her. The great trouble of her new life, however, was the disposition evinced by her two step-daughters to resist her authority and cause her pain by their recklessness and disobedience. Her husband, Judge Burnham, was wealthy, and occupied a high social position. He was exceedingly proud of his family and sensitive as to his reputation. He was strongly opposed to Ruth's being actively connected with religious or temperance movements, and this fact sometimes brought them dangerously near serious misunderstanding. The pressure was constant, and made many unhappy hours for her, especially when questions of right and propriety arose between her and her step-daughters and an appeal was made to the father. Suddenly a blow fell upon the house. The younger daughter fled from home to marry a gambler and forger, and was disowned by her father and forbidden the house. A few months later the other daughter fell a victim to quick consumption, but in her later days turned to the mother whom she had disliked and disobeyed, and finally died in her arms. The story with its later incidents is a sad one, but its darkness is lighted by the surprise which awaits the reader at the close. It is written in Mrs. Alden's usual fascinating style, and like all her books, is transfixed with a purpose.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS. Selected by Grace Livingston. Boston. D. Lothrop Co. Price 75 cents. This exquisite little collection may well be likened to a bunch of pansies, whose richness of color and beauty of fragrance are perpetual delights. The selections which the compiler has made from Pansy's books show how thoroughly she has entered into their spirit, and will create a desire among readers to seek for themselves the sources from which so much that is pure and beautiful is derived.



JACK AND ÆSOP'S JACKDAW.

(School and Playground Stories.)

HELEN RICHARDSON, do you keep your promises?"

"Why, yes, of course, Jack — when I can," said Helen, rather doubtfully, for she suspected that her brother meditated some inroad upon her time, and the "Little Women" were very charming just then. "I've not promised you anything lately, have I?"

"Well, Miss Richardson, allow me to remind you that when I whitened the lines on the tennis court for your last party, you promised solemnly that you would help me out of my next scrape, didn't you? I had to pay ten cents for the lime, and got it all over my clothes, and it took mother one hour to clean them. And now am I to get nothing for all that trouble?"

"Well, what do you want?" asked Helen, regretfully laying "Miss Alcott" aside, for a promise was a promise, and she was planning a second tennis party.

"Here it is," said Jack, without more ado, pulling a crumpled, dirty manuscript from his pocket. "It's my composition, you know, for the High School Literary Society to-night. And I'm disgusted with it. I want you to help me."

"Read what you've written," demanded Helen, with a despairing glance at Jack's hieroglyphics, and her brother proceeded to read:

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BICYCLES.

The Bicycle is a Machine for Getting over the Ground in a Hurry with. As to this it is like the Pony, but the Latter costs more to Support. For the Former does not Eat anything but Sperm Oil, and a new Crank or Spoke or So once in a While. In learning to Ride the Bicycle the Important Point is to Preserve your Ecuelibreum. For if the Ecuelibreum is not Preserved, the Consequences are a Header. A Header is where the Hind wheel is Exalted, and the Consequences are a Decline and Fall of the Bicycler. The Cause is usually a Loose Stone, or a Rut, or Attempting to Tip your Hat on the Wheel, which is perrillous. In riding the Bicycle the Road Hog is Frequently Fallen in with. The Road Hog is a Being Which owns the Universe and Drives in the Middle of it and won't let you get By. The Celeschal Chineze say that before you get to Heaven you have to cross a very Deep Ditch on a very Narrow Bridge. And I think that every Road Hog ought to be met on that Bridge by every other Road Hog and be Crowded off to Stay in the Ditch Forever and Ever. When you can get On and Dismount without a Header he is a Bicycler. But when you can Coast and ride Hands Off he is a Bicyclist. It is a good Plan to have one Pair of Trowsers to ride in while your Mother is mending the Other. The Bicycle is the Greatest Triumph of Modern Engineuity.

"Why, that isn't bad, Jack," said Helen, laughing.

"O, well! but you know it sounds simple. Bob Jenkins is going to have a composition on Liberty and Civilization, and Will Chambers on Poetry and Philosophy. Can't you help me put some poetry and philosophy into mine? Come now! you promised."

"But it wouldn't be your composition, Jack, if I wrote it."

"I don't want you to write it. I only want you to give me some ideas, and I'll write them up. Come! You can, you know, easily enough."

"Your last sentence might do, Jack," said

Helen, scanning the composition critically. "Suppose you take for your subject, 'The Mechanical Marvels of the Nineteenth Century'?"

"Good for you, Helen! Why, that's splendid! Wait till I write it down." And Jack hastily produced the pencil and paper which he had thoughtfully provided, and fell to scribbling. Meanwhile, Helen became absorbed again in "Little Women."

"Well, what next?" asked Jack, after waiting respectfully a moment or two.

"I gave you your subject, Jack. You said you would do the writing."

"I will. But give me some idea how to start the thing. Come, now! Just tell me how to write the first sentence."

"Begin it in this way," said Helen hastily, seeing that dictation was the shortest way back to "Little Women" — "'What a transformation has occurred to civilization from the days of the wooden plow to the days of the locomotive!' — and go on in that fashion."

"Yes," said Jack doubtfully, and laboriously wrote down that sentence, then fumbled with his pencil for five minutes more, while Helen finished her chapter and began another. Grown desperate, at last he cried:

"Helen! where is your promise? You said you would help me. You'll see how I fix your old tennis court the next time!"

"Jack Richardson, do you want me to write that composition entirely?"

"No, but I want another suggestion. What ought to come next to the locomotive?"

It would take too long to repeat the spasmodic conversation by means of which enough "suggestions" were extorted from Helen to make the following composition. Jack copied it carefully, with many a blot, from his hastily-written notes:

THE MECHANICAL MARVELS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

What a Transformation has Occurred to Civilization from the Days of the Wooden Plow to the days of the Locomotive. The Pianno Fort discourses Sweet Harmony and the Soing Machine Fashions Garments with Incredable Rapidity and Promptitude. The Bicycle is the Greatest Triumph of Modern Engineuity. It goes with a crank. The Humane Speech is Transported over a Continent with a Rapidity of the Flashing Lightening. If the Bearings squeek it's a Sign they need Oil. Vollumes are Proddused from the Press and Broadcast. And Typewriters. And the Assassinasshun of the Zcsar of Russha is Read at our Breakfast Tables. I Read in a Newspaper the Other Day that a Bicycle Rider had been Reported to the Society for Cruelty to Animals for Making the Little Wheel work so Hard to keep Up with the Big one. What Ekstasy to ride Fourth in the Dew of the Rising Orb of Day on the Bicycle and Contemplate the Beauties of Nature? The Swimming Clouds through the Distant Blue the Gorgeous Bow of Promise the Resounding Thunder. These all seem to Say to the Eye of Intellek To Him who in the Love of Nature Holds. But I once Tried to See some Seenery on a Bicycle it was a white Cow with a Black Eye and there was a Stick in the Road and I could not Ride for a Month.

Jack finished the last word with a sigh of satisfaction just as the supper bell rang. He ate the meal in haste and hurried to his room to dress for the society meeting. Before beginning that difficult and much-dreaded operation, he sat down to read over the new composition, to get accustomed to the strange words. It was very warm, and he soon became drowsy. He was half-nodding over the paper when something happened which caused him to open wide his eyes in great astonishment. Through the open window, with one sweep of soft, black wings, flew a big bird, and perched solemnly on the table before him.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jack, as his visitor nodded sedately and extended a claw in salutation. "Who are you?"

"I am Æsop's Jackdaw," replied the bird, in a very strange, croaking voice.

"What's Æsop's Jackdaw?" asked Jack, totally forgetting his manners, which was no wonder.

"Æsop's Jackdaw, my dear boy, once became envious of some beautiful peacocks, and foolishly gathered some of their cast-off feathers, stuck them in among his own, and strutted forth

expecting the world's admiration. But, my son, Æsop's Jackdaw got home with scarcely all of his own feathers, to say nothing of his ridiculous, borrowed plumage. Your name also is Jack, I understand?"

"Why, yes, sir!" stammered Jack, in utmost bewilderment.

"Well, then, I have come to help you dress for the society meeting."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack politely, "but I can dress very well by myself, if you please."

For answer the strange bird made a queer flip with his wings, and there fluttered down upon the table something pink and shining. It was the waist of Helen's new silk gown.

"Take off your coat," said Æsop's Jackdaw, "and put that on!"

"But that isn't my clothes," objected Jack.

"Whose composition is that?" asked the bird, giving a sly glance at the paper before him and a sharp one at Jack.

"Mine," said Jack boldly. "I wrote every word of it."

"With pen and ink, you mean," answered his visitor. "Now, you put on this waist, and it will be your garment, for you put it on, you know!"

"But Helen didn't help me very much. She only suggested. And I wrote at least one third of it all by myself," stuttered Jack, who began in terror to see the point.

"Very well. You shall wear only a suggestion of her clothes, then. You may keep half of your own."

"I won't do it!" cried Jack.

"What!" exclaimed Æsop's Jackdaw fiercely. And he swelled up to thrice his former size, his eyes glowing like coals, and every feather rose. "Boy, put on that pink silk waist!"

"I will, sir! I will, at once!" said Jack hastily, throwing off his jacket and squeezing himself into the dainty silken garment. His heart sank as he saw the pretty lace ruffles around his hands.

"Now, take off your boots," was the next command, and as Jack obeyed, Helen's best kid slippers mysteriously appeared, high-heeled, satin-tied, and into them he thrust his feet.

"Now, these," ordered the Jackdaw, pointing to a pair of long, white kid gloves, Helen's especial pride.

Jack's heart sank indeed at that. "I can't do it! What will the boys say?" But it needed only a glance at the stern visitor to cause him to make all haste to crowd his warm hands into the tight abominations. This done, he looked at them in disgust, with tears in his eyes.

But what is this Jack sees next? What tangle of artificial flowers and flying ribbons and delicately braided straw? Helen's summer hat! The mirror was before him, and Jack gave one despairing glance at his ridiculous image therein, thought of the crowning absurdity of that hat above his freckled countenance, and sat down on the bed blubbering vigorously.

"Jack! Jack! it's almost time for the society meeting. Are you nearly ready?" This came from Helen at the foot of the stairs.

"No! I'm not going! I won't go!" cried Jack, springing up in determination.

But lo! No bird is perched on the table. The room contains no living being except himself. And to his inexpressible relief, on looking down, he finds his own jacket and boots, and hands unadorned with gloves. It has been all a dream.

"I mean," he shouted quickly, "I mean I'm almost ready. I'll come soon!" and set to work to put on his Sunday clothes.

Attired in his best at length, a little late, and much flushed with the rapidity of his dressing, our young gentleman descended the stairs, and made his way to the High School Literary Society. And the manuscript that lay in his inner coat pocket, just over the rapid beatings of his heart, was not headed, "The Mechanical Marvels of the Nineteenth Century," but was his own honest, bright and sensible composition, which won the praise of the superintendent, while Bob Jenkins's essay on "Liberty and Civilization," and Will Chamber's composition on "Poetry and Philosophy" received from him only a frown of disapproval.

"And why didn't you read the composition I helped you write?" asked Helen, after they got home.

"Because of Æsop's Jackdaw," replied Jack, and that was all he ever told her.

Amos R. Wells.

THE SCARLET SPECTER OF SANDY RIDGE.

(*Acadian Old-Folk Lore.*)

THIRTY miles up the beautiful valley lying between the northern and southern range of mountains, there is a curious, cumulose drift of gray siliceous soil, in a series of mounds or dunes. These dunes are parallel with intervening level wastes of fine white sand partly grown over with a brown heath-like gorse; their summits are clothed with dark foliaged yellow pines, and a stunted undergrowth of hardwood. For nearly two miles, in an easterly direction, this succession of sand hills stretches, sloping gradually to a level verdured plain, which in turn merges into an extensive bay, whose barren peaty surface is bordered by the same forest trees that shadow the Sandy Ridge.

On a southern slope of one of these ridges are innumerable holes digged into the bank; some many feet, others but a short distance, and many partly filled with the shifting sand, in which the furze has again rooted and grown as abundant as before.

Old men say this slope is the site of a French burying ground, and that the holes are the work of adventurers who digged in the gray hillside for the golden coins supposed to have been hidden with the buried people. They also say that a woman in a scarlet coat haunts the place, appearing and disappearing, mysteriously as the weird wind of the pine tops.

The fifteenth of October, 1746, a storm-tossed, dismantled French transport sailed into the spacious harbor of Chebucto, now Halifax, and came to anchor in the broad and beautiful sheet of water now called Bedford Basin.

On board the transport were one hundred and forty men. Six thousand men and fifty-two ships accompanied her when she sailed from Rochelle on the fourth of June. It was a mighty fleet, and freighted with high hopes of France. Louisburg, so lately captured by the English, was to be retaken. Port Royal was to be stormed, and the long disputed colonies pass again under French rule.

But multiplied disasters overtook the vast armament. Before the coast of France was cleared two ships of the line were burned. A week later two were seized by English cruisers. Later, a scorbutic fever broke out. And near Sable Island they were overtaken by a terrible storm, and the whole squadron scattered and dispersed over the tempest-tossed and unfamiliar North Atlantic Ocean.

When the terrible storm abated, and the bewildering fogs cleared, and men on this transport looked eagerly about them for the accompanying ships, they saw them not. The treacherous sands and entangling shallows that reach out from that crescent "ocean graveyard" had washed into the surging, roaring depths beyond, more than twenty of the stanch and human-freighted ships.

Urged thither by favoring winds, the transport, in a disabled condition, found this safe and spacious harbor of Chebucto.

A league or more up the shore, on a wooded point that made out into the safe blue waters of the Basin, lived a few French families. When the troops from the transport landed and were camped, these people came down the shore to greet them. From them the men learned the fate of the great fleet.

Twenty sail only had reached the harbor. A thousand of the men on these twenty ships were buried on the shore of the Basin; and but two days before the transport arrived, the remnant of the squadron had set sail for Port Royal. When the commander of the transport heard this he was eager to join the fleet, and at once ordered his men aboard. But panic-struck and already stricken with symptoms of the dreaded fever, they refused to set foot again on the plague-cursed ship. There was hot dispute, but the men prevailed, and with only a crew aboard, the transport set sail to overtake the other vessels, the soldiers promising to march overland through the forest and join their commander at Port Royal.

Two old men offered to guide them on the first day's journey, and assured them that with directions and proper attention to the stars and the sun, they could easily make their way to Minas, where they could readily procure guides for the remainder of the journey, which was but a three days' march from the head of the Basin. Ready to go anywhere, out of sight of those thousand graves of their fellow seamen, the men were eager to undertake the march, and confident that they could find their way through the wilderness.

When they were about to start, an old woman dressed in a red coat and cap, attracted their attention.

"It is only old Mag," said the guides. "She brought us news from Cobequid to-day. Five years ago her boy was lost, and ever since she has been searching for him. Some of the soldiers at Port Royal gave her the coat and cap, and she wears them so the British will not kill her, she says. From Bay to Basin she tramps, and always alone. She has her own paths through the woods; no one else knows them, no one ever meets her, but she is never lost."

When the soldiers first approached the settlers, the woman had glanced sharply at them, but they did not notice her and she paid no further heed to them. Now, however, when they started to march, she came toward them.

She was small, and slight of form. Her close-cut hair was gray, and on her head she wore only the little military cap. The big red coat hung loose around her narrow shoulders and reached far down over the blue woollen skirt of her dress. Her face was sharp, and the small eyes eager and keen.

She walked up very near the men, and without speaking, looked sharply into each bronzed face. When she came beside the commander who was a young man, he said: "Good day, mother."

She started, and the small eyes glanced piercingly into his, but she made no answer, nor seemed to heed the laughter of the men, as with a chorus of "good-bys" they started on their march and entered into the dense forest that bordered the silvery Basin.

The cool depths of the great woods invigorated the men, and they marched the whole day, resting only at noon for dinner.

"Where is old Mag?" some one asked of the guides. "We thought we saw her red coat through the trees a while ago." But the guides shook their heads.

"She is safe with the women," they said. "She stays always a week or more with us. If she were here she could lead you to Minas, if she liked. She knows the way; it is her home."

When they rested at night, another of the men protested he had seen her red coat during the afternoon.

"It was old Mag, or a British soldier," said the man.

"It was the red leaves of the maples," said the guides. "Though it might be she would follow you, for she says the captain here is her long-lost son."

The men laughed at the idea of the crazy woman, and laid themselves down to sleep.

An hour on their journey next morning, their guides led them. When they rested at sunset that night, hope was not high in their hearts. Fever symptoms had again come upon them, and a few of their number were already sick with the dread disease. The simple remedies carried with them were given, and the next day's march was only as far as the sick men could go.

"We will reach Minas by noon of another day," they said as they started again on the third morning. The sick men made no answer; in their thoughts were the thousand graves around that silvery Basin.

When the morning of the next day dawned and the march was resumed, a cold rain came on, and by night of another day they found that they had gone out of their course, and had passed the French settlements. Where they now were they could not tell, but they found themselves in the valley, with the mountains on either side of them, and knew they were in a part of the country not described by their guides on the route to Minas.

More than half the men were by this time sick and suffering and disheartened. The brave young commander, knowing that Port Royal was at the western end of the valley and could not be many days' march away, urged them on in the hope to reach this destination. But fate had for the stricken young soldiers a nearer destination.

The cold rain continued. On the afternoon of the following day they struck a sandy plain. Up from the plain to the west rose a series of low hills topped with towering pines; the great trees promised shade, the soft furzy ground rest. With all their strength the sick and hopeless soldiers pushed on toward them, and at sunset reached the first ridge, and laid themselves down to wait for strength, or death — they cared little which.

When morning came again they saw, seated by the young commander's head, the strange, soldier-coated woman. If they had seen Port Royal they would not have been more surprised. In their fatigue and sickness they had forgotten about her, and since that first day's march no one of them had caught sight of what looked like her.

The woman expressed no surprise at this condition, and except to the commander, she spoke but seldom. In and out among the sick and dying men she went; what comfort she could give them, she gave. Water was their want, and to the thirsty disheartened men there seemed no prospect of getting it. But the strange woman knew where was a deep and pure spring, and hour after hour, in their small tin cans she brought it to them, cool and fresh.

The great haversacks, so stout at the start, were nearly empty now, and what food remained was salt. After the rain the sun shone with all the fiery heat of a July day. It was a good-by summer shining from the clear autumn sky. It ripened the late grain of the Acadian farmers; it reddened the clustering apples in their orchards; tinged with many hues the forest foliage, and brought delight and gladness to thousands of hearts. But it scorched the cheeks and parched the lips of the poor soldier lads who had pitched their final tent on that wild sand-ridge. Fitful winds rustled in the tall pine tops, and fluttered the leaves of tossing branches far above them, but stooped not to sway the hot brown furze, or fan the hectic faces of the fever-stricken men stretched upon it.

By noon of the next day one half their number were still as the stirless air about them. Their weak comrades laid them to rest in the hot sand, and then lay down themselves, to rise never again.

Constantly the strange red-coated woman attended to their wants. The captain was to her crazy mind her long-sought son, and for him she had special care. But all the men were "her boys," and to all she filled a mother's place: closed the eyes and laid the swollen, still hands over the quiet hearts, and when no one was left strong enough, she digged the narrow beds in the sand, and laid the dead away to rest.

At last her strength seemed to fail, and she lay down with the dying men and made no further effort.

While there, in the still, hot afternoon, with no sound but the faint swaying of the pine-tops above them, and the fainter rustling of the brown leaves about them, she raised herself on one arm and listened. They who watched her listened, but they heard nought.

"It is the marching of men!" she said. "I hear them; they are coming to save you!"

Eagerly the hopeless soldiers tried to listen also, but only the sound of the dry hot wind fell upon their dull ears.

"I hear them," again said the woman. "I must go and find them before they pass." And she rose to her feet, but fell back helpless.

"It is her crazy head," the soldiers said, as hope died again in their hearts. "Her poor crazy head."

The next morning she was better, or said she was. "I am going to find the troops," she said; "they must have rested all night, and are not far away. I will bring them back with me."

The lads looked at one another silently, as she placed a can of water from the spring at every head. She did not say the haversacks were empty, but they guessed it. They waved their sick hands in good-by as she went down the slope. "Her poor crazy head," they murmured, as her light feet sped over the furze and sand — "her poor crazy head" — and watched till they lost the last gleam of the red coat and cap among the great trees on the opposite hill.

Over the barren wastes, in every direction, went her light, crazy feet. At last she struck the beaten trail of a marching army; but the troops were far away. It was the trail of Ramzey and his seven hundred men, on their return march from Port Royal to Minas. They had

gone within half a mile of that death camp on the sand ridges.

All day the old woman followed on their trail, then gave up, and weary and tottering returned to the sick soldiers.

The tin cans were empty, but there was no longer need to fill them. Not one of her brave "boys" was left alive. For them all now the march was ended.

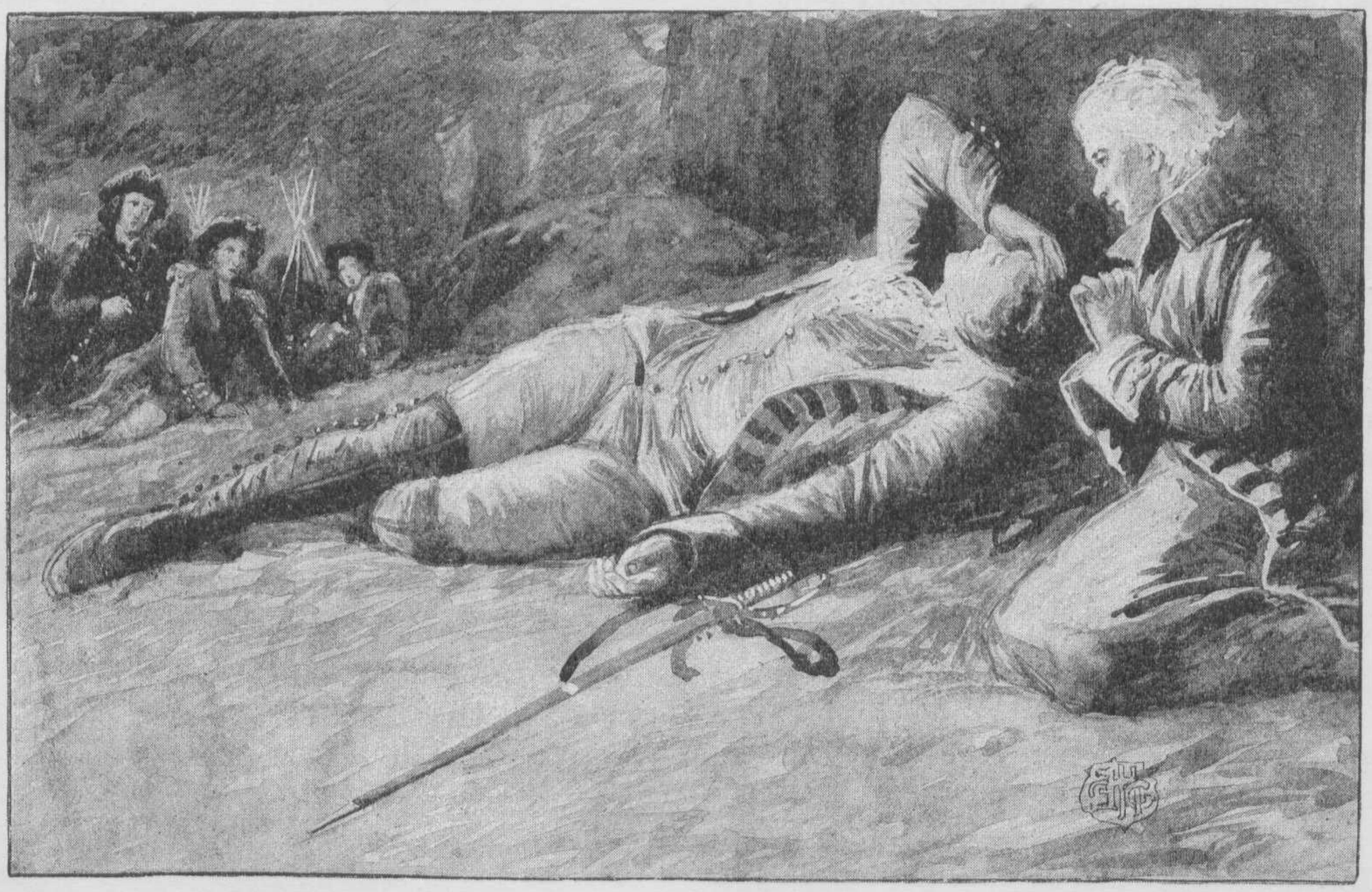
Late in November Old Mag made her appearance at Minas. She had not been at the village for two months, and the people supposed she had met death in some of her wild tramps. Many questions were asked about her long absence, but she talked little, and seemed to be no longer wild in her insanity, but strange and silent.

As the years passed, she grew more so, and gave up her wandering fits, except in September and October of every autumn, when she was missed from the hamlet.

At the time of the expulsion of her people in "55" she was off on one of these tramps. By some means her little house escaped the burning, and when British subjects took possession of the lands of the evicted Acadians, they found the old French woman living in the solitary little hut.

Among these strange people, who knew nothing of her past history, she gained the reputation of a witch and fortune-teller, and many, curious to lift the veiled future, flocked to her house.

She lived to be a hundred and two years old. During the last hours of her life, she told the tale of the buried soldiers on that sandy ridge.



OLD MAG AND THE YOUNG COMMANDER.

They who heard her thought it but a "vision" or the raving of unreason, as she described the white reaches of hills, the great pines, the dying of the men and the spring of clear water. They listened, but believed not, as she told how she gathered the glittering arms together and threw them into a bottomless bog below the slope, and collected the gold and valuables of the lads and buried them with the loved young commander.

As time passed and the old woman's story was told outside the village where she lived, her reputation as a fortune-teller added weight to the "vision," and men made search for the

sandy ridge with the clear spring of water and bottomless bog. The face of the country had changed in the fifty years since "46"; but at length some one found the pine-clad hills, and from a sunny southern slope digged up white and mouldering bones and remnants of armor.

Then there were searchers innumerable. Men are living yet who tell of midnight expeditions to the spot. Mineral rods have been called to aid the search; and more rustic seekers have cut the forks of the mystic witch-hazel and followed its bendings and twistings toward heaps and hollows in the brown furze. Buckles of metal, buttons and mouldering bones have rewarded the ardent adventurers, but no golden coins have yet been shown.

There is rumor that an old man living near, who was in one day changed from a poor to a rich man, found the commander's grave and the buried gold. He was seen by many, digging over the sunny slope, and he did not deny, nor would he own, that he found the treasure. But his descendants still enjoy the fruits of the strange sudden prosperity that the old man's neighbors say came to him in no other way.

The little bog at the foot of the slope has never given up its glittering arms. It is sparsely grown now, with hackmatacks and black spruces, but no man has ever yet been able to sound its mysterious depths or learn their secrets.

The clear spring of water not far distant is, except to a few, unknown and unused; and ferns spread their creeping fronds over the moist surrounding stones forever wet with the ascending vapor.

The great pines have been cut away from many of the hills, and heath and wild cranberry vines grow in their stead. The Ridge is desolate; only the winds frequent it, save when leaves are sere and the pale brown lights of October are on the hills. Then a woman in a red coat and cap haunts the spot. Hither and thither, over the white ridges hurries the soldier-coated specter — out on the verdured plain to the east, across the barren moor to the west, ever on the run — not the wind over the wastes, not the spurred steed that flees at her approach, is more fleet than her light and hurrying feet. She is seeking for the marching troops, and no one willingly crosses her path.

Grace Dean McLeod.

BRER LIZARD'S COATS.

SIS BAT los' her coats. Brer Lizard kep' his. Dar ain't no livin' thing in de wooril dat can shif' coats as fas' as Brer Lizard kin. He rich too, mighty rich. He des like 'fo'-de-war folks, a diff'ent suit er cloze fer ev'y diff'ent time, an' a purse er money by him all time.

You see Brer Lizard travelin' on a ole worm-fence, him slidin' long on de topmos' rail, den you'll see he be dress in his plain gray travelin' suit.

Den des let Sis Bee give a party round about de row of bee-hives de which is made all outen yaller pine boards, and let her des sen' Brer Lizard a invite; watch fer him — dar he come — dress in yaller des fit ter suit and match Sis Bee's yaller house.

Oh! he got style, he is.

Den s'pose Mistis Butterfly give a mornin' s'prise party at de cornder of de scuppernong-arbor, and, lo and behol!sh, Brer Lizard is ag'in de beau of de 'casion, him 'll have on his best green suit caze he know dat at dat time of de year Mistis Butterfly do keep her house under de grape-vines all furnish in green.

Sah! I verily do b'lieve ef you wuz ter strew de flo' wid rose-leaves Brer Lizard'd no sooner step in dat ar room dan he would manage somehow ter slip on a red coat fer ter skip roun' on dat rosy flo' wid.

De ole-time black folks du tells a funny tale 'bout how Miss Mole done one time 'fo' she git too proud fer ter walk on de groun', so proud

dat she wuz put under de groun'. Dis tale is 'bout 'fo' she wuz too proud, but she wuz awful proud even den, she wuz, yit I will say no prouder dan de red rose as she swing on de stem, or de white lily as she ring on de stalk. It come ter pass as Miss Mole sot an' studied 'bout what a fine coat she had on, soft as velvet and color er silver, dat she des sort er 'sider ter herse'f dat she will give a party an' she will see ef dar do be anybody nigh' bout in her neighborhood dat does dress finer dan she do dress. So she sen' roun' de country and she ax de butterfly, de bee, de grasshopper, de locus', de katy-did, de mices, de bat, de birds, Brer Lizard and de res'.

Dar sets Miss Mole ter watch dese cloze ez dee come in, her little pink nose turnt up in de air, an' her little pink hand helt out ter shake.

Well, de Butterfly come in de fust, she spotted wid de brightes' colors, she liftin' de lightes' wing, she so fine, she so soft. Miss Mole, she say easy ter herself, "I is des a plain gray kin, I res' satisfied." Den she take a closeter look and she say easy again: "Dem feathers is des good fer sunshine and dem colors dee is des fit fer summer! Yas," sez she; "I res' content dis time wid my own cloze de which is good fer all de year roun'."

Den Brer Bee come in. "Dar," sez Miss Mole; "all green and gole. Yet so small a suit hit do be dat 'twouldn't 'smuch ez make me a hat. I res' content ag'in."

Den de Grasshopper come in; he come dat limpin' walk. Miss Mole she cough behine her han': "Dar!" she whisper ter hersef; "dusty and musty, and wrinkled wid dat! I rest thankful now wid my own gray cloze."

Den de Locus' come in. Fer de 'casion he is done got him a bran-new coat, wings thin ez a lady's veil and mo' rattlin' dan a lady's silk dress; but — de goodness me! — he done had sech a time gittin' dat ole coat off, 't wuz real bein' skin ter git rid of it. "Shoo!" says Miss Mole atter she done spoke de howdy. "Shoo!" she whisper ter her own ear, "'tain't worth de trouble!"

Katy-did come nex', but she be dress in so plainly a green dat her gyarments want no mo' pleasant ter yer eye dan a dish er greens widout bacon is pleasant ter yo' tas'e. Miss Mole, she run ter shake hands and she ax "How's yer fambly and how's yer folks?"

But den she sorry she done start Miss Greenwings off on a talk 'caze when she start look like she can't stop, and she tell de same tale all time.

Den de mices dee come and dee wuz dat silent and slow er speech ez dee 'd do fer ter listen ter de consan' talk ur de Katy-did, ef so be dee 'd a tuck ter one 'nother, dee which dee didn't. But dem mousies, dee ain't never been much on cloze and dee be de mo'es' modes' varmints nohow, so Miss Mole she let 'em pass on by. Den Miss Bat come, but dat wus 'fo' she los' all her seven coats er colors and Miss Mole don't 'low ter projec' much wid her. Den de birds come, and dee is suitable and songful fer all de time.

Miss Mole, she hardly kin keep still fer she 'low, she do, ter make Brer Lizard lie low onct ef he never do ag'in. She watch and she watch twil she git feared, hit bein' warm day, dat Brer Lizard is done been tuck wid one er his bad pantin'-spells and can't git ter come; but — watch out! 'dar he be — him comin' long wid his hat on one side, money-puss full er gole, sleek and slim — dar he be!

Miss Mole look sharp at him, suit so smooth, fit so soon, dat hit des 'pear ter Miss Mole dat he is de fines' dress somebody dat she ever is did see. An' mo' 'n dat he so becomed de house and de gen'al 'rangements. Des den Miss Mole wuz livin' half-way up a mighty pretty red clay bank, and de floor, de roof and de ceilin', jist and comb, wuz all red, and no sooner did Brer Lizard step into dat room dan his cloze shone des as rosy and as matchable as you could wish ter see.

"Well!" sez Miss Mole, sez she; "he be fix fer dis room, is he 'raye fer de nex' one? Caze," sez she; "don't keer how much cloze he got at home, he got no polise nor yit portmanty wid him." But she ain't take count er dat money-puss Brer Lizard totes; some say tain't no money-puss, but it is conjure-bag; some folks say ag'in ev'y money-puss is conjure-bag fer to get you all you want ef so be dar's gole 'nough dar. Miss Mole she whisper sof'ly ter her servants standin' roun': "Sprinkle de Wes'-room flo' wid milk-white sand, and hang de walls wid

curtains er milk-white sand, and plaister de ceilin' wid milk-white sand." Dat's so! Dem servants dee done it in a minute. Den Miss Mole she say: "Walk dis way, Mister Lizard, I take you in a mo' comfortabler a room dan dis heah." No sooner he step in dat room—dar! he is dress in gyarments des white as a des dipped white-wash-bresh.

Miss Mole she fling up her little pink hands, sez she: "Law-say-me!"

Den she whisper ter her servants and sez she: "Skim de green scum from de still pool and stretch a carpet of it o'er de Eas'-room, and hang de walls wid curtains of de same and paste de same good over de ceilin'."

Den she say: "I see you pant, Brer Lizard, I ax you come in the cooles' room I got." Brer Lizard he glide and he slide 'long. Soon ez his foot tech de floor he stand in dat green-room dress out and out in a motley green coat.

"Dar!" sez Miss Mole.

Den she whisper: "Spread a carpet of gray moss over de North-room-flo', and hang de wall in gray moss, and put gray moss on de ceilin' thick as it hangs o'er a swamp in mid-winter."

Soon as she git de sign from de servants dat all is did and done she say: "Step dis side, Brer Lizard."

Brer Lizard he bow, lif' his head up, bow—you know what a mon'sus perlite varmint a lizard be, he never yit is fail ter raise his head and bow ter ever' person dat bid him good-mornin'-sah.

He skim 'long side er Miss Mole, he do, and no sooner he retch de do' dan dar he be dressed in gray.

Dar now! and ever' coat he slip on fit good as de nex' one and no man kin say when and how he change 'em, or whar he lef' de las' one.

Den Miss Mole she say out loud: "You servants, take out de carpet of pure gole dat de king sont ter me, spread it in the Souf-room, and I'll ax de richest gem'men in all de round worril ter step up and stand on it, so as we kin all pay our 'spec's ter him."

Brer Lizard he yit cool as a cucumber, and de carpet being spread Miss Mole she say: "Walk dis way, Brer Lizard, you is de riches' man in de round worril, step up on this carpet er pure gole." She studyin' how she gwine make him miss matchin' dis time. Ever' body watchin'! Brer Lizard he smile and bow, he step up, he do—dar he stand—see him, folks! dressed head to foot in gyarments yaller ez de pures' gole.

An' dat's de way wid Brer Lizard all befo' time and ever since, changin' his cloze ter suit his circumstantialities, changin' his suit ter suit his company and his crowd. But dem many gyarments don't do him all de good—'caze he change s'fas' sometimes dat his bes' frien's cyain' hardly know him and keep up wid him.

Mister Lizard's got a heaper quare ways. Hit's de mos' trues' word dat de ole folks tell dat ef one er des little lizards bites you he'll leave you laughin.'

You'll be b'leged ter laugh ever' time and all de time whe'r you wanter laugh or no. You is seen dese folks, good-sense folks too, what keeps up a steady and consan' gigglement and laughin'?—well, when you see one er dem folks ag'in you kin des rest sho dat a little lizard done bit dem folks, and dat what make dem so merry. Dee may not know dat a lizard done bit 'em, but den all de same you'll know it, time you find 'em laughin' consan' you'll know it.

But ef a big rusty lizard bite you—umph—humph! you ain't gwine laugh den 'caze den yer gwine die uv a eatin'-cancer ef yer don't die uv somethin' else. Dat's what de ole folks tells me.

'Tis strange tale de ole folks tells, and mo' 'n' dat strange songs dat dee sings. You talkin' ter me 'bout birds and varmints and sech like puts me in mind uv a sorter sweet song de old folks sing 'bout full summer-time, an' der birds all singing, and de glow-worm a-glowin', and de winged-bugs dat does haunt de summer airs a-flyin', and de lightenin'-bugs a-lightenin', and de butterflies a-brightenin', dis heah is de song dat dee sing 'bout all dem:

Birds flyin' th'oo dat air,
Magnolia bloomin' fair,
Bee gits de sweetes' share,
Winds blowin' free!

In Marsa's new growin' patch,
Corn grows in a batch,
Plunk ears behind no latch,
Grow dar fer me!

Flowers blowin' on dat stalk,
Dis way dat nigger walk,
When he try walk dat chalk,
Skippin' des so —

Melons is gittin' ripe,
'Bacca in corn-cob pipe,
Marshes is full er snipe,
Killdees and mo' —

Skies shinin' very blue,
Sun-light is swimmin' th'oo,
My honey loves me true,
Den heah me sing!

Locus' call fum dat tree,
O ladee-ee come an' see-ee —
Birds singing, chee-ee-ee.
Light on de wing!

Martha Young (*Eli Shepperd*).

LETTER-WRITING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

THERE are very few young people to whom letter-writing is not a dread and wearisome burden. They enjoy receiving letters, O, certainly, and are liable to become impatient with negligent correspondents, but there are so many distracting pleasures in the life of a bright boy or girl that a task of this sort is apt to be relegated to some more convenient season in the shadowy future. Acknowledgments of Christmas or birthday gifts, letters of courtesy after paying a visit to one's friends, and notes of congratulation, or condolence are fairly worried out of most boys and girls by their mortified mothers and sisters. Yet it is quite possible to make letter-writing a means of enjoyment even to children.

"O, Lucy, how can you neglect to thank grandpapa for that pretty watch?" says a mother. "Do write him this very day."

Lucy toys with the dainty gift, says that it is a beauty, and that she will try to write grandpapa at once. But alack and alas! An hour for pleasure here, a bit of fancy-work, two hours at the piano, a call upon a friend — and the day is gone. In the meantime grandpapa, whose generous hand has lavished beautiful gifts on each of his ten grandchildren, packing and addressing them with care and pains, wonders that no acknowledgments have come save from Jane's family. In about three months, a labored letter reaches him from Tom Hunt, written after the bicycle is broken and very naturally lacking the spirit of thankfulness, for by this time Tom has forgotten the good times he has had and is wondering how he shall get the machine repaired. Three months later, a perfumed note from Lucy, as evidently written under pressure, thanks grandpapa in gracious phrases, and apologizes for delay on the ground of lack of time.

It is doubtless true that on no one theme have more false statements been made than on this. A short letter or note can be written in five or ten minutes, but even allowing it a half hour, where is the boy or girl under fifteen who cannot find that amount of time in the course of a week?

Of course the chief difficulty lies in the willingness. Lack of desire to express gratitude or sympathy means selfishness — a most unlovely trait of character in a child, but fortunately one easily corrected if taken in time. If writing the letter is to take fifteen minutes or a half-hour from the ball-ground or the pleasant stroll with a friend, there is no question in the child's mind as to which shall be sacrificed.

Now in Aunt Jane's family, letters are pretty generally written in their proper season, and this happens not because her children are any better or more unselfish naturally than those of her brothers and sisters, but mainly because they are obedient children and their mother does not think that a child's idea of what are pleasant things to do is always correct or always worthy of first consideration. She expects these small but important courtesies will

be cheerfully rendered as much as she expects good behavior at the dinner-table, and this expectation goes a long way towards securing them.

Then again, Aunt Jane has taught her children the great art of writing agreeable letters. It is a very simple accomplishment for a child to learn. It is simply the art of being genuine and spontaneous on paper, of writing to a friend those pleasant things that one would readily say in conversation. It is not a difficult or painful thing for a child whose heart has been made glad by the gift of a favorite book or plaything to give cordial thanks to the donor. He needs no one to arrange the phraseology for him; it is entirely natural to express himself acceptably. But when pen and paper are to be the means of communication, the affair assumes a different aspect, even with children of a larger growth.

"What shall I say?" groans Harry, sitting at the writing-desk with a very new pen in his hand and a very clean sheet of paper before him. He has clutched the pen in agony for fully five minutes and has only succeeded in dating the prospective epistle and writing "Dear Grandpapa."

"What sort of skates were they?" questions Aunt Jane. "Just like John Raynor's?"

Harry wheels around in his chair indignantly.

"Why, mother! They were ten times better than John's. They have the most elegant sharp runners, the finest finish, full clamps, and all the latest improvements. I never saw such a pair, and they clear the ice as if they were charged with electricity; make a fellow feel as if he were flying. The boys all wonder where Grandpa found them. Tom says they must have been a special order. And aren't they beauties to look at? I hang them up in sight of my bed every night so that I can see them the first thing in the morning."

There could be no doubt that Harry was truly grateful for the present and he was considerably surprised and amused when, a few minutes later, his mother handed him a short letter which she had been writing as he talked, and which read something like this:

DEAR GRANDPAPA:

I am delighted with the beautiful skates. They are the nicest pair that any of us boys have ever seen. The blades are so sharp they clear the ice as if they were charged with electricity, and they have lots of improvements that none of us have ever heard of. I hang them up beside my bed every night so that I can see them the first thing in the morning. John Raynor says they must have been made to order. Did you go skating when you were a boy?"

"But that isn't a real, made-up letter," protested Harry. "And it doesn't thank him, either."

"Why not?" said his mother. "It is worth a half-dozen made-up letters, as you call them, because it shows that you thoroughly enjoy the gift and that will please Grandpapa more than anything else. There is a skate-factory not far from Lenox and no doubt these were a special order."

And when Grandpapa received that boyish letter of thanks, his old eyes dimmed with pleasure and he spent a good half-hour in recalling the happy hours of winter sport "when he was a boy."

Most people, old and young, confess to a difficulty in writing notes of condolence, and not a few condone their neglect in expressing sympathy with bereaved friends by saying that words are useless at such a time. Practically, they are useless in healing the wounds of sorrow, but the expression of sympathy in any form comforts the mourning one by reminding him that he has friends who grieve with and for him. Ask the young girl why she thinks that she ought to write to the friend whose mother has just been taken from her and perhaps she will say, "I am so sorry for her. She was such a dear mother! All the girls loved her. What should I do without my own precious mother?" She has only to be taught to put that thought on paper with very little change in the expression, and her friend will feel the real sympathy underlying it much better than if she had adopted some of the formal phrases of the professional letter-writers.

Promptness in writing notes of sympathy, congratulation and acknowledgment of courtesies received adds greatly to their value, and if the habit of attending to them in their season be acquired in childhood, it will prove of great value through life. This promptness is especially desirable in acknowledging hospitalities received. A hostess who has set aside her

own pleasure and given time and thought to planning for her young guests' entertainment for a week, it may be, deserves a cordial remembrance of the fact from the guest, together with such entertaining bits of travel as may have been picked up on the homeward journey. It is a small courtesy, but it bears the stamp of good-breeding and marks a thoughtful polite person.

So much for the small letters. While most mothers do not encourage their children in carrying on numerous correspondences, it is certainly desirable, so soon as they can use pen and ink with neatness, that they should acquire the habit of writing friendly letters. If one complains of lack of topics, ask him what he would talk about if he were to see his friend.

"Oh! if Nellie were here," says Ruth, "I would tell her about the cooking-club and the new history teacher, and the funny mistakes that Nora makes, and what a pretty way Lottie Lamson has of wearing her bangs, and all about Mary Neale's tea. O, there are plenty of things to talk about!" Now if you can persuade the lively girl to make a list of these topics and to put them on paper very much as she would speak them, you will have revealed to her one of the fundamental principles of agreeable letter-writing.

To be able to write pleasant letters is a rare but very desirable accomplishment. The perfect letter-writer omits all disagreeable topics and unpleasant comments. He shows suitable respect for his correspondent by first answering any inquiries that may have been made in the letter which he is answering, and by courteously asking about the health and happiness of the various members of the family to which the recipient belongs. He has a word or a message for each, if he is acquainted with them, not forgetting the deaf aunt and the irascible grandfather. Even St. Paul, writing from prison or in the midst of long and painful journeys, did not fail to teach courtesy in this respect.

The letters of Charles Lamb, of Madame de Sevigné, of Dickens and Thackeray, and later, of the Adamses, of Hawthorne, Longfellow and many another talented American, are well worthy of study, and are models of naturalness and grace. Taine says that there were not ten genuine letters in Pope's correspondence, and that when he conversed with a friend he was always thinking of the printer who would give his effusions to the public. From the toilsome and stilted phrases which some young people think it necessary to employ to express their glad free thoughts, one might suppose that they were shadowed by a similar fear.

Paper, pens and ink should be of the best quality, and for a child, all the rules for introduction, address and signature should be insisted upon, even in the least formal notes. The use of a pencil for letter or note-writing should never be permitted. It invariably encourages careless habits, and the words are easily blurred and become illegible. The pencil is handled in a manner entirely different from the pen, and its use soon proves injurious to the appearance of one's handwriting.

Mr. Beecher gives some sensible advice to his son which is in point here:

> "Suppose you make your letters a means of practice. See that nothing is stated in an awkward or slovenly way . . . Make it a rule never in letters, nor in the sketchy memoranda for the purpose of study, nor in your note-book, to do things carelessly. Form the habit of stating things clearly, in scrupulously accurate and grammatical language. You have formed the habit of not letting your lips tell falsehoods. Now do not let your pen do so either, nor let it tell half-truths, but pure and simple truths as they are. That is good style."

Helen M. North.

INSURANCE AND ADVERTISING.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women)

THERE is nothing in the world that gives one greater pleasure than to feel that some word spoken in earnest, and with a real purpose in it, meets with a response from another who seems to be waiting to catch just that word. It is such a blessed assurance that nothing is undertaken in vain; that seed sowed seemingly at random finds mellow, waiting soil, and springs up, bringing promise of abundant harvest.

It is so pleasant to feel that something you have said has brought suggestion to any one. I speak of this because just now a card has reached me from a young woman who has started out as a tourist guide in her own native city of Boston, and as a commission shopper as well. She has been looking for some time for the something to do for which she is specially well fitted, and which she would like. She has not sat with folded hands while she has waited, not at all; she has done the work that has come to her to do, but in the meantime she has kept a pair of very bright eyes open for the right thing. It has come at last, and she has started out to see what can be done. I hope she will succeed, and indeed I think she will, for such sturdy courage as she has shown in making her fight with circumstance is not easily daunted. Now if any of my readers are visiting Boston and want some one to show them about, or have friends coming here who are strange to the city and want to see as much as they can in a short time, it would be a very good plan for them to write to Miss Alice C. Bradbury, No. 40 Berkeley street, Boston, and ask her to meet them at the station on their arrival, and attend to them while they are in town. It will be both pleasant and profitable for all parties.

The advantage of a tourist guide was made more than ever apparent to me by an experience which I had in a railway train a few days ago. I had taken the cars on the New York and New England railroad for my summer home about twenty-five miles from the city, and was sharing the seat with a very bright, pretty girl, who, I soon found from her conversation with another young lady in the seat back of her, had been "doing" Boston. She was very much mixed up about places and buildings, the only point that she seemed to have distinctly in mind being the Art Museum. Now Copley Square, in which the Museum is situated, has about it, as all Bostonians know, some very important buildings. Here is beautiful Trinity Church with La Farge's wonderful interior decorations; here is the new Public Library, rapidly approaching completion; here is the new church building of the Old South Society and the new building of the Old Second Church of Boston, and here is the famous Chauncy Hall School from which have graduated so many of Boston's notable men. Why, the little triangle that everybody will call a square, is full of interest to the stranger. I heard these young girls wondering about it all, and quite forgetting that they were strangers, I began telling them just what they wanted to know. How glad they were to know all this and how sorry that they had missed the knowledge when they were on the spot. Of course they knew all about Dr. Phillips Brooks, and they were so disappointed when they knew that they had passed by his church, which they might have gone into had they known. The Public Library they had noticed, and the Technology buildings and the Natural History rooms, but did not know what they were. They had had friends from Chauncy Hall and knew all about it, and to think they had been so near it, and did not realize its nearness. I found in talking with them that they really had seen nothing of the city that they should have seen; they had been to Nantasket beach, and had ridden aimlessly about in horse-cars, hoping to stumble upon something. But they had not been to the beautiful parks, the open-air gymnasium, the old Paul Revere house, the North Church where the lantern hung, nor any of the real places of interest. Now, if they had only had some one to show them about they would have seen all these things, and more too,

and would have carried away a very good knowledge of what Boston held of interest.

Just here I would like to say that I wish I could reply personally to all the letters I receive from girls and women, detailing their experiences. It is impossible to do this, however, and I take this opportunity of saying how much in sympathy I am with all the work of endeavor, how glad I am for every success. I wish I could plan ways for all who ask, but that is quite impossible. I can only give the suggestion and the advice; the carrying out must be done by yourselves. I give in the articles, as far as possible, the ways to do, but of course any one attempting the work may find it necessary to modify or adapt these ways to meet individual cases. You must use judgment and thought, and perhaps you may have to experiment a little, but earnest purpose and courage always win. It may need a little patience; things don't come the first minute; if you can only remember that you are to persist. I have known people who have given up just on the eve of success. They have been almost at the point of attainment when patience and courage have failed them, and they have let go their hold, and lost what they might have kept. This in answer to the many letters and appeals which I have received.

I cannot tell you very much about it, but I know that some women are making a success in the insurance business. I know one woman in Boston who has all she can do. She is making a good income, and has been so successful that she has been given the agency of several of the leading companies of London. She has an office in one of the largest business buildings in the city, and it is a busy place. The detail of work I cannot tell you about, but I know this one woman says that it is a good and remunerative business for her sex, and she wonders that more of them do not take it up. I don't know whether there is another woman insurance agent in the country, but I know this one, and know that she is an enthusiast in her business. I would like to give you her name, but she is very sensitive about being talked of, and I promised her that I would only give the fact of her success, if she would allow it, as I wanted it to use as a suggestion for some of the girls who might like to try the experiment for themselves. Many women are employed in the agencies as clerks, but I don't believe there are many who have attempted to establish themselves as agents.

Another business which women are entering is that of advertising agents, and in this they have succeeded admirably. Mrs. Susan C. Vogl, who has recently died, was for many years the advertising agent for the *Woman's Journal*, and she brought the paper into prosperity by her able endeavors. She made herself friends by her genial cordiality. She was true and honest, and her every statement could be relied upon. Men used to say sometimes that they would give Mrs. Vogl advertisements when they would not give them to any one else. It was Mrs. Vogl's sunniness that won every time, and her genuine good-will to everybody. There are one or two advertising firms in Boston composed of women, and they do a very good business. They have a large number of patrons, and they control several newspapers. They evidently are making money, for everything about them bears the stamp of prosperity.

I know of only one woman who has undertaken railroad advertising, and she has done so well that her story is worth telling. She controls the advertising along the entire line of the New York and New England railroad, and no one can advertise without making the terms through her. When the Chicago fire occurred, she was a happy young wife, with a lovely little baby, living in the midst of luxury, for she was the petted daughter of rich parents, and the cherished wife of a still more wealthy man. This young couple had everything before them to make life bright and pleasant. Riches, social position, youth, a lovely home, a dear little girl — it seemed as though nothing was wanting. But the fire came, and swept away everything; the home, the property, all, and left them with little beside themselves, and their youth, their baby and their willing hands. If that had been the end! But the husband and father fell ill from exposure at the time of the fire, and died leaving the young wife and baby to face the world alone. They had something left, but not enough to live as the wife would like, and there would be the child to educate. So she came East and went to work. She had friends in plenty, and there were those who were ready to give her a home, and render it unnecessary to

labor. But she was an independent body, and she proposed to work out her own destiny. She tried one or two things, going a step in advance every change that she made, until finally this opportunity came to her. It was a large undertaking, but it found a woman ready to meet it, and not only ready but entirely able. She undertook the work, and is making a great success of it. She has an office in Boston where she makes her contracts, attending personally to them, for she has found that her own judgment is better than any one's whom she can obtain, and the terms are sure to be more satisfactory if she makes them herself. She is a capital business woman, and no man ever attempts taking unfair advantage because she is a woman. Throughout all she has remained the same refined, charming woman that she was when she was a purely society woman; and she is so evidently the gentlewoman that men become more gracious when in her presence, recognizing the womanly element even when in the most intricate of business problems. Her little daughter has grown to gracious sweet womanhood, under a careful mother's eye, and is the housekeeper and home companion in a dear little cosey home in a fashionable quarter of Boston, where she is surrounded by the friends who have stood by her all through her career.

It is the presence of women of this kind in the business world that makes it a desirable place for other women. It is the influence of women like this that makes it easier for other women when they are in the world, and it is an example like hers that should be regarded by the women who are to become business women.

There is one thing that this woman does not do that I would like to emphasize. She does not consider it necessary, because she has her way to make in the world, and because she does it in the business world, to copy the dress and manners of the men whom she meets. She is essentially womanly in dress and manner. She does not wear Henley shirts nor four-in-hand neckties. She is content to be a woman, and to keep her womanly ways. She wears, as she should, simple tailor-made dresses at her office, but there is no suggestion of mannishness about them. Her bonnets are becoming, and her hair prettily arranged. All the trifling accessories of the toilette are attended to, and she is as fresh and dainty in her office gown as she is in her pretty dresses at home.

I wish I could imbue every girl who is setting out to make her own way with the idea that she will get on better, and win more genuine respect from those she comes in contact with, if she keeps her refined femininity, than she will by aping the men in dress or manner. Boldness is not independence, self-assertion is not success. Be what you are, and assume nothing else. Gain respect for your sex, by the respect that you win for yourself, by your honest, fearless, but sweet true womanliness.

Sallie Joy White.



A "MONKEY-SHINE."



HERBERT PENDER'S TRANSLATIONS.

(School and Playground Stories.)

"YOU must be able to show me, Herbert, that you understand the construction of the language," said Mr. Mastyn, the head-master of St. Ives Academy, to one of his most ambitious scholars one day early in October.

Herbert Pender had come to St. Ives with a flourish of trumpets over his knowledge of Latin and several other things. He was a rapid memorizer and had won the highest honors in the Latin Grammar class in the country school which he attended at home. He was almost a marvel on irregular verbs and the many irregular nouns of the Third Declension. His teacher, unfortunately, was one of those whose object it is to make a great show at commencement time, and naturally forced his scholars like young hot-house plants. Herbert's parents were greatly encouraged and pleased by the name he won for himself, and having heard of the excellence and thoroughness of the course at St. Ives, determined to place him there right away. Not the least among the recommendations which St. Ives boasted in Herbert Pender's eyes was that there were gold medals given at the close of the session for excellence in each department, and two in Latin. One of these was for the best translation of the year in Cæsar.

Herbert Pender was a boy with whom, emphatically, success is the test of merit. It was the medal he was after — a plague on the excellence! Mr. Mastyn did not take long to find this out. The boy had actually no idea of Latin construction whatever. Yet he was morally confident that at the end of the nine months that prize would be his.

Mr. Mastyn taught all the classes in Latin authors himself. "This is something," he was wont to say, "that I cannot trust to every teacher. Latin verbs are easy enough to learn. I can take an idiot with a good memory and teach him to conjugate *amo* or *rego* from one end to the other without making a 'break.' But what is the grammar of a language except a mere tool to work with? The real toil comes afterwards. And this is especially true of a language like Latin."

Another thing that usually almost took the boys' breath away — that is, the new matriculates — was a remark which Mr. Mastyn never failed to make at the beginning of the session.

"I do not propose to forbid you the use of translations — 'cribs' as I used to call them in my young days. I see the new boys' eyes open wide; the old ones smile at me as if they were disposed to ring the 'chestnut'-gong, for they know exactly what I am going to say. You may try to read Cæsar and Virgil and every other Latin author with translations, and you are welcome to them as far as I am concerned. I can ask you questious in class and shall certainly ask you questions on examination which I will defy you to answer satisfactorily unless you understand the author thoroughly. No boy is reported as having passed an examination in Latin, or any language, here, until he has satisfied me that I can examine him orally on any part of the course he has studied and find him able to make a translation of his own without grammar, dictionary or any other aid. Your class standing from day to day is going to be taken into most rigid account. My system in this respect is of that kind that even if from nervousness or sickness or any other mishap you did not do as well on examination as I expected you to do, you would not necessarily lose

your place in the first division. As I have told you older boys in past years, so I say now: I keep no system of daily marks in my translation classes. My business is to develop your minds and teach you how to translate for yourself — in fact, to teach you how to study. I have not time to think whether John Brown got seventy-nine and three fourths or Tom Jones got eighty. If you understand Cæsar, or Virgil and other classics, at the end of this term, you will find your names in the first division. If you don't, you will have to study them again till you do. And of your qualifications I am to be the only judge. As my old scholars know, I give you foolscap and pens and ink on examination day and have the passages to be translated furnished you on printed slips. This is because it is customary. Even if you had your translation in the examination room before you I could ask you questions which you could not possibly answer unless you understood the author thoroughly. As a matter of fact I *do* ask such questions; and every boy who has ever been to St. Ives knows this — that no matter how good a memory you may have or how fluent you are with your pen, you can't pass an examination here unless you thoroughly understand what you have been over."

This was plain enough talk, and Herbert Pender ought to have seen for himself that he had a different system to deal with from that which prevailed in the school he had last attended. But he still depended a great deal too much upon his powers of memory — so Mr. Mastyn soon found out — and this was what led to the opening words uttered soon after his entrance at St. Ives, which I have quoted at the opening of this story. Herbert had come in in great tribulation because he was among those who had to "stay in" after school on a missed lesson in Cæsar. The idea of his being kept in! the boy who came to St. Ives on purpose to take the gold medal that year in Cæsar.

The boys had guyed Herbert unmercifully about this opening disaster of his and dubbed him "Herbert of the Big Head." Herbert did not come to complain of the boys, but of the reflection on his scholarship. Mr. Mastyn heard him very patiently and good-humoredly, and then he began and pointed out to the boy just where his danger lay.

"For instance, you say, Herbert: 'Nor is suspicion absent.' That is mildly absurd."

"But *absum* means 'to be absent,' Mr. Mastyn," said Herbert a little sullenly.

"Of course it does, my good fellow," said the head-master with a broad smile. "But did it never occur to you that you might find a better synonym to suit that expression? I know just how that happens, Herbert. You glance at the first meaning you find. You do not stop to consider that some of these Latin words may be translated in a variety of ways. 'Suspicion' is not a person that it should be 'absent.' Suspicion might be — now what?" said the head-master with another significant smile; "give us a synonym, Herbert — you can, if you will cudgel your brains a little."

"'Wanting,'" said Herbert a little sheepishly. "'Nor is suspicion wanting.' But Harry Treadwell said: 'Nor is there lack of suspicion,' and he wasn't taken up on it."

"No," said Mr. Mastyn, "because it is a fair synonyn. 'Wanting' is as good or better. You have supplied it yourself. Now why couldn't you have thought of that this morning?"

Herbert hung his head and said he guessed he had fallen into the way of construing too literally!

"Yes, and there is your weak point, Herbert. You know the grammar splendidly. That is because you have an excellent memory and are very ambitious. But you also know the lines I have laid out for you. You can't learn Latin merely on a good memory. That will do fairly for geography or history or chemistry, but if you trust to memory in languages or mathematics, and to that mainly, you will, as the boys say, 'get badly left.'"

Herbert Pender left the principal's study in a very thoughtful frame of mind. The idea that Latin was to be learned by any other method than memory and literal translation seemed to have dawned on him for the first time. He was determined to have that medal, and he did not like to acknowledge himself a dunce on Latin — he who had been looked up to with so much reverence by the small boys at Hatherly Academy.

But happily for him, Herbert Pender was a boy of the right build to begin with — only a good deal inflated by success of a certain kind, and by the flattery which follows in its train. The plain-spoken yet kindly way in which the head-master laid down the law as regarded the requisites of success in language-learning worked a revolution in Herbert Pender's methods. At the end of the term he was the best translator in the class, and received the gold medal!

William B. Chisholm.

A MOTHER GOOSE PLUM PUDDING.

(*Ways To Do Things.*)

SUCH a time as was in Grandma Messer's kitchen! all because the three Messer children from Boston who had come to spend the Thanksgiving holidays at the farm were not able to plan a creditable surprise for their cousins who were to drive over from Osterville to have Thanksgiving dinner with them. They had turned their minds inside out and upside down, but all with no effect; at last Nan the eldest feebly proposed a donkey-party.

"Fun in that? I think it's too stupid to go poking around trying to pin on a donkey's tail," cried Lena, whose real dislike to these parties was because she could not win a prize.

"Why don't you p'ease let Grandma 'cide it," lisped little Bennie, who was resting his curly head on a pair of chubby arms, and listening to all that was going on; "it's p'lite to let the biggest have her way, specibly when it's Gran'ma."

"Just the thing, little Sir Wisdom," said the girls; "that is just what we will do. Grandma, what shall our surprise be for to-night?"

"I have been thinking for you," said Grandma; "and all at once there came into my mind the vision of a Mother Goose Plum Pudding which I had a great many years ago, before my parents left England."

"How delightful! Do let us have one! How do you make it?" cried the girls in one breath.

"Well, the first thing will be for Nan to run up to the store for some clay pipes; and while Lena gets the roll of colored paper from the big chest in the attic I will do my part."

Off went Grandma to the baking-table to prepare the dough pudding which was made in the queerest way: first, a large round tin dish was lined with pie-crust, then this was filled one foot high with pieces of linen, and then the upper crust put on.

"Do we eat the linen?" asked the girls, scarcely knowing what to make of such a strange mixture.

"Certainly, if you care to," said Grandma; then pushing the huge pudding into the oven, she sat down and with a penknife chiselled the knobs under the bowls of the pipes into noses, while with pen, ink and paint the bowls were soon changed into six odd-looking and very expressive faces.

"There!" she said. "Now, girls, let me see if you can with your paper and glue, charm my six old ladies into Mother Goose characters; suppose you each do two, and I will do two for Bennie."

"It won't take two minutes to decide what mine will be," said Nan, selecting a pair of the pipes; "I will have for one, the Queen of this Feast, Mother Goose herself, in her black-and-gold gown, high frilled cap, and the deep lace collar that was woven on the day of her birth. And with a brown gown, sunbonnet and rake the 'Contrary Mary' shall do her part. How could you contrive, Grandma, that one of these pipes should be so youthful and the other so ancient!"

"P'ease make me the 'Old Woman of Norwich,' and make her face full of dimples inside out, and her nose awful red 'cause she ate so much porridge," said Bennie; "I dess, too,

you'd better fix me a 'Nan Ettitote,' 'cause I like her, for mamma says if it wasn't for her I couldn't see to do to bed."

"I will take 'Mother Hubbard,'" said Lena, "with her gay red gown, gray shawl tied in a soft cushion in the back, and I must do my best to tie on her big hood which is always slipping off her head; and this nose with its red knob will hold her spectacles through which she looked so long for a bone. And this face," continued Lena, looking at the pipe carefully, "must be framed in a red shoe as a hood, with the white frill of her under cap for a border, a green petticoat and yellow dress rolled up to her loose sacque."

The fingers flew, the paper rattled, the scissors clicked and clipped, and there was such fitting and crimping and gluing and tying; and the busy company laughed and talked until the kitchen was a Babel of merriment.

"I shall expect some rhymed tributes to Mother Goose," said Grandma, "and now that this part of the surprise is finished, you had best prepare your verses. Hurry off and get ready, for your cousins will soon be here. No more questions, remember, and no peeping eyes either!"

At last Grandma was alone, and with a smile on her face she brought the delicately-browned pudding which she had taken from the oven while the girls were at work, and putting it in the closet, she closed the door that she might finish the surprise leisurely and with "artistic effect."

That night while the Messer children from Boston, and their three cousins from Osterville, were just finishing their Thanksgiving goodies, the great pudding was put in the middle of the table. Not a word was spoken; they all sat still, looking at the huge pastry.

Taking advantage of their silence Grandma raised the upper crust and such a chorus of laughing and clapping that followed! For what do you think? The linen filling had all been taken out of the pudding, and there stood Mother Goose in the center looking untold words of sympathy to Mother Hubbard who, with an alarming expression of grief on her face, had just returned from the empty cupboard. Lena was very sure her expression had been heightened since she last saw her. Next to her stood the fat Old Woman from Norwich, wearing her gray dress and hood, and using for a cane the spoon with which she daily ate her porridge. A little back from the others stood "Mistress Mary," looking as "contrary" as ever. At her side sat the Old Woman who owned the famous Shoe; she appeared satisfactorily care-worn and she carried her rod all ready for action; while bending forward a little from the circle, came the slender form of "Nancy Etticoat with her white petticoat" and night-cap, her face glowing with a taper-light expression from her red nose.

Was there ever such a sight, and did the old brown house ever before come so near bursting its sides with laughter?

In the midst of the uproar Nan raised her finger to Bennie who stood on his chair and with a fine low bow toward Grandma, repeated a little verse which she and Lena had composed as a compliment for Grandma instead of Mother Goose:

"Some folks fill their puddings full
Of currants, citron, raisins;
But this I'm sure exceeds them all,
For it's filled with nice old maidens."

So the flood of surprise was turned on Grandma, and how she enjoyed it!

But all was not yet over; the toast was yet to be given; and Nan bowing sweetly before the stately and serene Mother Goose recited:

"In a quiet spot of an olden town
Lived a queen of the nurseree,
Whose work was to smooth when the sun went down
The up-hill road of her subjects wee,
Over to Bye-low-land,
And a song was her wand.
Do you think there is need to introduce
The friend of our childhood — Mother Goose?

Thou genius of melody, myth and muse,
Who would thy innocent name abuse?
Poets and sages have sung in thy praise,
Danced to the strains of fiddle-dee lays,
Wept at the cupboard, laughed heartily too
At the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.
And we, dear Mother, as subjects of thine
Now bend before thy mystical shrine."

As they said good-night to Grandma, the cousins from Osterville confessed that they had had a surprise indeed.

Susan Gale Gray.

"BOY BLUE" OF GRAND PRÉ.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

JANUARY 20, 1747.

The white, cold light of a winter moon was over the icebound Basin of Cumberland. Crisp, frosty snow lay deep and level on the wide, open marshes, drifted and banked along the upland slopes, wreathed and festooned the leaf-forsaken forests of the Shepody Hills, and curled in fantastic cornice over the ragged edge of their cliffy summits.

Two months had the French Commander Ramzey, and his Canadian troops, been quartered in the little village of Beaubassin, one of the many prosperous French Settlements then circling the Basin at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Since his return from the unsuccessful attack on Port Royal, his soldiers had been in winter quarters. Early in December a report had reached him, that a large force of British volunteers from Massachusetts was to be sent to the Province, and for several weeks he anxiously waited for some word of their arrival; but none came, and a deep fall of snow now shut off all communication by land with the settlements along the shores, while the cold filled the Basin with floating icebergs, and precluded navigation. Thus garrisoned by the elements, the troops expected to remain until the warm airs of spring had loosened winter's icy hold of land and sea.

In the early part of this evening of the twentieth of January, Ramzey was alone in the house where he had taken up his quarters. He had gone to the casement for a final look upon the lonely white wastes, when a loud, sharp knocking sounded on the outer door. He quickly opened it. Two dark figures stood in the shovelled pathway through the high banked snow.

"Here is a messenger who would see you, sire," said the foremost, with a salute to the commander as he swung wide open the heavy plank door.

"Who is he?" asked Ramzey, recognizing in the speaker the sentry from the guard house, and glancing sharply out at the large figure in the pathway beyond.

"He would not tell me, sire," answered the soldier, "but he would see you to-night, and would answer no questions of mine."

At this the commander stepped back into the room, where lights and fire-arms made safe a reception of a strange messenger. "Let him come in here," he said.

The man was on the threshold as the commander finished speaking, and passing ahead of the soldier, entered quickly the warm light room and closed the door behind him.

Ramzey glanced questioningly at him. He seemed in no haste to speak, but began removing his wrapping. The outer coat or mantle was of coarse heavy jersey, such as the peasant French wore in winter weather. Under this was a short jerkin of thick fur, and beneath this a waistcoat of dressed skin. On his head, and pulled well down over his forehead, was a large round cap.

One after the other he pulled off these outer garments, and throwing them carelessly on the floor beside him, he stood before the commander, not the stout, strong man he had at first sight seemed, but a compactly built, sturdy youth of about nineteen, dressed in a half suit of army jeans, and with the artless, candid face of a boy of thirteen.

Ramzey's own face lighted, as with a toss of his skin cap to the floor, the lad looked up at him with a merry glance in his blue eyes. "Henri!" he exclaimed, "when did you come, and how, and why in this guise of clothes?"

"The weather is cold, sire," the young man replied, "and heavy clothing is a necessity — and there might be other reasons — but are we alone?"

Ramzey nodded a reply, went to the casement and closed it, and then seated himself near the lad.

"There are four hundred British soldiers from Massachusetts camped at Grand Pré, quartered in our people's houses, and your men could kill them all in an hour."

"Your voucher for your word, boy!" interrupted the officer quickly.

The youth's face flushed, and a reply seemed to tremble on his lips, but was not spoken; and from an inner pocket he drew a sealed paper and handed it to the commander.

Ramzey broke the seal, and hastily read and re-read the contents of the paper.

"Your pardon, lad," he said, with a proffered hand when he had finished. "But in these troublous times false words and true are alike falsely dressed, and caution is necessary when receiving words and men unguarded. Your voucher is authority, however; I know the priest's handwriting. But he tells me no more than that your words can be relied upon, and that it is a dangerous way for a man to make alone. Where have you been since I last saw you in the autumn, and when did you see the fort at Port Royal last?"

"Six weeks and some days ago. I deserted from the fort. The three signal guns were fired when I left, and I needed to take time and caution."

"Why were you not content to remain, and what brought you here?" asked the officer.

The youth hesitated an instant, then with a straight glance at the commander, he said:

"I left because I wanted money, and when you were in Port Royal you promised me a place if I came to you — that is why I deserted. But when I got to Minas I found the British soldiers there, and our people forced to feed and shelter them. I knew the king's officer would give a reward to the man who brought him the news, and I risked the long, cold journey for the reward. Will you give it? The priest promised me it should not be less than fifty louis-d'or — did he tell you so in the paper I gave you?"

"He told me so, and you shall have it," replied the officer. "And the king may double the reward if the British can be caught in that cage — I like the spirit of the messenger and I can make good use of you, my boy."

"I did not come to stay in your service," said the lad. "I am to be back in Minas by the tenth of next month, and I want the reward."

"You shall have it," said Ramzey, "but you cannot leave me yet. Your message means work for our soldiers. That work means a march through the woods to Minas, and you must pilot them there. Your reward will be twice doubled if you take them safely and lead them direct to the houses where the British are quartered."

"I will take the sum the priest promised, and go now," said the youth. "I must be back in Minas by the tenth of February."

"There is but one must in the case," said the commander sternly, "and that is that you must stay here till the soldiers are ready to march, and then guide them to Minas — and till then you are a prisoner and go not out from this house. At daybreak I will call a council and in three days at the most, a start can be made. This will give you as long a time for your journey back as you used in coming, and you can be in Minas on your 'tenth day,' and a goodly escort with you." And without waiting for a reply the commander called the sentinel and gave the youth in charge, with directions to keep him under watch.

As he was led away unresistingly, except in his flushed face, the officer picked from the floor the heavy clothing, and a bright bit of blue ribbon tied in a knot fashioned only by a maiden's fingers, dropped from among it. The stern commander smiled, and tucked the blue silk in his own waistcoat pocket. Then with orders for food and fire to be provided for the lad's comfort, he closed and barred his door.

Early next morning the council was called. Ramzey had deliberated long upon the news brought by the boy, and laid his plans for the march and the attack upon the surprised soldiers at ease in the houses of the people of Grand Pré. The word soon spread among the troops, and many were the questions about the messenger who brought the news. Some of them remembered him as the young French lad from Grand Pré who had enlisted with the British at Port Royal, and who was often sent to the French camp during the informal and unmartial interviews of that autumn campaign.

All that the lad had told him of the British soldiers, Ramzey made known to his troops, and read to them the priest's letter in confirmation. There was small need of persuasion or commanding; the men were eager for the at-

tack, and in spite of the severity of the cold and the untrodden snow and the dense forests, were all anxious to undertake the march. Of the lad's unwillingness to guide them, and his temporary imprisonment, nothing was known by them.

After the council, Ramzey went at once to the little room where Henri had been confined, and went over and stood by him, the care and anxiety on his own face lifting at sight of the fresh, frank one of the lad for whom he had taken such a strong fancy in their interviews at Port Royal.

"Henri," he said, "in times of war, necessity makes enemies of our best friends. It is in my heart to let you do as you wish, but I must keep you and force you to lead the soldiers to Minas. For the sake of the king I serve, I must do this. He is your king as well, and you should not be unwilling to serve him. Only one hundred of the men now here were with me at Port Royal, the remainder are new troops from Quebec and are ignorant of the country. Those who were at Port Royal came here by water and know no part of the long journey that we must now make around the head of the bay. None of them could find their way unguided over those snow-buried paths."

The youth made no answer, but stood silently in front of the commander.

"What is the need of your haste?" Ramzey asked at length, "and why do you need the money?"

"I must be there on the tenth, and I must have the money," answered the youth. "Is it full faith to deny the promised reward? Is it honor to detain the man who brings you the news at the risk of his life?"

The commander glanced quizzically at him, and drew out the bit of blue ribbon from his waistcoat pocket. The lad caught it and held it in his hand. Ramzey smiled, not banteringly, but with the look of one who had known life and love and had not forgotten; and he waited quietly for some explanation further than had been given.

For an instant, as he held the ribbon in his hand, the youth seemed about to reply, but a restive look crept into his flushed face, and he made no answer for several minutes. At length he said:

"I came here for the money the priest promised would be given. You have no right to keep it from me or detain me; but if I stay and guide the men back, will you double the reward, as you said?"

"I will," said Ramzey.

"And you will give me the first half when I start?"

"Yes, when you start, and the other half you shall have when you have led the men to the house and the fighting is done, not until then — it will be given Coulon for you."

"I will do it," said the youth, "but I am to be in Minas on the tenth, remember that."

"Then rest at ease now," said the commander, "and keep your wits sharpened; there must be no false moves made on the march. What you remember of the way, detail to the officer I will send you," and Ramzey left the room.

That day and the next, and all through the two long nights, the preparations went on. Racquettes and moccasins had to be procured from the Indians, and wicker hand-sleighs for carrying food and accoutrements. Until they reached Cobequid, a distance of fifty miles, no fresh food could be obtained.

When all was ready for the march, the boy was released from his imprisonment, and went freely about among the men. "The lad," they called him, though not a soldier among them was taller or straighter than he. It was the round, smooth boyish face, which seemed to have lingered with all its charm on his sturdy, compact form, that gained him the nickname.

Ramzey was himself laid up with lameness and unable to attempt the journey; and the command of the expedition fell upon Coulon de Villiere, the officer next in rank.

On the twenty-third day of January they set out, three hundred strong. Their way lay first through the dense woods to Bay de Verde, from there along the gulf to Tatamagouche, and thence to Cobequid at the head of Minas Basin.

Clear, cold weather followed them thus far. The lad had resumed the disguise in which he came to Beaubassin, and on his trim close-filled racquettes, led the way over the trackless wilderness of snow, never once mistaking the trail, or wavering in his selection of routes over and

around the great hills, and through the thick swamps. Some one had caught sight of the blue ribbon as he opened his great coat on the first day of the march, and when the laugh and jest went round, the lad defiantly fastened it upon the outer coat in full view of all. "Boy Blue!" said one of the men, and by one and another this new name was taken up, and he was called by no other all of the journey.

A snowstorm, fierce and wild, came upon them as they started forth after the night's rest at Cobequid, and the travel was slow and difficult. The crust had not formed on the newly falling snow, and the racquettes sunk deep in its crystal depths. All day and all night the cold, white depths increased, banked and barred the hills, bent upon their heads the broad branches of the great trees, and tangled about their racquette-cumbered feet the thick, low underbrush. Five pounds of beef and one loaf of bread for each man was all the provision they had for the seventy-five-mile march yet before them. The storm had delayed them a full day, and there were no provisions nearer than Pigiquit.

A look of weary anxiety came over the boyish face of their guide. The men noticed it. "Boy Blue is worn out," they said. "If the sledges were strong enough we would carry him."

But he seemed not to need rest. It was the slowness of the march that gave him the look. In the detachments sent ahead to break the way he was always the leader, and unwilling to wait the coming up of the main body.

"If we cannot cross the Chimnakadie on the ice we will lose another day in going round to where it can be bridged," he said. The crunch of the racquettes in the snow was the only sound as the men pushed on after these portentous words of their guide.

On the morning of the thirteenth day of their march they reached the river's broad channel. But the tides of Cobequid Bay had broken the frost-bridge into great cakes, which ground and chafed against each other, and went and came with each ebb and flow. To cross it there was impossible, and they were forced to march ten miles out of their course to a place where a temporary bridge could be made. A day and a half was lost in this effort.

When they were once more on their route a change came over their guide. He seemed no longer impatient, but the weary look on the boy-face settled into a sullen, resolute expression, and he seldom spoke to the soldiers.

The night of the seventh another storm of great severity set in, and by morning the drifting snow had so changed the face of the country that the young guide seemed bewildered as to the course. A great hill, covered with snow-laden trees and wreathed with long, irregular drifts, lay before the weary and famishing men.

"I am not certain which side of it to lead them," said the lad, and he volunteered to go alone to the top, where he could get a better view of the country and decide upon the nearest and most passable route around. The commander gave his consent, and the young man started out, climbed the steep hillside, and disappeared in the thick snow-shrouded forest.

Hours passed and he did not return. The soldiers were waiting his coming to continue their march.

"Could he have dropped from exhaustion?" they said, "he seemed made of steel."

Except that some of them remembered him in the campaign at Port Royal, no one knew more about him than that he had brought to Ramzey the news of the British soldiers; but all had taken a strong liking to him from the start, and the blue knot of ribbon so dauntlessly worn had found a tender spot in the breast of even the hardest.

They remembered his impatient haste to get ahead, the weary look when they were delayed, and sudden silence for the two last days, and his wonderful endurance of fatigue during the long and toilsome march.

Till noon the commander waited his return, but he came not; then a hurried council was called. It was impossible to follow the course he had taken; many of the soldiers were unused to the snow-shoes and could never climb the great wreaths along the hillside, and besides this the drifting snow had now completely covered his track. So the march was taken up to the right of the hill and continued in the direction forced upon them by the snow-barricaded hillside.

The march around was slow, and the uncer-

tainty of the route was like clogs to the feet of the discouraged soldiers. With the loss of their guide they lost faith in their ability to make the perilous journey to the end. Toward night their way was through a forest of great spreading hemlock that had broken the fury of the storm. Beneath their hundred tiers of green branches the snow lay undrifted and deep. Suddenly one of the foremost men called out,

"A track! a racquette track!"

"Examine its fashion," said the commander. "Boy Blue wore the Iroquois racquette; is it his?"

"It is long and slender," said the soldier, "and turned up at the toe. It may be an Indian's, and Boy Blue may have been a British decoy."

"It is the Iroquois racquette, and our guide's track, I believe; follow it!" commanded Coulon. "If he has gone ahead, he has taken the shortest road, and Pigiquit cannot be many hours' march distant."

The soldiers obeyed the order, and followed the ghostly trail. Six hours of weary tramping, and then came signs of a settlement. Encouraged, the tired men quickened their march, and in an hour more were at the French village. The snow-shoe prints had proved a safe guide.

The remainder of the night and part of the next day they rested. The people received them gladly, provided provisions, and when the start was made again, twenty of the men accompanied the army to lead them across the mountain to Gaspereaux, and over the intervening ridge to Grand Pré, where the British soldiers, unaware of the near approach of an enemy, were living at the expense of the frugal peasants.

When they reached the Gaspereaux they were portioned out in the French houses scattered along the ridge, great fires were built to dry their wet clothing, and food provided; and there they were to remain until midnight when the final march would be made to Grand Pré.

At Pigiquit they could learn nothing of the guide who had so unexpectedly deserted them, though the prints of the racquette had led straight to the village. The storm and fatigue of the march to Gaspereaux had left little time for further conjectures of his fate, and great was the surprise when the word was spread among them during the evening, that in one of the houses where some of the men lodged, was to be a wedding, and the bridegroom was no other than Boy Blue himself.

"It is a gay wedding," said some of the settlers, "the feast was planned, and the bridegroom picked, one of our own lads. But last night a stranger came to the house, and to-day when they gathered for the feast the bridegroom proved to be the stranger, Henri Doucet, a young lad from Grand Pré who had met and loved the girl the summer before, and who had enlisted with the British at Port Royal, hoping to earn the fifty louis-d'or the father said a son of his should show before he took his daughter. And it seems he escaped from there in early winter and found the day was set for the wedding and he had not the sum. This dared him to go to Chignecto with the news of the British, and when he came to the house last night he had the louis-d'or to show as his right to be son-in-law."

Coulon, who held the money given him by Ramzey for the promised reward, hastened to the house, where by this time were congregated many other unbidden guests.

The little room was crowded, and there was a great commotion when the commander stepped in among them and demanded an interview with the young bridegroom.

The lad himself seemed in no way confused. His merry face looked a little worn from the long exposure of the two journeys, but he met with composure the stern officer, and without waiting for question, said:

"I took Ramzey the news, and he gave me the reward. He kept me from returning when I would, and forced me to lead you back, though I told him I must be here this day. He promised to double the reward if I led you to the British. I have not broken my faith; I led you while I could, and when I had other faith to keep I left you my footprints. I knew you could follow them to the Settlement and then easily find the rest of the way here. I am ready to go on when you go and guide you to the houses where the British are quartered; I promised Ramzey to do so, and mean to keep my promise."

"Could not the maiden have waited," asked the officer, "till your duties were over?" and he

looked gravely at the girl who stood beside the youth.

"The maiden could wait," said the lad, "but her father would not, and I needed to hasten or miss the day. She can show her courage now, while I go with you to the British soldiers to earn the other half of my reward."

"There is no need for you to go," said the officer, as a murmur of protest arose from the assembled guests. "You shall have the reward; I will give it to you without further service."

The youth's bright face flushed. "I have not earned it," he said. "I earned every centime of the other and I do not mean to beg this."

"You will join the troops in an hour then," said the commander, and he left the house.

Before the expiration of the hour Boy Blue was at headquarters, and when they set out for Grand Pré he led the way. The anxious, restless look was gone from his frank boyish face. The knot of blue ribbon still hung from his coat, and twined with it now was a bow of white.

The soldiers cheered as he joined them, cheered again as they caught sight of the white favor knotted with the faded blue. They had all heard the story, and their stout hearts responded to the power that had made the lad dare life and honor for love.

Not apprehending an attack during the winter, Col. Noble, the commander of the British forces, had raised no fortifications, but lodged his men upon the habitants. The houses and the roads were guarded, but in the darkness of the night no sight or sound of the enemies' approach reached the sentries till the daring French troops had crept to within a few rods of the guard.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinels, as they caught the first sounds of the approaching army.

No answer was given. The cautious soldiers crept nearer.

Again came the challenge, "Who goes there?" A flash and loud report was the answer, and the sentries dropped dead. Then the bloody butchery began.

The British soldiers, many of them in their night clothes only, rushed out into the darkness and the snow to meet the deadly storm of bullets and thrust of bayonets. The French troops were divided into ten detachments, and each detachment attacked a separate dwelling. From house to house the fighting continued; three hours in the darkness, and then the gray light of dawn from the wintry sky fell on the crimsoned snow. Col. Noble and one hundred and forty of his soldiers lay dead, half a hundred more were wounded and as many others prisoners. A truce was called, and then the deadly combat ceased.

When the French troops began to gather after their butchery was ended, Boy Blue was again missing. Some of the troops had seen him armed with a long sword fighting bravely hand to hand with Col. Noble in the last contest of the morning. Others had seen that officer fall from a stroke of his blade, while the bloody engagement was still in its fury.

"The maiden has won a brave husband," said the commander, "and he has more than earned his reward — he has earned the red ribbon to knot with his white and blue."

The men cheered.

"Where is he? We must find him," said the commander.

"I know where he is," said a soldier. "I have just left him. Come with me."

Every soldier followed, and in a little field off the road, near the stone house where the British kept their cannon and where they had made their last defense in the morning, they came upon him.

Some one had thrown down a cloak in the white drift, and he lay upon it. The blue ribbon and the white still hung from his coat, the ends of the white were shot away, but on both fragments were blotches of blood. The boy-look still clung to his face, but the blue eyes were staring up at the cold sky, and earth had no further claims or sights for him.

They were inured to scenes of war, these rough, daring soldiers, but tears came to many eyes as they turned away and left him in the white snow. In his life he had won their love, and in his death their esteem.

Next day they carried him back to the little house where the young wife waited for his coming; and the following day, after the capitulations had been agreed upon and the British

troops had retired to Port Royal, they gave him a soldier's burial. Not a man among them but stood with tear-filled eyes, as they covered the round, boyish face, so still in death, and laid away forever the lad who so well deserved a soldier's tribute of affection.

On the twenty-fifth of February, the French set out again for Beaubassin. Before leaving, Coulon gave into the young wife's hands the reward which would have been the lad's had he lived. Beside this, the officers and soldiers gave of their own money till the louis-d'or were three times doubled.

The return journey was more easily made, and in fourteen days Coulon and his men were safely back to Beaubassin — the heroes of a march of eighty leagues in the depths of winter, and through a trackless forest, which, if not well authenticated, would seem incredible to accomplish.

All of the eight years, until the expulsion in 1755, the young wife remained in her father's house, keeping singularly true to the memory of the youth who had dared and lost his life for her love. She was among those who made their perilous flight to the woods and escaped the cruel fate of transportation.

After months of wandering and misery, these fugitives made their way to the forests about the Basin of Cumberland. There they found many of their countrymen who had escaped from the surrounding villages; and after some time they settled on a little wooded peninsula which stretched out into the blue basin. Main-a-Dieu they called it. It seemed to them veritably a hand of God reached out for their succor.

Here their descendants still live, a separate people, mingling not with the people about them, retaining their language, their customs, and their religion. And here is still told the tale of the lad who led the French troops to Grand Pré.

Grace Dean McLeod.



A YOUNG OAK.

"TWENTY BUSHELS OF ROSES."

NOW what was he going to do with all those roses? What did the man want them for? He asked that he might have leave to gather "twenty bushels a year." What an unusual request! An unheard-of one it was — and coming from a man!

It is a poetic little incident which I have plucked right out of sober history. It immediately brings a picture before me of an old, a very old, English garden. The man was the unfortunate Bishop of Ely of Elizabeth's reign. He was unfortunate not only because he lost the favor of his fickle sovereign, but because through one of her caprices he lost his garden. It is the last-named loss that engages our sympathies, and it is the one with which we have to do.

England had had pleasant gardens from the time of the Conquest; with shady walks, hedges, fountains, and many fruit trees. And those gardens had been, as a rule, in the hands of men who had chosen an ecclesiastic life. The monks and bishops found the pursuit of horticulture congenial to their quiet tastes and their ways of seclusion. Even now, in the neighborhood of some of the old abbeys and other religious houses, may be seen a few half-wilding rose-bushes, descendants of those once cultivated by tender hands; and along the mouldering walls are still clinging vines and scraggly fruit-trees.

Elizabeth's bishops were great horticulturists. Dr. Cox, bishop of Ely, rich, honored, scholarly, and a man of fine taste, had a palace in London "and fair gardens, called Ely-place, on Holborn-hill." This great estate had long been held by the bishops of Ely; and it appears in history that the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III., once asked for strawberries from that place. In the play of "King Richard III." Shakespeare makes use of the incident:

> "My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
> I do beseech you, send for some of them."

Our Bishop's garden covered several acres of land; and a right fertile tract it was, too, with just the needed moisture, for once, before London had become so densely peopled, a stream had flowed there, called the Oldbourne, from which the hill, Holborn, had taken its name. The Bishop had a princely establishment in this, his town house, which he kept up, besides maintaining his country place at Stanton; and there was no lack of upper gardeners and under gardeners to keep things in order.

We may be sure that, according to the custom, this ample domain was inclosed by a high wall of brick or stone, against which fruit trees were trained, so that in the genial warmth where the sunshine could strike them, the abundance of peaches, plums, pears, apricots, nectarines — how tempting the names! — might ripen in their time. Think of this great garden with its cool, green vistas, its orchard trees where pippins and other favorite apples grew, its gravel walks bordered with box, its beds of lavender and thyme and all sweet herbs. Fragrant and beautiful, musical with the hum of bees and songs of birds, it was a peaceful, flower-adorned retreat. Right in the busy London of tradesmen and guilds, processions and pageants, of hawkers who cried their wares just outside the walls, the stir and discordant noises must have come to the good Bishop as he walked and meditated, like the turmoil of a world he was glad to escape from.

We know that he took great delight in it, especially in his roses. One cannot help wondering about the kinds he had there. Roses past counting, "a gardenful," had the Bishop of Ely,

> "Red roses, white roses,
> Roses past season."

Perhaps he had collected all the varieties which once grew wild in Britain, the Scotch roses, the sweet-briers, all the red, red roses of many reds, the pale pink ones, the white ones, from thickets and hedges all over the dominion. He must have had the blended rose of York and Lancaster, the Provence and Burgundy roses and others which came into England with the queen consorts from the south of Europe. The daintiest, dearest,

most delicious, the damask rose could hardly have been among them unless some crusader of kindred tastes with the Bishop had brought one when he came home.

We might never have known of this rose-passion of his but for the misfortune that befell him. He had offended the Queen by rebuking her for some Popish ceremonials, and she had never forgiven him. Elizabeth was a good hater; and the time came when she could have her revenge. Her new favorite, Sir Christopher Hatton, of whom she was foolishly fond, had long had his eye on the lovely gardens on Holborn-hill and wanted them. When it came to her knowledge the Queen commanded the Bishop to give them up. He resisted. Then she wrote him a brief letter, in which she used some of the strong language habitual to her when she was wroth. The Bishop was compelled to yield. But he reserved the privilege of free access through the gate-house, liberty to walk in the garden, and "leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly therein." The same was to be granted to his successors in the bishopric.

And now a light dawns upon me. Can it have been that the good man wanted the roses for confections and conserves? Did he purpose having them distilled?

Let us not harbor such a thought for a moment. We will remember how many men have been almost passionate lovers of flowers; how Linnæus fell down on his knees when he first beheld the golden furze of England; how a great American divine expressed the extravagant desire to have mignonette growing in his garden in such a quantity that he could mow it with a scythe. We will remember our two distinguished historians, Bancroft and Parkman, among their roses.

How such men would revel in the flowers that certain recent travelers tell us of; the acres of blood-red anemones on the hillsides of Ephraim; the vast solitudes of daffodil far as the eye could reach, splashed with gladiolus and purple iris, that Pierre Loti came upon in Morocco, and the plains of lavender he saw; the miles of prairie roses in the far West; the forget-me-nots of Western Siberia described by Kennan: "the steppe to the very horizon was a blue ocean of forget-me-nots. I do not mean simply that the ground was sprinkled with them, nor merely that they grew in great abundance. I mean that the grass everywhere was completely hidden by them, so that the plain looked as if a sheet of blue gauze had been thrown over it, or as if it was a great expanse of tranquil water reflecting a pale, blue sky."

We will believe that the Bishop, grown gray among his flowers, stipulated for these twenty bushels now that the garden was to be taken away from him, so that he might have the rapture once a year of revelling in roses within the walls of his own home. To be let in through the gate-house by Sir Christopher's gate-keeper, and suffered to walk up and down and look at them would be tantalizing after all those years of ownership. He would have a carnival of roses, till every old oak-panelled room in his house should be brightened by their glow and made sweet by their fragrance. From hall to lady's boudoir, everywhere within, there should be a feast of roses.

So the house-maids came out while the morning dew lay on the garden; and with much chatter and girlish laughter and pelting one another with roses till the paths were strewn with petals, filled their baskets and bore them into the great house. And this continued till the Bishop of Ely was gathered to his fathers.

Years after, Gerard the botanist had a garden on Holborn-hill, containing eleven hundred plants, as catalogued by himself. There were all sorts of pleasant flowers; and who can doubt that some of the identical roses beloved by the Bishop were among them, and that they clung to the spot until the hill was dug over for building purposes and not a trace remained to show that a garden had ever been there?

Amanda B. Harris.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING.

(Business Openings for Girls and Young Women.)

I DON'T know how many of the girls who are searching through these papers in the hope of finding the suggestion that shall open the way for their own advancement, know what successful piano and organ tuners girls make, nor how many there are employed in this business. Has it always seemed to you a man's business? Well, why should it be? It is pleasant, not difficult, and more sheltered than many other employments which take women out of their homes.

The first time that I ever saw them at such work, or even knew that they had attempted it, was when I visited the Estey Organ Factory in Brattleboro, Vt., a few years ago. This pretty town in the Connecticut valley was my girlhood's home, and on a return visit, I visited the enlarged organ manufactory, in company with my friend, Mrs. Fuller, whose father, Deacon Jacob Estey, was the founder of the business, and whose husband was a partner in the house. As we came out into the hall that led into the tuning department, Mrs. Fuller said to me:

"You will find somebody in here whom you know," at the same time opening a door.

As I entered a young woman looked up from the organ she was tuning, with an exclamation of surprise which I echoed. It was a former schoolmate, whom I had not seen since we were in school together. I was surprised to find her there, and from her I learned that she was by no means the only woman employed there in the same capacity — that of tuner.

"Deacon Estey," as every one called him, was a very progressive man, and his daughter stood in as high regard as his son in the family. He believed in woman's capacity and ability to do the finer parts of mechanical work, and when the opportunity came he put his theory to a practical test. When a woman was introduced into the factory, the men tuners were very indignant, and after holding a meeting at which they expressed themselves very freely, and worked themselves into a very wrathy frame of mind, they waited upon their employer and demanded that the offending woman be sent away. The alternative was given him of discharging her or losing them. He listened to them very patiently, and when they were through, he answered them with as much determination as they had shown, but with no anger. The woman was there, she did her work satisfactorily, she was to stay. Of course they could do as they chose about remaining, every man had a right to do what seemed best for himself, but he should never be guilty of an injustice to please any one. The men listened, withdrew — and stayed. As the work increased and the business was enlarged, other women were taken in.

It is a pleasure to be able to record that this introduction of women was not made in the interests of "economy"; they received the same wages as the men who did the same kind of work, and had every advantage that was given their fellow workers. Good Deacon Estey has gone on, out of this world, but women should always have a kindly thought for him, and hold him in grateful remembrance.

A few years since, not more than ten, in response to the rapidly increasing demand for practical instruction in tuning pianos, there was introduced into the New England Conservatory a department which should afford special facilities for the development of this important art. Among those who applied for admission were a number of young women; they were cordially welcomed, for Dr. Tourjee is another man who believes in the capacity of women to excel in various directions. Their progress was noted with special interest, for these were the first, so far as can be learned, who had undertaken, in Boston, at least, a systematic study of the theory and practice of tuning. To the great satisfaction of the management, their advancement was from the start both rapid and thorough, and before the first term was ended, it became evident that a new field of endeavor had been found for girls. As time passed, the highest expectations were abundantly realized; the

young women easily kept pace with the young men who were pursuing the same course, and amply proved their entire ability to excel in this new line of work. From that time the proportion of women to men students has constantly increased, until now they bid fair to be in the majority; and years of active effort by the women who have received an education in this department have proved beyond a question their special adaptation to the work.

In introducing this new profession for women it was fully expected that the same prejudice and opposition would be encountered which have always greeted any innovation, and those who were instrumental in bringing the movement forward, prepared themselves carefully to defend it. They knew that the objections would be just what they turned out to be. The first one was that young women would lack the necessary physical strength. To this they had the ready reply that the demands made upon the strength were not so great as were those made in factories, mills, sewing rooms, or even kitchens; in fact, that the tuner's work was not so fatiguing as were many of the employments in which women were constantly engaged, and which came under the head of "women's work." The second objection made was that women as a rule lacked mechanical ingenuity. The only answer needed to this objection was to point to the many manufactories where the nicest mechanical skill is necessary, and which are crowded by women operatives. The third objection was that women lacked the power of application necessary to the acquirement of a difficult mechanical art. Time has answered that argument, as it alone could, and the experience of the years since the department was first instituted, has proven that young women, with the naturally delicate ear and touch, possess peculiar qualifications for this work, and that the fine discrimination necessary to the tuning of an instrument is characteristic of them.

The attractions which the profession of tuning presents are many. The work itself is well classed among the arts, being the correct adjustment of a musical instrument to the purposes of artistic expression. But I said in the beginning that the occupations to be considered would not lie in the provinces of the arts or professions, so, to be quite consistent, I shall speak of this new work as an employment or a business.

The manual labor necessary to the accomplishment of this branch of work is calculated to make it healthful and strengthening, and the mental application is sufficient to impart zest and interest to it, while it is attended also with the satisfaction of immediate results. Aside from the limited amount of tuning done during the construction of the instrument, the sphere of the tuner in the homes of the people, or in the warerooms of music dealers, lies in sharp contrast to the life in shops and mills. The profession is conspicuously one in which there is, and is to be, plenty of room. A glance at the actual condition of the country, as concerns the tuning of pianos, and the numbers of instruments demanding constant attention, proves this. In the cities, naturally enough, the profession is fairly represented, although there the number of thoroughly educated tuners is limited, while, as I dare say many of you realize, in almost any part of the United States there are whole counties, containing hundreds of pianos, with new ones being constantly added, where only an occasional traveling tuner can be found to hurriedly attend to them all. With the vast number of old pianos, which each year demand more care as they show additional signs of wear, and the thousands of new ones, which scores of manufactories are producing yearly, to say nothing of many times the number of organs, there is surely no occupation which promises a more abundant and ever-increasing business than this of tuning. Every piano made requires care, whether it is used much or little. And as the country increases in wealth and the art of music becomes more universal, especially as pianos become lower in price and are in even greater demand than now, the question very naturally arises, who shall keep these countless numbers in condition to be used? This then is a new field of labor opening to women, another avenue in which our girls may seek employment.

Not every girl would succeed; not every girl will be attracted to the new field; but there is work and remuneration for those who are. In regard to the qualifications necessary to a perfect acquirement of this business, it may be said

that a correct musical ear, a fair amount of musical intelligence, and a desire to excel, are the requisites.

It has been impossible in these papers to do more than indicate certain ways, out of many ways, by which girls may obtain a livelihood, and make an assured future for themselves. If the hints that have been given shall be found to contain anything of value to the readers, if any have been helped out of dark places, and set on the way with faces toward the light, I shall feel that the work has not been in vain.

Sallie Joy White.

THE WONDER FLOWER.

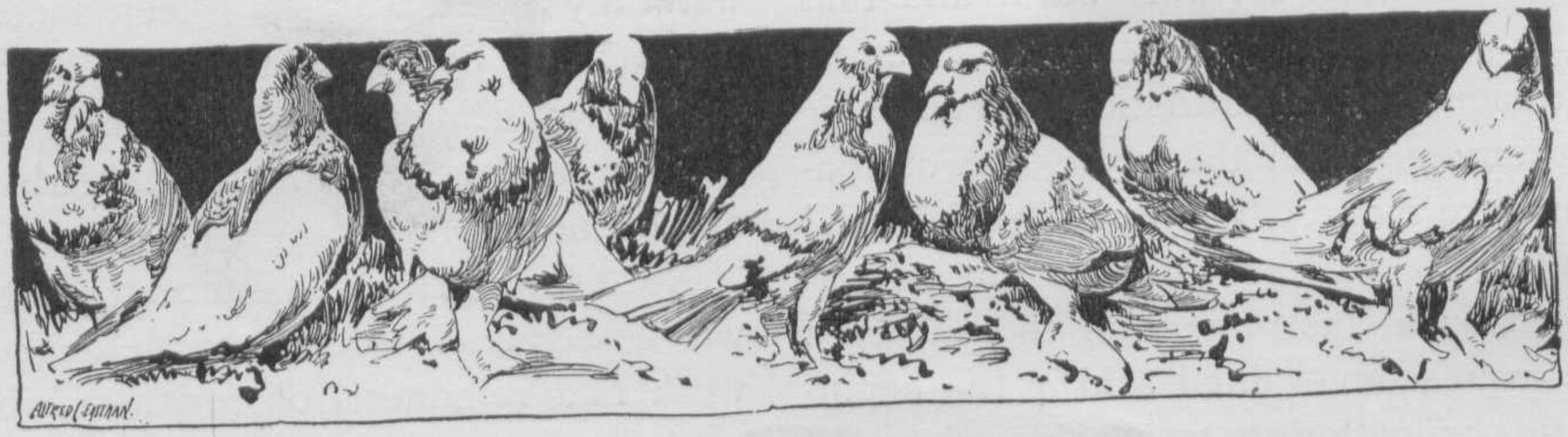
WHERE can it be,
The flower that was plucked from the
Wonder-Tree?
It was rich with a color and scent and dew
That never a mortal blossom knew;
Full, to the heart, of a magic fine
That fays might use for a conjuring sign;
Now withered, wan,
Idly gathered and idly gone.

There will not blow
Just such another at all, you know,
Of all the blossoms that open there,
Day after day, to the circling air;
For the flowers on the spray of to-day newborn
Are not like the flowers of yestermorn;
And there never can be
Two at once on the Wonder-Tree.

Ah me, my Sweet!
Up and down with your restless feet,
From North to South and from East to West
You may wander about on your sorrowful quest;
But vain your sighing, your seeking vain,
For you never will find that flower again;
Dropped out of sight,
Out of the knowledge of day or night.

Yet, even now,
Another bud on the magical bough!
Another marvel of scent and hue
Filled full to the lavish brim for you!
Oh, gather it gladly, and hold it fast,
And breathe the bloom while the bloom may
last
Of this wonderful flower —
A golden, beautiful, perfect Hour!

Kate Putnam Osgood.



BIRDS OF PEACE.